A Druid Priest instructing British Youth.

Serfogee Rajah. 1829

450

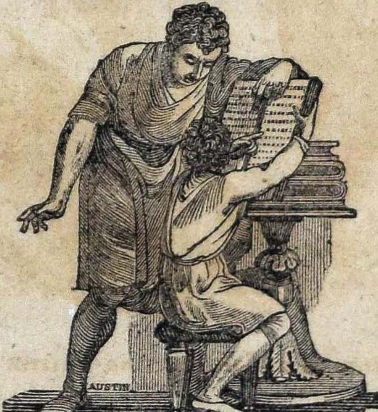
THE ELEMENTS OF READING:

BEING SELECT AND EASY LESSONS, In PROSE and VERSE, FOR *YOUNG READERS OF BOTH SEXES.*

By the Rev. J. ADAMS, A. M.

Author of Lectiones Selectæ, The Elements of Useful Knowledge, HISTORY OF GREAT BRITAIN, &c.

THE SIXTH EDITION,
CORRECTED AND IMPROVED BY THE AUTHOR.



LONDON:
PRINTED FOR C. LAW; SCATCHERD AND LETTERMAN;
LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME; AND J. MAWMAN;
…SKELTON, 22, *High-street, Southampton.*

450

ADVERTISEMENT.

ALTHOUGH a great number of excellent Books have been written adapted to the capacities of children, there is not one among them that contains a sufficient variety of easy lessons to prepare the young reader for those selections which are generally used in schools.

To supply this defect, the following publication was humbly offered to the instructors of youth of both sexes; and every exertion has been made to render it as complete as possible.

Several interesting plates embellish this *sixth improved* edition. The plate of a Druid priest instructing British youth, faces the 25th page; that of Canute rebuking the flattery of his courtiers, faces the 48th page; that of Alfred dividing his last loaf with the pilgrim, faces the 73rd page; that of king John signing Magna Charta, faces the 96th page; that of Henry V. engaging the Duke of Alençon at the battle of Agincourt, faces the 121st page; and that of Mr. Howard relieving a British prisoner in Turkey, faces the 144th page.

Pill, 4

CONTENTS.

Chap.		Page.
1.	ON the Supreme Being	1
2.	On the Omnipotence of the Deity	ibid.
3.	On the Creation of the World	2
4.	On Providence	3
5.	Parental and natural Affection--*Dr. Percival.*	5
6.	Story of Erskine and Freeport	6
7.	On the holy Scriptures	7
8.	Of Cain and Abel	8
9.	On Obedience to Parents, and other Duties.	9
10.	On Intemperance	10
11.	The Bees	11
12.	On the Flood	12
13.	Vice and Fortune	14
14.	On Cruelty to Insects ....*Dr. Percival.*	ibid.
15.	Story of Norval and Valentine	15
16.	On the Confusion of Languages	16
17.	The Miser	17
18.	Of Gratitude and Piety ......*Dr. Percival.*	18
19.	Of the Ancient Britons	19
20.	On Cæsar's Invasion of Britain	20
21.	Fortune-Telling exposed—*Man of Feeling.*	21
22.	Story of a King and a Dervise	24
23.	Of the Druids	25
24.	Story of King Lear	26

Chap.		Page.
25.	Remarkable Story of a Greenland Bear....	29
26.	On the Faith of Abraham in offering his Son Isaac	31
27.	On the Advantages of speaking Truth—— ....*Dr. Percival.*	32
28.	On the Folly of Self-Admiration..........	33
29.	Story of Joseph and his Brethren.........	34
30.	On the Folly of Affectation—*Dr. Percival.*	38
31.	Of Lycurgus, the Spartan Legislator......	39
32.	Of Moses, the Jewish Law-giver..........	41
33.	On the Government of the Passions—— ....*Dr. Percival.*	43
34.	On the Duties of the Young........*Blair.*	44
35.	Story of a Merchant and his two Sons....	46
36.	Story of Canute.........................	48
37.	Of David and Goliah.....................	50
38.	On Circumspection.......................	51
39.	Story of Alibæus, the Persian............	52
40.	The Choice of Solomon...................	56
41.	On the evil Habit of Lying—*Dr. Percival.*	59
42.	Story of the Trojan War.................	61
43.	Story of Daniel in the Den of Lions.......	63
44.	Pleasure and Pain.............*Spectator.*	65
45.	Story of the twelve Cæsars..............	66
46.	On the fatal Consequence of Ambition and Envy...........................	70
47.	Story of a Father and his Son...........	72
48.	Of King Alfred.........................	73
49.	Story of Job...........................	75

Chap.		Page.
50.	Story of the Gunpowder Treason.........	77
51.	Labour .... *World.*	79
52.	Story of an Indian Chief	80
53.	Story of Jonah.........................	83
54.	On the Force of Habit..................	85
55.	Of Jesus Christ.........................	86
56.	Origin of the Roman Empire............	89
57.	Of Romulus, the first King of Rome......	91
58.	On the Morning .... *Harvy.*	94
59.	Of Magna Charta......................	96
60.	On the Parables of Christ	97
61.	Story of a Dervise .... *Spectator.*	99
62.	On the Example of Christ	100
63.	Story of a Peasant	102
64.	On Filial Piety	104
65.	Adam's Prayer after the Interment of Abel .... *Gesner.*	105
66.	Story of Brennus and the Senators........	107
67.	On the Miracles of Christ	109
68.	On the Love of Liberty.................	112
69.	On Idleness............................	ibid.
70.	A noble Instance of Generosity..........	113
71.	On Pity................ *Mrs. Barbauld.*	114
72.	On Truth and Sincerity................	116
73.	On the Resurrection and Ascension of Christ	117
74.	Ossian's Thoughts on the Shortness of Human Life.........................	119
75.	Story of an Emperor of Morocco.........	ibid,
76.	Character of General Wolfe	122

Chap.		Page.
77.	The Battle of Agincourt................	121
78.	On the Night...................*Hervey.*	122
79.	A Story concerning Industry——*Spectator.*	123
80.	Story of a French Officer...............	125
81.	On the Establishment of Christianity	126
82.	Story of Mr. Dorville and his Children—— ....*Berquin.*	128
83.	Useful Advice to young People, illustrated by Stories ....*World.*	130
84.	Story of Ulysses's Dog.................	133
85.	The first Lesson of Cyrus	134
86.	Stories relating to Exercise and Temperance ....*Spectator.*	135
87.	On the four Seasons....................	138
88.	Story of Augustus Cæsar and Cinna......	141
89.	Story of Pandora's Box.................	143
90.	Of Howard, the Philanthropist	144
91.	The Vision of Mirza...........*Spectator.*	145
92.	Story of Mencius, the Philosopher, and a Hermit	150
93.	Story relating to Cleanliness——*Spectator.*	151
94.	Story of Androcles and the Lion.........	153
95.	A pattern for Imitation	155
96.	On the Origin of Ash-Wednesday.......	156
97.	Industry, Curiosity, Travel, and Idleness	157
98.	Story of Janus..........................	159
99.	Useful Information ....*Dr. Watts.*	161
100.	Remarkable Story of a Dog............	164
101.	On the Treatment of Animals...*Spectator.*	165

Chap.		Page.
102.	On filial Duty	167
103.	Pyrrhus and Fabricius............*Hooke.*	168
104.	Perseverance rewarded..................	170
105.	Story of Rosicrucius's Sepulchre--*Spectator*	172
106.	Of the Crocodile........................	173
107.	Story of a Captain of a Ship of War, and one of the inferior Officers——— ....*Adventures of a Guinea.*	174
108.	Story of General Catinat...............	178
109.	Of the ancient Irish.....*Lord Lyttleton.*	179
110.	Story of Castor and Pollux	180
111.	Story concerning a Clock......*Spectator.*	182
112.	On Obedience to the Laws of our Country.	184
113.	Story of a noble Spaniard *Adv. of a Guinea.*	185
114.	On the Defeat of the Gauls in Asia Minor ....*Rollin.*	187
115.	Of Apelles, the famous Painter..........	189
116.	Of the renowned Scipio	192
117.	A Character ....*Goldsmith.*	195
118.	Awkwardness in Company—-*Chesterfield.*	196
119.	Honour compared with Religion..........	197
120.	Astonishing Instance of Courage——*Livy.*	198
121.	Story of the brave Achilles.............	199
122.	On the Creation.........................	200
123.	On Prosperity & Adversity–*Mrs. Barbauld.*	202
124.	The Creator's Praise set forth...........	203
125.	On the Supreme Being——*Mrs. Barbauld.*	204
126.	On Spring ....*Mrs. Carter.*	205
127.	On Winter	206

Chap.		Page.
128.	Pope's Universal Prayer................	207
129.	The Art of Happiness............*Harris.*	209
130.	The bad Effects of Indolence—*Connoiseur.*	210
131.	Of Industry and Application.......*Blair.*	211
132.	On early Application to Wisdom——*Seed.*	213
133.	On the Value of time to Youth-*Chesterfield.*	214
134.	On the Necessity of an early Acquisition of virtuous Habits ....*Blair.*	216
135.	On religious Principles and Behaviour—— ....*Gregory.*	217
136.	On the Choice of Friends........*Fordyce.*	218
137.	On Science.......................*Watts.*	220
138.	On the Advantages of Devotion—*Gregory.*	221
139.	On remembering our Creator.....*Adams.*	222
140.	On the heavenly Bodies..........*Addison.*	226
141.	On Procrastination..........*Dr. Young.*	227
142.	On real Beauty........................	228
143.	Prologue to Addison's Cato ....*Pope.*	ibid.
144.	Gray's Elegy	230
145.	Poor Mary, the Maid of the Inn—*Southey.*	235
146.	Inscription on Garrick's Monument in Westminster Abbey............*Pratt.*	238
147.	On a Bowl of Punch..................	239
148.	The Seven Ages of Man.....*Shakespeare.*	ibid.

INTRODUCTION

TO THE

ART OF READING.

PROPRIETY of language, and a graceful manner of speaking, are the certain characteristics of good sense and good breeding. But a false pronunciation of words, improper emphasis, and a drawling tone of voice, with a violation of the common rules of grammar, are the certain indications of a mean capacity, and a low education. In this age of refinement, when both sexes are ambitious of appearing to the greatest advantage; when external ornaments and ostentatious accomplishments are the supreme objects of attention; when the outside is set off with all imaginable elegance; when the fingers are taught to use the pen and the pencil, or to play on a musical instrument; the body to bow, and the feet to move, to the sound of the violin; surely the most useful part of the human frame, the instrument of speech, should not be neglected. On the contrary, the greatest care should be employed in the modulation of the voice. As this is a matter of great importance to those who wish to appear agreeable in conversation; to read, occasionally, a play, a newspaper, a familiar letter, or any other production, with grace and precision; the following concise rules and observations deserve much attention.

I. Let your pronunciation be distinct and deliberate. For this purpose, open your mouth freely. Avoid a mumbling, lisping, and muttering way of speaking.

> " Learn to speak slow; all other graces
> " Will follow in their proper places."

No person can read properly, much less gracefully, if he reads in a hurry. His voice will be perpetually in a flutter; and he will go on, from sentence to sentence, like one who has run himself out of breath. A medium, however, is to be observed; and that medium is consistent with sprightliness and energy. There is a difference between walking with grace, and creeping along with the motion of a snail. An insipid flatness and languor is a very common fault in reading. Even public speakers often suffer their words to drop from their lips, with such a faint and feeble utterance, that they appear neither to understand nor feel what they say themselves; nor to have any desire that it should be understood or felt by their audience. This is a fundamental defect. A speaker, without energy, is a lifeless statue. But the extreme of reading too fast is much more common, and requires to be guarded against; because, when it has grown into a habit, few errors are more difficult to be corrected. To pronounce with a proper degree of slowness, and with a full and clear articulation, is necessary to be studied by all who wish to become good readers; and it cannot be too much recommended to them. Such a pronunciation gives weight and dignity to the subject. It is a great assistance to the voice, by the pauses and rests, which it allows it to make; and enables the reader to swell all his sounds, both with more energy, and more harmony.

II. Though the pronunciation should be deliberate and distinct, let the voice be soft and gentle, and not too

noisy or boisterous. A mellow voice, which may be improved, if not acquired, by exercise and habit, is pleasing, both in speaking and reading. Violence and clamour, on the other hand, are extremely vulgar and disagreeable. They exhaust your breath, and render your pronunciation indistinct and inarticulate. Quintilian speaks of certain orators, who exerted themselves so furiously, that they absolutely *bellowed*. And Cicero tells us, that the oratory of some of his contemporaries was more like barking, than speaking. Homer's description of the eloquence of Ulysses gives us a complete idea of that mild and graceful enunciation, which every person should endeavour to acquire.

> " But when he speaks, what elocution flows!
> " Soft as the fleeces of descending snows,
> " The copious accents fall with easy art,
> " Melting they fall, and sink into the heart."

It may be observed, that, on the stage, a sentence spoken distinctly, in a low voice, or even in a whisper, is generally as audible at a distance, as one that is pronounced with impetuosity*. This circumstance should always be remembered by those, who have occasion to speak in public.

III. As the whole art of reading depends on the proper management of the breath; use it with œconomy. Relieve your voice at every stop: slightly at a comma, more leisurely at a semicolon, or colon, and completely at a period. In this manner, accustom yourself to breathe freely and imperceptibly as you proceed. At the same time support your voice steadily and firmly, and pro-

* Mr. Cooke, the inimitable actor of Richard III. is a recent instance of one, who excels in this particular.

nounce the concluding words of the period with force and vivacity.

A comma [,] is always used to separate the smaller parts of a compound sentence, and requires a pause in reading, whilst you can tell *one*. Thus, "I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

A semicolon [;] divides the larger parts of a sentence, and requires a pause whilst you can tell *two*. Thus, "A good young lady is fearful of hurting any thing; if she has any beast or bird that is sick, she will take care of it, and be very kind to it; she weeps with them that weep, and will relieve their wants if she can; she loves every body, and every body loves her."

A colon [:] separates several sentences, every one of which has a full meaning of its own; though, at the same time, it leaves us in expectation of something that is to follow. It requires a pause whilst you can count *three*. "He is a wise and prudent boy, who shuns wicked companions, and minds his books: virtue, and good education, are better than riches."

A period, or full stop, [.] shews a sentence to be completely finished, and requires a pause whilst you can tell *four*. "Keep that man, at least, three paces distant from you, who hates music, and the laugh of a child*."

---

* Lavater.

"Know then this truth, enough for man to know,
"Virtue alone is happiness below*."

A note of interrogation [?] requires as long a pause as a full stop, and is always used when a question is asked: as, "Who made you? How old are you? What is the matter?"—"What are the actions which afford in the remembrance a rational satisfaction? Are they the pursuits of sensual pleasure, the riots of jollity, or the displays of shew and vanity? No: I appeal to your hearts, my friends, if what you recollect with most pleasure, are not the innocent, the virtuous, the honorable parts of your past life†."

"Why has not man a microscopic eye?
"For this plain reason, man is not a fly‡.

"The lamb, thy riot, doom'd to bleed to day,
"Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
"Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
"And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood‡."

A note of admiration [!] requires also as long a pause as a full stop, and denotes some wonder or sudden emotion of the mind: as, "How are the mighty fallen!" "What misery does the vicious man secretly endure!" "Adversity! how blunt are all the arrows of thy quiver, in comparison with those of guilt!"

"Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
"Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind;
"His soul proud science never taught to stray
"Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
"Yet simple Nature to his hope has giv'n,
"Behind the cloud top'd hill an humbler heav'n;

---

* Pope. † Fordyce. ‡ Pope.

"Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
"Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,
"Where slaves once more their native land behold,
"No fiends torment, nor Christians thirst for gold.
"To be,—contents his natural desire.
"He asks no Angel's wing, no Seraph's fire:
"But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
"His faithful dog shall bear him company."

An apostrophe, ['] marked by a comma at the top of a letter, is used when a letter is omitted; as, "He always honour'd his parents."

"A wit's a feather, and a chief's a rod;
"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

It is also used for *of*, as the sign of the genitive case: thus, *Solomon's wisdom* is the same as *The wisdom of Solomon*.—"Lampedo, a lady of Lacedæmon, was the only woman, in any age, who was a king's daughter, a king's wife, a king's sister, and a king's mother."

"Teach me to feel another's woe,
"To hide the fault I see:
"That mercy I to others shew,
"That mercy shew to me".

A parenthesis ( ) includes a short sentence in the body of a longer one, in such a manner, that the sentence itself will always read full as well, and sometimes better, without it; and, therefore, the words included in it should be read in a lower tone of voice: Thus, "The word of God says, (and I know it is true,) that the wicked shall perish for ever."

"I would not enter on my list of friends,
"(Though grac'd with polish'd manners and fine sense,
"Yet wanting sensibility,) the man
"Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm,

"An inadvertent step may crush the snail,
"That crawls at ev'ning in the public path;
"But he that has humanity, forewarn'd,
"Will tread aside, and let the reptile live*.

A quotation [""—""] marked by inverted commas, includes a passage taken from some author; as, an old philosopher said, "I carry all my goods about me."

I am much pleased with the following stanzas of Mr. Shenstone:—

"I have found out a gift for my fair;
"I have found where the wood-pigeons breed;
"But let me that plunder forbear!
"She will say 'tis a barbarous deed.

"For he ne'er can be true, she averr'd,
"Who can rob a poor bird of his young;
"And I lov'd her the more, when I heard
"Such tenderness fall from her tongue."

IV. Take care to lay the accent, where it ought to be. By accent is meant that particular stress or force of sound, which the voice lays upon any syllable; and, though the accent be more frequently laid on a long syllable than a short one, it is not always so; nor is the accent always upon the same syllables in the same words. The same word, when it is a *verb*, has the accent upon the last syllable; as to convért, to rebél, to recórd; but, when it is a noun, it is accented on the first, as a cónvert, a rébel, a récord.

"God's law is perfect, and convérts
"The soul in sin that lies."

"The first christian cónverts were very pious."
"God's wond'rous works I will recórd."
"If I bear récord of myself, my récord is not true."

* Cowper.

V. Pay much attention to the emphasis. By emphasis is meant a stronger and fuller sound of voice, by which we distinguish some word or words, on which we design to lay particular stress, and to shew how they can affect the rest of the sentence. "Can any good come out of *Nazareth?*" Here the emphatical word is *Nazareth;* therefore the word *Nazareth* is to be pronounced in a higher note, than any other part of the sentence. In all questions, the emphasis must, according to the intention of the speaker, be put upon that word, which signifies the matter, about which he enquires. Thus, "Is it true, that you have seen a noble lord from court to-day, who has told you bad news?" If the enquirer wants only to know, whether myself, or some other person, has seen the supposed great man; he will put the emphasis upon *you.* If he knows that I have seen somebody from court, and only wants to know whether I have seen a great man, who may be supposed to know many things, of which inferior persons about the court are ignorant; he will put the emphasis upon *noble lord.* If he wishes to know, whether the great man came directly from court, so that his intelligence may be depended upon; he will put the emphasis upon *court.* If he wants only to know, whether I have seen him to-day, or yesterday; he will put the emphasis upon *to-day.* If he knows that I have seen a great man from court, to-day, and only wants to know whether he has told me any news; he will put the emphasis upon *news.* If he knows all the rest, and wants only to know, whether the news I heard were bad; he will put the emphasis upon the word *bad.*

In the following extract from the Prologue to Cato, the emphatical words are printed in Italics:—

"While Cato gives his *little senate laws*,
"What *bosom beats* not in his *country's cause?*
"Who sees him *act*, but *envies* ev'ry *deed?*
"Who hears him *groan*, and does not *wish* to *bleed?*
"E'en when proud *Cæsar*, 'midst triumphal cars,
"The *spoils* of *nations*, and the *pomp* of *wars*,
"*Ignobly vain*, and *impotently great*,
"Shew'd Rome her *Cato's figure* drawn in state:
"As her dead *father's rev'rend image past*,
"The *pomp* was *darken'd*, and the *day o'ercast*:
"The *triumph ceas'd. Tears gush'd* from *ev'ry eye*;
"The *world's* great *victor* pass'd *unheeded by*.
"Her *last good man* dejected Rome *ador'd*,
"And honour'd *Cæsar's less* than *Cato's sword**."

There is nothing more pedantic, than to lay too much emphasis upon trifling matters; when, perhaps, the business is of no greater consequence, than

"What's o'clock, or how's the wind?
"Who's coach is that we've left behind †?"

VI. Let it be your study to enter into the sense and spirit of the author, and to feel what is expressed.—This can only be done by reading deliberately, and attending to the subject. Without some attention to this rule, your reading will be insipid and uninteresting.

VII. Endeavour to vary and modulate your voice, according to the nature of the subject, the solemn, the serious, the familiar, the gay, the humorous, or the ironical strain, in which the author writes, and the characters he introduces.

It would be ridiculous to read an interesting narrative with an air of negligence; to express the warmest emotions of the heart with a cold indifference, and to pro-

* Pope. † Swift.

nounce a passage of scripture, on the most sublime and important subject, with the familiar tone of common conversation.

On the other hand, it would be equally absurd to read a familiar letter in a tragical strain; or a production of gaiety and humour, with a canting accent and a puritanical formality. The voice, in all cases should be accommodated to the subject:

"The sound must seem an echo to the sense."

In other words, we should follow nature: for reading is speaking from a book. People are differently affected when they speak; and they naturally change the tone of their voice, though unconscious of it. It rises, sinks, and has various inflections given it according to the state and disposition of the mind. When the mind is calm and sedate, the voice is moderate and even; when the former is dejected with sorrow, the latter is languid; and when that is inflamed by passion, this is raised and elevated. Nature has given to every emotion of the mind its proper outward expression, in such a manner, that what suits one, cannot by any means, be accommodated to another. Children, three years of age, express their grief in a tone of voice, and with an action totally different, from that which they use to express their anger; and they utter their joy in a manner different from both. Nor do they ever, by mistake, apply one in place of another.

VIII. False and provincial accents are to be guarded against, or corrected. The manner of pronouncing, which is usual, among people of education who are natives of the metropolis, is, in every country, the standard. For, what Horace says of the choice of words, that the people, by their practice, establish what is right, is equally true of the pronunciation of them.

IX. With regard to attitude and looks, let the young orator remember, that a correct speaker does not make a movement of limb or feature, for which he has not a reason. If he addresses heaven, he looks upward. If he speaks to his fellow-creatures, he looks round upon them. The spirit of what he says appears in his look. He does not clap his right hand upon his breast, unless he has occasion to speak of himself, or to introduce some thing sentimental. He does not start back, unless he wants to express horror or aversion. He does not come forward, but when he has occasion to solicit. He does not raise his voice, but to express something peculiarly emphatical. He does not lower it, but to contrast the raising it. His eyes, by turns, according to the humour of the matter he has to express, sparkle fury, brighten into joy, glance disdain, melt into grief, frown disgust and hatred, languish into love, or glare distraction.

ELEMENTS

OF

READING.

CHAP. I.

ON THE SUPREME BEING.

GOD is a spirit, infinite, eternal, and unchangeable. He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, without beginning of days, and without end of time. His power is unlimited, and his wisdom passeth knowledge. He is good unto all, and his tender mercies are over all his works. Every day we taste of his goodness, and every hour we experience his loving kindness. In him we live and move, and have our being.

His goodness warms in the morning sun, refreshes in the evening breeze, and shines in the starry skies. Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter, are appointed by God. The year, as it rolls, proclaims his praise.

CHAP. II.

ON THE OMNIPOTENCE OF THE DEITY.

THE Supreme Being is every where present. His eyes are upon the ways of men, beholding the evil and the good. All things are plain and evident to God, even the thoughts of the heart. When we do

good, he sees and approves; and, when we do evil, he looks on us with anger.

"O Lord," says an inspired writer, "thou hast searched me, and known me. Thou knowest my down-sitting and mine up-rising, thou understandest my thoughts afar off. Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways. For there is not a word on my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether. Thou hast beset me behind and before, and hast laid thine hand upon me. Such knowledge is too wonderful for me. It is high; I cannot attain unto it."

"Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there. If I descend to the lowest regions, behold thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee, but the night shineth as the day. The darkness and the light are both alike to thee."

CHAP. III.

ON THE CREATION OF THE WORLD.

IN the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. By the word of the Lord were the heavens made, and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth. He said, "Let there be light, and there was light. Let there be a firmament, and there was a firmament. Let the sun rule the day, and the moon the night; and so it was." At his command, order sprang out of confusion, and the beautiful fabric of the universe

arose. "He stretched out the north over the empty place, suspended the earth upon nothing," and bade the planets go their everlasting round.

When the great Creator had made the air, the earth, and the sea, he filled them with various living creatures, birds, beasts, and fishes.

He then formed man of the dust of the ground, and called him Adam: because that word, in Hebrew, signifies, *earth* or *ground*. He breathed into him the breath of life; so that he is related both to spirit and matter, and hath both united in himself.

On the seventh day God rested from his works; not that the creation was attended with any labour or fatigue to him; but, having finished the things which he intended to make at that time, he left off. He then viewed them with pleasure, and pronounced them to be *very good*.

Imprint upon our minds, O thou Father of spirits, a deep sense of thine infinite excellencies. Teach us to love thee with all our hearts, to fear thee with the profoundest reverence, to put a steady trust and confidence in thee, to worship thee with a pure adoration, and to honour and obey thee in the whole course of our lives.

CHAP. IV.

ON PROVIDENCE.

THE providence of God governs the world, interests itself in the affairs of men, and disposes of all events which happen to us. Though the great Creator hath his dwelling on high, yet he humbleth himself to behold the things that are done on earth. He clothes the lilies, and the grass of the field. He feeds the fowls of the air. Without him not a sparrow falls to the ground.

He is with us when we go out, when we come in, and when we are on the way. "Even the very hairs of our head are all numbered."

In the affairs of men, however, there is much apparent disorder. But this is not a sufficient objection against the providence of God. For, those parts in the moral world, which have not an absolute, may yet have a relative beauty, in respect of some other parts concealed from us, but open to his eye, before whom, past, present, and to come, are set together in one point of view.

There is a Jewish tradition concerning Moses, which will illustrate what I have said. That great prophet, we are told, was called up by a voice from Heaven to the top of a mountain, where, in conference with the Supreme Being, he was permitted to propose to him some questions, concerning his administration of the universe. In the midst of this divine colloquy, he was commanded to look down on the plain below. At the foot of the mountain there issued out a clear spring of water, at which a soldier alighted from his horse to drink. He was no sooner gone, than a little boy came to the same place, and finding a purse of gold, which the soldier had dropped, took it up, and went away with it.

Immediately after this, came an infirm old man, weary with age and travelling, and, having quenched his thirst, sat down to rest himself by the side of the spring. The soldier, missing his purse, returns to search for it; and demands it of the old man, who affirms he had not seen it, and appeals to heaven in witness of his innocence.

The soldier, not believing his protestations, kills him. Moses fell on his face with horror and amazement, when the divine voice thus prevented his expostulation; "Be not surprised, Moses, nor ask why the Judge of the whole earth has suffered this thing to come to pass. The

child is the occasion that the blood of the old man is spilt; but know, that the old man, whom thou sawest, was the murderer of that child's father".

CHAP. V.

PARENTAL AND NATURAL AFFECTION.

AN amiable youth was lamenting, in terms of the sincerest grief, the death of a most affectionate parent. His companion endeavoured to console him by the reflection, that he had always behaved to the deceased with duty, tenderness, and respect. So I thought, replied the youth, whilst my parent was living; but now I recollect, with pain and sorrow, many instances of disobedience and neglect, for which, alas! it is too late to make any atonement.

Mark that parent hen! said a father to his beloved son. With what anxious care does she call together her offspring, and cover them with her expanded wings? The kite is hovering in the air, and, disappointed of his prey, may perhaps dart upon the hen herself, and bear her off in his talons!

Does not this sight suggest to you the tenderness and affection of your mother? Her watchful care protected you in the helpless period of infancy, when she nourished you with her milk, taught your limbs to move, and your tongue to lisp its unformed accents. In childhood she has mourned over your little griefs; has rejoiced in your innocent delights; has administered to you the healing balm in sickness; and has instilled into your mind the love of truth, of virtue, and of wisdom. Oh! cherish every sentiment of respect for such a mother. She merits your warmest gratitude, esteem, and veneration.

CHAP. VI.

STORY OF ERSKINE AND FREEPORT.

THERE were two boys at Westminster school, whose names were Erskine and Freeport. Erskine was of a soft and timorous, but Freeport of a bold and hardy disposition. It happened one day, that Erskine, by some accident, tore a piece of a curtain, which divided one part of the school from the other. The poor boy, well knowing what would be the consequence of such a transgression, was seized with a sudden panic, and fell down crying and trembling. He was observed by his companions, and particularly by Freeport, who immediately came up to him, desired him not to be concerned, and generously promised to take the blame upon himself. As he promised so he performed, and was whipt for the fault accordingly.

When these two boys became men, in the reign of king Charles I. of England, the civil war between the king and parliament broke out, in which they were on opposite sides. Freeport was a captain in the king's army, and Erskine a judge appointed by the parliament.

In an action between the king and parliament's army, the king's army was defeated, and captain Freeport taken prisoner.

The parliament sent judge Erskine to take trial of the prisoners, among whom was his once generous schoolfellow, Freeport. They had been so long separated, that they could not know one another's faces. Judge Erskine, therefore, was on the point of condemning all the prisoners, without distinction. But, when their names were read over, before pronouncing sentence, he heard his friend Freeport named; and looking attentively in his face, asked him if ever he had been at Westminster school? He answered he had. Erskine said no more,

but immediately stopt proceeding, rode up to London, and in a few days returned with a signed pardon in his pocket for captain Freeport.

CHAP. VII.

ON THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

IN the sacred writings we learn our duty to God and mankind. They teach us truths which philosophy could never discover. No human composition can be compared to them. They are calculated both to profit and to please. They inform the understanding, elevate the affections, and entertain the imagination. They point out the way to heaven, the abode of the just, and the reward of the faithful.

The fairest productions of human wit, after a few readings, like gathered flowers, wither in our hands, and lose their fragrance; but the Holy Scriptures, these unfading plants of paradise, become still more and more beautiful the longer we are accustomed to them. Their bloom appears to be daily heightened. Fresh odours are diffused, and new sweets are extracted from them.

We should, therefore, read them by day, and meditate on them by night. "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul. The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple. The commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes. The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart. More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold; sweeter also than honey, and the honey-comb. Moreover, by them is thy servant warned; and in keeping of them there is great reward."

The Scriptures have been studied and admired by the

greatest and wisest men. Whatever instruction or amusement, therefore, we may derive from other books, we should always remember, that the Scriptures alone contain that wisdom, "which maketh wise to salvation."

CHAP. VIII.

OF CAIN AND ABEL.

CAIN and Abel, the two first sons of Adam and Eve, pursued very different employments. Abel was a keeper of sheep, but Cain was a tiller of the ground, Their tempers were as different as their occupations. Abel was a lover of righteousness, and obedient to his parents. Cain was obstinate and wicked; neither fearing God, nor loving man.

It was usual, in the infancy of the world, to present oblations to God, the giver of every good gift. When, therefore, the two brothers brought their offerings, the sacrifice of Abel, on account of his piety and goodness, was more acceptable to God than the offering of Cain. The Lord also condescended to reason with Cain, and to assure him, that, if he would be good and righteous, he and his offering should likewise be accepted.

But, instead of reforming his behaviour and temper, he grew worse and worse. He hated his brother more and more. At length his malice and anger became so violent, that "he rose up against Abel and slew him." He flattered himself that there was no witness of his guilt, and that no one would know it. But there is no safety, except in innocence and virtue. Wherever we are, and whatever we do, we are under the immediate eye of God.

The Almighty Judge was a spectator of the crime, and afterwards expostulated with him:—Where is Abel thy

brother? What hast thou done? The voice of thy brother's blood crieth from the ground." He then pronounced judgment upon the murderer. In consequence of which Cain removed with his wife and children from his habitation; and having wandered from place to place "as a fugitive and a vagabond," at length settled in the land of Nod. He, however, still carried the mark of his guilt along with him. He was vexed with the horror of conscience within and calamities without. He walked upon the earth a woful spectacle, labouring under the distemper of a wounded spirit, which no medicine can cure.

Let us guard carefully against the first approaches of hatred and malice, lest they should increase upon us by degrees, and hurry us into the most shocking excesses. "An angry man stirreth up strife, and a furious man aboundeth in transgressions."

CHAP. IX.

ON OBEDIENCE TO PARENTS, AND OTHER DUTIES.

THE happiness of parents is so connected with the goodness of children, that if they are undutiful, negligent, and wicked, it will make their parents miserable. And can ye, my young friends, bear the thought of making them unhappy, whose sole aim in life is to promote your felicity; Can ye receive with sullenness that advice, which is designed entirely for your good? Do not they provide for all your wants? And are ye not indebted to their kindness, for your food, your clothing, and every convenience which ye enjoy?

Obedience to your parents is one of the first duties ye

can perform in life, and is the only return ye can make for those continual favors, which ye daily receive.

As human nature is subject to many wants, the Almighty has ordained that we should live together, and that numbers, by helping each other, should procure those conveniencies, which no man alone could obtain.

Every person, therefore, has some duties to perform, which are known by the name of social duties; because, if it were possible for us to live quite alone, those duties could not be exerted. For, had we no parents, we could not obey them; had we no brothers or sisters, we could not love them; had we no friends or instructors, we could not be thankful and attentive to them; and, if we knew no persons, who were poor and wretched, we could not be kind and charitable.

CHAP. X.

ON INTEMPERANCE.

CYRUS, when a youth, being at the court of his father Cambyses, undertook one day to be the cup-bearer at the table. It was the duty of this officer to taste the liquor before it was presented to the king.

Cyrus, without performing this ceremony, delivered the cup in a very graceful manner to his father. The king reminded him of his omission, which he imputed to forgetfulness. No, replied Cyrus, I was afraid to taste, because I apprehended there was poison in the liquor; for, not long since, at an entertainment which you gave, I observed that the lords of your court, after drinking of it, became noisy, quarrelsome, and frantic. Even you, sir, seemed to have forgotten that you were a king.

CHAP. XI.

THE BEES.

A YOUNG prince, in that season of the year, when all nature shews itself in the greatest degree of perfection, took a walk one day through a very delicious garden. He heard a great noise, and looking about, perceived a hive of bees. He approached that object, which was entirely new to him, and observed, with amazement, the order, care, and business of that little community. The cells began to be formed into a regular figure, and one party of the bees was storing them with nectar, while another was employed in supplying them with thyme, which they gathered from among all the riches of the spring. Laziness and inactivity were banished the society. Every thing was motion, without confusion or disorder. The more considerable gave out their orders, and were obeyed by their inferiors, without any manner of murmur, jealousy, or unwillingness.

The prince was extremely surprised, having never seen any thing equal to their polity before: when a bee, who was considered as queen of the hive, addressed him thus: "The view you have before you, young prince, must be entertaining, but may be made instructive. We suffer nothing like disorder nor licentiousness among us. They are most esteemed, who, by their capacity and diligence, can do most for the public weal. Our first places are always bestowed where there is most merit; and, last of all, we are taking pains, day and night, for the benefit of man. Go, and imitate us; introduce that order and discipline among men, which you so much admire in other creatures.

CHAP. XII.

ON THE FLOOD.

AFTER Abel was killed by his brother, God was pleased to comfort Adam and Eve, by giving them another son, whom they called Seth.

Moses has not given us the names of all the children of Adam; for he intended only to set forth the creation, and some remarkable events, and to point out the particular family from which the Saviour of the world was to arise.

The descendants of Seth were so eminent for their piety and virtue, that they were called "the sons of God;" and one of them, Enoch, was so beloved by the Almighty, that he was taken up into Heaven without suffering the pains of death. But the family of Cain, being impious and corrupt, were called, by way of distinction, "the sons and daughters of men".

After a long course of time, however, the descendants of Seth also neglected the worship and service of the great Creator. By degrees the whole human race was overspread with sin. "All flesh corrupted its way upon the earth, and every imagination of the heart was only evil continually." God was pleased to use various methods to bring them to repentance, and turn them from their evil ways; but they would not hear his voice. They trampled upon his mercies, and despised all his warnings; till the time of punishment came, and the Almighty "destroyed the world of the ungodly by a flood of waters."

One person, however, escaped the universal contagion. "Noah found grace in the eyes of the Lord. He was a just man and walked with God." He was diligent in the discharge of his duty, both towards God and towards man; and therefore God was pleased to save him from the general destruction: and not only him, but, for his sake, his wife, and his three sons, and their wives. For this

purpose, he commanded him to make a large vessel, called an *ark*, after a particular plan; and, when it was completed, he shut it up, and secured in it, him and his family, and two of each species of living creatures, with proper provision for their subsistence.

As soon as this was done, the flood came on with great violence. In the very same day, "all the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the windows," or flood-gates, "of heaven were opened;" so that the waters, in a short time, "prevailed exceedingly upon the earth, and all the high hills which were under the whole heavens were covered."

The wretched inhabitants began to feel the truth of those threatenings, which they had laughed at and despised. Now, at last, they lift up their hands to heaven, and cry out to God for help; but alas! all in vain. The sentence is gone forth; the mighty waters are pouring upon them on every side, and nothing is to be seen but vengeance and destruction.

The ark floated safely from place to place upon the waters, till God caused them gradually to decrease. At length it rested upon Mount Ararat: and, some time after, when the earth was in a proper state for habitation, he directed Noah to go out of the ark, and to take his family and all the creatures with him.

As soon as they had set their foot upon land, Noah raised an altar to the Lord, and they offered sacrifices, giving thanks to the Almighty for their wonderful preservation. God was pleased with this mark of pious gratitude, and established a covenant with Noah and his children, that he would not any more destroy the world by a flood, and added this gracious promise: "While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night, shall not cease."

CHAP. XIII.

VICE AND FORTUNE.

FORTUNE and Vice, according to Plutarch, had once a violent contest, which of them had it most in her power to make mankind unhappy. Fortune boasted that she could take from men every external good, and bring upon them every external evil. Be it so, replied Vice. This, however, is by no means sufficient to make them miserable without my assistance; whereas, without yours, I am able to render them completely so; nay, in spite too of all your endeavours I can make them happy.

CHAP. XIV.

ON CRUELTY TO INSECTS.

JACOBUS indulged himself in the cruel entertainment of torturing and killing flies. He tore off their wings and legs, and then watched with pleasure their impotent efforts to escape from him. Sometimes he collected a number of them together, and crushed them at once to death; glorying, like many a celebrated hero, in the devastation he committed. His brother remonstrated with him in vain on his barbarous conduct. He could not persuade him to believe that flies are capable of pain, and have a right, no less than ourselves, to life, liberty, and enjoyment. The signs of agony which, when tormented, they express by the quick and various contortions of their bodies, he neither understood, nor would attend to.

Alexis had a microscope, and he desired Jacobus one day to examine a most beautiful and surprising animal. Mark, said he, how it is studded from head to tail with

black and silver, and its body all over beset with the most curious bristles! The head contains a pair of lively eyes, encircled with silver hairs; the trunk consists of two parts, which fold over each other. The whole body is ornamented with plumes and decorations, which surpass all the luxuries of dress in the courts of the greatest princes. Jacobus was pleased and astonished with what he saw, and impatient to know the name and properties of this wonderful animal. It was withdrawn from the magnifier, and when offered to his naked eye, proved to be a poor fly, which had been the victim of his wanton cruelty.

CHAP. XV.

STORY OF NORVAL AND VALENTINE.

IN the reign of Queen Anne, Britain was engaged in a war with France. The English army laid siege to Namur, a fortified city in Flanders, and took the town; but the castle stood out against them. Among others of the British forces, engaged in storming the castle, there was a regiment belonging to Colonel Frederic Hamilton; and, in that regiment, was one Norval, a corporal, and another, Valentine, a private soldier. These two, when at school, had been intimate comrades, but, upon some very trifling account, had fallen out in their younger days, and their hatred of each other had grown stronger as they grew older. Norval took all opportunities of shewing his spite and venting his malice against Valentine. He again durst not openly revenge himself, but bore his ill treatment without any resistance; though he frequently said he would willingly die to be revenged on that villain Norval.

In the midst of this rage they were commanded upon the attack of the castle of Namur. In the attack, Norval had an arm shot off by a cannon-ball, on which he fell down just by Valentine's side. The enemy from the castle pressing hard upon the English, they were obliged to retire. Norval, expecting to be trampled to death, called out, O Valentine, Valentine, can you leave me in this condition?

Valentine ran back, and in the midst of a thick fire of the enemy, took the corporal in his arms, and came off with him. But he had not run far, when he received a shot in the thigh, which brought him to the ground.

Norval, notwithstanding the loss of his arm, immediately took Valentine on his back, and ran with him till he fainted. By this means, being happily out of the reach of their enemies, they were both taken up by their fellow soldiers, carried into the town, and soon recovered of their wounds.

This accident of their being deliverers to each other made them enter into and preserve an inviolable friendship, which nothing could disturb to the end of their days.

CHAP. XVI.

ON THE CONFUSION OF LANGUAGES.

THE sons of Noah were, Japhet, Shem, and Ham, whose descendants soon became so numerous, that they could not live together in one family, nor agree in any general plan of government. Many of them, therefore, resolved to form themselves into a separate society, and to remove into some other country.

Accordingly they left their great ancestor, Noah, who

is supposed to have been the founder of the Chinese empire, and journeyed from the East, till they came to a pleasant and fruitful plain in the land of Shinar. There they determined to fix their habitation; and, soon becoming ambitious of distinguishing themselves, and establishing a powerful kingdom, they began to build a very high tower.

But what they, in their fond conceit, intended to be a monument of their fame and power, was made a monument of their pride and folly. For, while they were at work, God produced divers languages among them. Though they retained the power of speaking, yet he caused them to express their thoughts by new sounds, so that they could not understand one another.

This sudden change excited such a tumult and confusion among the builders, that they were obliged to leave their work unfinished. After which, having quitted Babel, in different parties, according as they understood each other's language, they settled in separate countries. As they increased they spread more and more, till the human race was dispersed over the face of the earth.

The measures of our conduct should be formed by a regard to the divine will, and not by our own vain whims and fancies. "Pride was not made for man." It has frequently hurried persons into the most fatal misconduct, and indeed into destruction.

CHAP. XVII.

THE MISER.

A MISER being dead, and fairly interred, came to the banks of the river Styx, desiring to be ferried over along with the other ghosts. Charon demands his

fare, and is surprised to see the miser, rather than pay it throw himself into the river and swim over to the other side, notwithstanding all the clamour and opposition that could be made to him.

All hell was in an uproar; and each of the judges was meditating some punishment suitable to a crime of such dangerous consequence to the infernal revenues. "Shall he be chained to the rock along with Prometheus? Or tremble below the precipice in company with the Danaides? Or assist Sysiphus in rolling his stone?" "No!" says Minos, "none of these; we must invent some severer punishment. Let him be sent back to the earth, to see the use his heirs are making of his riches."

CHAP. XVIII.

OF GRATITUDE AND PIETY.

ARTABANES was distinguished with peculiar favour by a wise, powerful, and good prince. A magnificent palace, surrounded with a delightful garden, was provided for his residence. He partook of all the luxuries of his sovereign's table; was invested with extensive authority; and admitted to the honours of a free intercourse with his gracious master. But Artabanes was insensible of the advantages he enjoyed. His heart glowed not with gratitude and respect. He avoided the society of his benefactor, and abused his bounty.

I detest such a character, said Alexis, with generous indignation! It is your own picture which I have drawn, replied Euphronius.

The great Potentate of heaven and earth has placed you in a world which displays the highest beauty, order, and magnificence; and which abounds with every mean of

convenience, enjoyment, and happiness. He has furnished you with such powers of body and mind as give you dominion over the fishes of the sea, the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field; and he has invited you to hold communion with him, and to exalt your own nature by the love and imitation of his divine perfections. Yet have your eyes wandered with brutal gaze over the fair creation, unconscious of the mighty hand from which it sprang. You have rioted in the profusion of nature, without one secret emotion of gratitude to the sovereign Dispenser of all good. And you have slighted the glorious converse, and forgotten the presence of that omnipotent Being, who fills all space, and exists through all eternity.

CHAP. XIX.

OF THE ANCIENT BRITONS.

THE people who first lived in this island, according to the best historians, were the Gauls, and afterwards the Britons. These Britons were tall, well made, and yellow haired; and lived frequently 120 years, owing to their sobriety and temperance, and the wholesomeness of the air.

The use of clothes was scarce known among them.—Some of them that inhabited the southern parts, covered their nakedness with the skins of wild beasts carelessly thrown over them, not so much to defend themselves against the cold, as to avoid giving offence to strangers that came to traffic with them. By way of ornament, they used to cut the shape of flowers, trees, and animals, on their skin, and afterwards painted it of a sky colour with the juice of wood, that never wore out. They lived in woods, in huts covered with skins, boughs, or turf,

Their towns or villages were a confused parcel of huts placed at a little distance from each other, without any order or distinction of streets. They were generally in the middle of a wood defended with ramparts, or mounds of earth thrown up.

Their food was milk, and flesh got by hunting, the woods and plains being well stocked with game. Fish and tame fowls, which they kept for pleasure, they were forbidden by their religion to eat.

Their commerce was with the Phœnician merchants, who, after the discovery of the island, exported, every year, great quantities of tin, with which they carried on a very lucrative trade with distant nations.

CHAP. XX.

ON CÆSAR'S INVASION OF BRITAIN.

ABOUT fifty-five years before our Saviour appeared upon earth, Julius Cæsar, the first emperor of Rome, and a great conqueror, formed a design of invading Britain. When he arrived on the coast, he saw the hills and cliffs, which ran out into the sea, covered with troops that could easily prevent his landing. He then sailed two leagues farther to a plain and open shore. The Britons perceiving this, sent their chariots and horses that way, whilst the rest of their army advanced to support them.

The largeness of Cæsar's vessels hindered them from coming near the shore; so that the Roman soldiers saw themselves under a necessity of leaping into the sea, armed as they were, in order to attack their enemies, who stood ready to receive them on dry ground.

Cæsar, perceiving that his soldiers did not exert their usual bravery, ordered some small ships to get as near

the shore as possible. This they did; and with their slings, engines, and arrows, so pelted the Britons, that their courage began to abate. But the Romans were unwilling to throw themselves into the water, till one of their standard-bearers leaped in first, with his colours in his hand, crying out aloud, "Follow me, fellow soldiers, unless you will betray the Roman eagle into the hands of the enemy. For my part, I have resolved to discharge my duty to Cæsar and the commonwealth."

Upon this, all the soldiers followed him, and began the fight. But this resolution was not able to compel the Britons to give ground; nay, it was feared they would have been repelled, had not Cæsar caused armed boats to supply them with recruits, which made the enemy fall back a little. The Romans, improving this advantage, advanced, and getting firm footing on land, pressed the Britons so vigorously, that they put them to the rout.

The Britons, astonished at the Roman valour, and fearing a more obstinate resistance would but expose them to greater mischiefs, sent to sue for peace and offer hostages; which Cæsar accepted, and a peace was concluded four days after their landing.

CHAP. XXI.

FORTUNE-TELLING EXPOSED.

HARLEY sat down on a large stone to take a little pebble out of his shoe, when he saw, at some distance, a beggar approaching him. He had on a loose coat, mended with different coloured rags. He had a short knotty stick in his hand, and on the top of it was stuck a ram's horn. His knees had worn the stuff off his breeches. He wore no shoes; and his stockings had

entirely lost that part of them which should have covered his feet and ancles. In his face, however, was the plump appearance of good humour. He walked a good round pace, and a crook-legged dog trotted at his heels.

The beggar, pulling off a piece of hat, asked charity of Harley. The dog began to beg too. It was impossible to resist both; and, in truth, the want of shoes and stockings had made both unnecessary; for Harley had destined sixpence for him before. The beggar, on receiving it, poured forth blessings without number; and, with a sort of smile on his countenance, said to Harley, "that if he wanted to have his fortune told, he would do it."

Harley turned his eye briskly on the beggar, which silenced the prophet immediately. "I would much rather learn," said Harley, "what it is in your power to tell me. Your trade must be an entertaining one. Sit down on this stone, and let me know something of your profession; I have often thought of turning fortune-teller for a week or two myself."

"Master," replied the beggar, "I like your frankness much. I had the humour of plain dealing in me from a child; but I was in some sort forced to the trade I now follow. I was a labourer, sir, and gained as much as to make me live. I never laid by indeed; for, I was reckoned a piece of a wag; and your wags, I take it, are seldom rich, Mr. Harley."

"So," said Harley, "you seem to know me."—"Ay, there are few folks in the country that I do not know something of; for, how should I tell fortunes else?" —"True; but to go on with your story.

You were a labourer, you say, and a wag. Your industry, I suppose, you left with your old trade; but your humour you preserve to be of use to you in your new one."

"What signifies sadness sir? A man grows lean upon it. But I was brought to my idleness by degrees. First, I could not work; and it went against my stomach to work ever after. I was seized with a gaol fever at the time the assizes were in the county where I lived; for, I was always curious to get acquainted with the felons, because they are commonly fellows of much mirth and little thought, qualities I had ever an esteem for.

"In the height of this fever, Mr. Harley, the house where I lay took fire, and burnt to the ground. I was carried out in that condition, and lay all the rest of my illness in a barn. I got the better of my disease, however; but I was so weak, that I spit blood whenever I attempted to work. I had no relation living that I knew of, and I never kept a friend above a week when I was able to joke. I seldom remained above six months in a parish; so that I might have died before I had found a settlement in any. Thus I was forced to beg my bread, and a sorry trade I found it, Mr. Harley. I told all my misfortunes truly, but they were seldom believed; and the few, who gave me a halfpenny as they passed, did it with a shake of the head, and an injunction not to trouble them with a long story. I therefore changed my plan, and instead of telling my own misfortunes, began to prophecy happiness to others. This I found to be much the better way. Folks will always listen when the tale is their own. I pick up the names of their acquaintance. Amours and little squabbles are easily gleaned among servants and neighbours. With a tolerable good memory, and some share of cunning, and by shewing the tricks of that dog, whom I stole from the serjeant of a marching regiment, I make shift to pick up a livelihood. My trade, indeed, is none of the honestest; people, however, are not much cheated, who give a few halfpence for a prospect of happiness, which I have heard some persons say is

all a man can arrive at in this world—But I must bid you good day, sir; for I have three miles to walk, before noon, to inform some boarding-school young ladies, whether their husbands are to be peers of the realm, or captains in the army—a question which I promised to answer them by that time."

CHAP. XXII.

STORY OF A KING AND A DERVISE.

A CERTAIN prince of Tartary, in company with his nobles, was met by a Dervise, who cried with a loud voice, "Whoever will give me a hundred pieces of gold, I will give him a piece of advice." The King ordered him the sum. Upon which the Dervise said, "Begin nothing of which thou hast not well considered the end."

The courtiers, upon hearing this plain sentence, smiled, and said with a sneer, "The Dervise is well paid for his maxim." But the King was so well satisfied with the answer, that he ordered it to be written, in golden letters, on several places of his palace, and to be engraven on all his plate.

Not long after, the King's surgeon was bribed to kill him with a poisoned lancet at the time he let him blood. One day, when the King's arm was bound, and the fatal lancet in the surgeon's hand, he read on the basin, "Begin nothing of which thou hast not well considered the end." He immediately started, and let the lancet fall out of his hand. The King observed his confusion, and enquired the reason. The surgeon fell prostrate, confessed the whole affair, and was pardoned. The conspirators were put to death. The King turning to his courtiers, who heard the advice with contempt, told them, "that

the maxim could not be too much valued which had saved a king's life."

CHAP. XXIII.

OF THE DRUIDS.

THOUGH the ancient Britons were idolaters, and worshipped the sun, moon, stars, rivers, fountains, hills, and trees, yet their ideas of the Deity and a future state, were more rational than those of the heathen world in general.

The priests who taught the principles, and performed the offices, of their religion, were called Druids. All their places of worship were in the open air, in groves planted with those trees in which they most delighted. The chief of these was the oak, for which they had so high an esteem, that they did not perform the least religious ceremony, without being adorned with garlands of its leaves. These sacred groves were watered by some consecrated fountain or river, and surrounded by a ditch or mound to prevent the intrusion of improper persons. In the centre was a circular area, inclosed with one or two rows of large stones.

The Druids enjoyed the highest honours and privileges. So great was the veneration in which they were held, that when two hostile armies, inflamed by warlike rage, with swords drawn and spears extended, were on the point of engaging in battle, at their intervention, they sheathed their swords, and became calm and peaceful.

In some of their most magnificent temples, particularly that of Stonehenge, they laid stones of a prodigious weight on the tops of the standing pillars, which formed a kind of circle in the air, and added much to the grandeur of the whole. Though the sacred groves of the Druids have been long destroyed, yet of the temples and stone tables,

which were inclosed within them, there are still many vestiges in the British isles, and other parts of Europe. In such places it was customary for the priests or Druids to collect the British youths, and there give them what instruction they thought, in that barbarous age, best suited for their future welfare.

The religion of the Druids continued longer in Britain than in some other countries, having been revived first by the Saxons, and afterwards by the Danes. Even so late as the eleventh century, in the reign of Canute, it was necessary to make the following law: "We strictly discharge and forbid all our subjects to worship the gods of the gentiles."

The state of bliss into which the souls of good men, were supposed by the Druids to enter immediately after their death, was called the *island of the brave and virtuous.* There the sun shed its kindest influence. The face of nature, always unruffled and serene, diffused happiness on every creature, and wore a perpetual smile of joy. Their place of future torments was a gloomy region, frozen with perpetual cold, an idea of punishment very natural for a people, who live in a climate where the inconveniences of excessive cold are more strongly felt than those of heat.

CHAP. XXIV.

STORY OF KING LEAR.

LEAR, one of the kings of England, had three daughters, Goneril, Regan, and Cordelia. When he grew old and infirm, he thought it proper to marry his daughters, and divide his kingdom among them. But, having a mind first of all to know which of them loved him best, he resolved to make an experiment, by asking each of them separately. Goneril, the eldest, apprehend-

ing too well her father's weakness, made answer, that she loved him above her own soul. Therefore, says the old man, overjoyed, to thee, and to the husband thou shalt choose, I give the third part of my realm. Regan, the second daughter, being asked the same question, and hoping to obtain as large a share of her father's bounty as her eldest sister had done, made answer, that she loved him above all creatures; and so received an equal reward with her sister.

The king then proceeded to ask Cordelia, his youngest daughter, whom he had hitherto loved most tenderly of the three. But, though she perceived how much the two eldest had gained by their flattery, yet could she not thereby be induced to make any other than a solid and virtuous answer. Father, says she, I love you as a child ought to love her parent. They, who pretend to more than this, do but flatter you.

The old man, sorry to hear this, wished her to recal those words, and a second time demanded what love she bore to him? but she repeated the same answer she had made before.

Then hear thou, says Lear, all in a passion, what thy ingratitude hath gained thee. Because thou hast not reverenced thy aged father equal to thy sisters, thou shalt have no part of my kingdom, or my riches. And, soon after, he bestows in marriage his two eldest daughters, Goneril to the Duke of Albany; and Regan to the Duke of Cornwall; putting them in the present possession of half his kingdom, and promising the rest at his death. But the wisdom, prudence, and other accomplishments of Cordelia, soon spread her name abroad through the world, and at last reached the ear of Aganippus, king of France, who, disregarding the loss of her dowry, took her to wife.

After this, King Lear, more and more drooping with

years, became an easy prey to his daughters and their husbands, who, by daily encroachments, had seized the whole kingdom into their hands, the King being obliged to reside with his eldest daughter, attended only by three-score knights. But they, as they seemed too numerous and disorderly for continual guests, were reduced to thirty. Not brooking that affront, the King betakes himself to his second daughter. But he had not been long there, when a difference arising among the crowded family, five only are suffered to attend him. Back again he goes to his eldest daughter, hoping she could not but have some more pity on his grey hairs; but, she now refuses to admit him at all, unless he will be contented with one attendant.

At last he called to remembrance his youngest daughter Cordelia; and, acknowledging how true her words had been, though he entertained but little hope of relief from one whom he had so much injured, he resolved to make an experiment, if his misery might something soften her. With this view he goes over to France.

Now might be seen the difference between the silent or modestly expressed affection of some children to their parents, and the talkative obsequiousness of others, while the hope of inheritance acts in them, and on the tongue's end enlarges their duty.

Cordelia, hearing of her father's distress, pours forth true filial tears; and not enduring, either that she herself, her husband, or any at court, should see him in such a forlorn condition as his messenger described, orders one of her most trusty servants first to convey him privately towards a sea-town, there to array and cherish him, and furnish him with such attendants as became his dignity; that then, as from his first landing, he might send word of his arrival to her husband Aganippus.— Which done, Cordelia, with the king her husband, and

all the nobility of his realm, went out to meet king Lear, and after all manner of honourable and joyful entertainment at the court of Aganippus, Cordelia, with a powerful army, returned to England, to replace her father upon the throne.

Her filial affection was rewarded with such success in this undertaking, that she soon vanquished her undutiful sisters and their husbands; and Lear again obtained the crown, which he continued to enjoy some years in peace. When he died, Cordelia caused him, with all regal solemnities, to be buried in the town of Leicester.

CHAP. XXV.

REMARKABLE STORY OF A GREENLAND BEAR.

THE white bear of Greenland is considerably larger than either the brown bear of Europe, or the black bear of North America. This animal lives upon fish and seals, and is not only seen upon land in the countries bordering upon the North Pole, but often on floats of ice, several leagues at sea.

The following relation is extracted from the "Journal of a voyage for making Discoveries towards the North Pole."

Early in the morning, the man at the mast-head of the *Carcase*, gave notice, that three bears were making their way very fast over the ice, and that they were directing their course very fast towards the ship. They had, without question, been invited by the scent of a sea-horse, killed a few days before, which the men had set on fire, and which was burning on the ice at the time of their approach. They proved to be a she bear and her two cubs; but the cubs were nearly as large as the dam.—

They ran eagerly to the fire, and drew out from the flames part of the flesh of the sea-horse, which was not consumed, and ate it voraciously. The crew from the ship, threw great lumps of the flesh of the sea-horse upon the ice, which the old bear fetched away singly, laid every lump before her cubs as she brought it, and, dividing it, gave each a share, reserving but a small portion to herself. As she was fetching away the last piece, they levelled their muskets at the cubs, and shot them both dead; and in her retreat they wounded the dam, but not mortally.

It would have drawn tears of pity from any person, who was not destitute of feeling, to have marked the affectionate concern expressed by the poor beast in the dying moments of her expiring young Though she was sorely wounded, and could but just crawl to the place where they lay, she carried the lump of flesh she had fetched away, as she had done others before, tore it in pieces, and laid it down before them; and, when she saw that they refused to eat, she laid her paws first upon one, and then upon the other, and endeavoured to raise them up. All this while, it was pitiful to hear her moan.

When she found she could not stir them, she went off; and, when she had got at some distance, looked back and moaned; and that not availing her to entice them away, she returned, and smelling round them, began to lick their wounds. She went off a second time, as before, and having crawled a few spaces, looked again behind her, and for some time stood moaning. But still, her cubs not rising to follow her, she returned to them again, and, with signs of inexpressible fondness, went round one, and round the other, pawing them and moaning. Finding, at last, that they were cold and lifeless, she raised her head towards the ship, and growled a curse upon the murderers, which they returned with a volley

of musket-balls. She fell between her cubs, and died licking their wonds.

Can you admire the maternal affection of the bear, and not feel in your heart the warmest emotions of gratitude for the stronger and more permanent tenderness you have so long experienced from your parents?

CHAP. XXVI.

ON THE FAITH OF ABRAHAM IN OFFERING HIS SON ISAAC.

THE Supreme Being was pleased to make trial of the faith and obedience of Abraham, or rather to manifest them more fully to the world, and make him an illustrious pattern to all posterity. He commanded him to take Isaac, when he was about 25 years of age, and "offer him for a burnt-offering, upon mount Moriah." Severe as the command was, though Isaac was his son, his only son, whom he loved with all the affection of a tender father,—though he was the very son, of whom it was expressly said, "in Isaac shall thy seed be called," he readily complied with it. He reasoned with himself, that God who had given him, as it were by a miracle, when in the course of nature there was no hope of children, was able even to raise him from the dead. He therefore rose early the next morning, and took Isaac to the mountain. The fatal knife was in his hand,—his son lay panting upon the altar,—and he was just giving the deadly stroke,—when an angel stayed his hand, saying, "Lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou any thing unto him; for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from me."

As he looked round in surprise, he saw a ram caught

in a thicket; and, having seized it, he offered it for a burnt-offering, instead of his son. For this great act of faith and trust in the Supreme Being, Abraham was honoured with the glorious name of "father of the faithful;" and God immediately renewed his promise to him, that he would bless him very abundantly, and multiply his family. "In thy seed," said he, "shall all the nations of the earth be blessed, because thou hast obeyed my voice."

We are taught, by this instance of obedience, to love God above every thing upon earth, and to resign, with a willing mind, our fortune, our children, and our dearest comforts, whenever he calls for them. We cannot but observe farther, that this particular action, required from Abraham, was a remarkable type, or representation, of what was done afterwards, as is supposed, upon the same mountain; and seems intended to point out to him, and to the succeeding generations, the particular method, by which God proposed to redeem mankind, by offering up his only begotten son, Jesus Christ.

CHAP. XXVII.

ON THE ADVANTAGES OF SPEAKING TRUTH.

PETRARCH, a celebrated Italian poet, who flourished about four hundred years ago, recommended himself to the confidence and affection of cardinal Colonna, in whose family he resided, by his candour and strict regard to truth. A violent quarrel occurred in the household of this nobleman, which was carried so far, that they had recourse to arms. The cardinal wished to know the foundation of this affair; and, that he might be able to decide with justice, he assembled all his people, and

obliged them to bind themselves, by a most solemn oath on the gospel, to declare the whole truth. Every one, without exception, submitted to this determination; even the bishop of Luna, brother to the cardinal, was not excused. Petrarch, in his turn, presenting himself to take the oath, the cardinal closed the book and said, "*As for you, Petrarch, your word is sufficient.*"

A story similar to this is related of Zenocrates, an Athenian philosopher, who lived three hundred years before Christ, and was educated in the school of Plato. The people of Athens entertained so high an opinion of his probity, that one day, when he approached the altar, to confirm by an oath the truth of what he had asserted, the judges unanimously declared his word to be sufficient evidence.

CHAP. XXVIII.

ON THE FOLLY OF SELF-ADMIRATION.

NARCISSUS, according to Ovid, was a beautiful youth, who delighted in hunting, and was beloved by Echo, then a nymph. However, he equally slighted her and all his admirers. At length, viewing his own face in a fountain, he fell in love with himself, and constantly resorted to the stream to court his own shadow. But, when he saw the beautiful form retire as often as he withdrew, and mock his pursuit when he stretched out his arms to embrace it, he fell into the greatest agonies of passion, and with vain prayers invoked the empty form.

Narcissus, though at last convinced of his mistake, could not conquer his unhappy passion, but still continued to pine with a preposterous love of his own person. Thus his form wasted, his beauty decayed, and the breath of life at last forsook him. But, when his body was sought for

to be interred, in its stead they found a flower, which still retains his name, and perpetuates his memory.

There is not a greater vanity or folly than that of self-admiration. He, who is addicted to it, will court a vain shadow; and will ever, like the youth in the fable, find himself disappointed.

CHAP. XXIX.

STORY OF JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN.

JOSEPH was the favourite son of Jacob; for, the sacred historian informs us, "that he loved him more than all his children." This partial affection of his father, and a dream, which he related to his brothers, denoting that his condition in the world would be higher than theirs, made him the object of their envy and hatred. Therefore, one day, when they were feeding their flocks, and saw Joseph coming toward them, they cried out, "Here cometh the dreamer; let us kill him!"

Being dissuaded, however, by Reuben, from shedding his blood, they stripped him, and threw him into a pit; but, seeing some merchants, who were at that time providentially passing into Egypt, they drew him up, and sold him to them. After which they stained his coat with blood, and carried it to Jacob, who concluded, from thence, that his son was devoured by a wild beast; and he put on sackcloth, and mourned for him many days.

Joseph, in the mean time, was carried into Egypt, and sold to Potiphar, an officer of distinction under Pharaoh the king; where "the Lord made all that he did to prosper," so that he found favour in the sight of his master, who made him overseer of his house, and put all that he had into his hands.

But his blooming hopes of happiness were soon blasted;

for the wife of Potiphar, accused him falsely to her husband, who, too readily believing what she said, put him into prison. "But the Lord was with Joseph" in the dungeon; and the keeper of it was so charmed with his good temper and patient behaviour, that he treated him with great kindness, and entrusted him with the care of the prisoners.

It happened that the chief baker and the chief butler of Pharaoh, who were in the same prison, dreamed each a dream. Joseph interpreted their dreams to them; foretelling, that, at the expiration of three days, the baker would be hanged on a tree, and the butler be restored to his place. Then added he to the butler, "think on me, and shew kindness, I pray thee, and take me out of this house." As he had foretold, so it came to pass. But pomp and pleasure are apt to divert the mind from the obligations of gratitude. The butler, in the midst of his prosperity, forgot his poor friend, the interpreter, in prison.

Some time after, Pharaoh had two dreams. "He saw seven fat cows devoured by seven lean cows;" and, again "he saw seven full ears of corn devoured by seven thin withered ears." When the wise men of the country could not explain these dreams, the butler recollected Joseph, and spake of him to the king; upon which he was sent for out of the prison, and the king related his dreams to him. Joseph immediately, by the assistance of God, informed Pharaoh that the seven fat cows, and seven full ears, signified seven years of plenty, which would be in the land; and the seven lean cows, and seven lean ears, signified seven years of famine, which would succeed them. "Let Pharaoh, therefore, appoint officers over the land, and let them gather corn in the seven plenteous years; and this food shall be for store against the seven years of famine."

The king was astonished at the wisdom of Joseph, and concluding justly, from thence, that "the spirit of God was in him," appointed him to this office, and gave him full power over his whole kingdom. The seven years of plenty came accordingly, and immense quantities of corn were laid up under his direction. Then the famine commenced; and, when the people cried out for bread, the store-houses were opened, and the corn was sold to the Egyptians and the neighbouring nations.

The famine spread itself to Canaan; and Jacob, having been informed that there was corn in Egypt, though he little thought by whose hand it was disposed of, sent his sons thither, keeping only Benjamin at home. When they were presented to Joseph, they bowed themselves before him with their faces to the earth, in acknowledgment of his superiority, as had been foretold by his dream. He immediately knew them, but "made himself strange, and spake roughly to them, accusing them "as spies who came to see the nakedness of the land." Upon which they informed him, that they came from the land of Canaan; that their father had twelve sons; that one was dead, and the youngest was left at home. Joseph was dissatisfied with their report, and perhaps doubted whether Benjamin was really alive. "Hereby shall ye be proved," said he; "send one of you to fetch your brother, and the rest shall be kept in prison."

Their present distress reminded them of their former guilt. Their inhuman treatment of their brother rushed into their minds, and, with self-condemning consciences, they said one to another, "We are verily guilty concerning our brother, because we saw the anguish of his soul, when he besought us, and we would not hear; therefore is this distress come upon us."

Such is the conviction of every person who does wrong, when calamity overtakes him. Therefore "keep inno-

cency, and do the thing that is right; for, that will bring a man peace at the last."

Joseph, however, detained only Simeon, and dismissed the rest, with an order that they should bring Benjamin with them when they returned. The relation of what had passed in Egypt filled the mind of Jacob with uneasy reflections and dreadful apprehensions; and when his sons were obliged to go again for corn, it was with great difficulty that they persuaded him to let Benjamin go. Immediately on their arrival they were introduced to Joseph, who enquired tenderly after his father's welfare; but was so sensibly touched and affected at the sight of his brother Benjamin, that he was obliged to withdraw from them, lest his tears should discover him. He afterwards entertained them with great kindness, and distinguished Benjamin with particular marks of regard.

Joseph had privately commanded his steward to put his silver cup into Benjamin's sack; and, the next morning, when they were gone out of the city, they were followed and charged with ingratitude and robbery. The cup was soon found; and the innocent Benjamin was carried back, as a thief, to Joseph. His brothers also returned in great astonishment and affliction; and, prostrating themselves, intreated earnestly for his deliverance. Joseph, who was now fully satisfied of their sincere penitence and their love for Benjamin, could refrain no longer. but throwing his arms about their necks, said, "I am Joseph! Doth my father yet live?" And, perceiving them to be deeply affected and "troubled at his presence," he addressed them with the most kind and gentle expressions: "Come near me, I pray you; I am Joseph, your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt; but be not grieved that ye sold me into Egypt; for, God sent me before you to preserve life. So now, it was not you that sent me hither, but God." Thus he endeavoured

to comfort them; to make them forget their past faults, and to speak peace to their minds.

He then directed them to hasten to Jacob, to acquaint him, that his son Joseph was lord over all Egypt; and to bring him and his whole family into Egypt, that he might pay his duty to his aged father, and that they might all partake of the plenty which God had provided.

The heart of Jacob, upon the return of his sons, was filled with joy; and he said, "It is enough; Joseph, my son, is yet alive. I will go and see him before I die!" He set out, and arrived safe in Egypt; but the pleasure of the interview, between such an affectionate parent and such a dutiful son, is not to be described. "Joseph fell on his neck, and wept on his neck a good while. And Jacob said, now let me die, since I have seen thy face!" Jacob and his family were settled in the land of Goshen, where they lived in great plenty; and, after some time, the good old man, having blessed his children, died in peace.

What sentiments of piety and goodness arise in the heart, upon considering the character of Joseph: patient under affliction; honest and just in his stewardship; resisting temptation, and fleeing from it; living under the fear of God and supported by his presence; rising, from the lowest scene of disgrace and misery, to the highest dignity; providing for the wants of the people; cherishing a spirit of forgiveness and brotherly love under the greatest injuries; and pouring plenty and comfort into the breast of his aged father!

CHAP. XXX.

ON THE FOLLY OF AFFECTATION.

LUCY, Emilia, and Sophronia, seated on a bank of daisies near a purling stream, were listening to the

music of a neighbouring grove. The sun with his setting beams gilded the western sky, gentle zephyrs breathed around, and the feathered songsters seemed to vie with each other in their evening notes of gratitude and praise.

Delighted with the artless melody of the linnet, the goldfinch, the woodlark, and the thrush, they were all *ear*, and observed not a peacock, which had strayed from a distant farm, and was approaching them with a majestic pace and expanded plumage.

The harmony of the concert was soon interrupted by the loud and harsh cries of this stately bird; which, though chased away by Emilia, continued his vociferations with the confidence that conscious beauty too often inspires.

Does this foolish bird, said Lucy, fancy that he is qualified to sing, because he is furnished with a spreading tail, ornamented with the richest colours? I know not, replied Sophronia, whether the peacock be capable of such a reflection; but I hope that you and Emilia will always avoid the display of whatever is inconsistent with your sex, your station, or your character. Shun affectation in all its odious forms; assume no borrowed airs, and be content to please, to shine, or to be useful, in the way which nature points out, and which reason approves.

CHAP. XXXI.

OF LYCURGUS, THE SPARTAN LEGISLATOR.

WHEN Lycurgus began his reformation, he found the whole territory of the Spartan state, in the hands of a few wealthy citizens. He therefore used his utmost endeavours to prevail with those citizens to relinquish their possessions, and to consent to an equal division of the lands among the members of the commonwealth.

In this arduous task he at last succeeded. Each share contained as much ground as was judged sufficient for the subsistence of one family, which was computed to require about seventy bushels of grain, and a proportionable quantity of wine and oil.

Lycurgus prohibited the use of gold and silver, and obliged the Spartans to confine themselves to iron money alone. By this means he banished luxury and magnificence, brought riches into contempt, and made modesty and simplicity to be honoured and esteemed.

This famous law-giver also instituted public tables, at which the whole body of citizens was obliged to eat of the same diet. Every table contained fifteen persons, each of whom furnished a certain quantity of the requisite provisions. A bushel of flour, eight gallons of wine, five pounds of cheese, two pounds and a half of figs, together with a small sum of money, to purchase a little flesh and fish, and to cook the victuals, was the monthly contribution of every member. No new member could be admitted to any of those tables without the consent of the whole company. All delicacies and luxurious dishes were banished from their entertainments.

At the age of seven years, the Spartan children were taken from their parents, and distributed into different classes, where they were inured to a hardy life, exposed to the extremities of cold and heat, and accustomed to the greatest simplicity and temperance in their diet. At the age of twelve they were removed into another class, where they underwent a discipline still more severe. There they learned obedience to the laws and magistrates, and reverence for old men.

The love of their country was the chief sentiment, with which the Spartans laboured to inspire their youth; and the science of war was almost their only study. For, it appears to have been the intention of Lycurgus to form a

nation of soldiers; not indeed that they might indulge themselves in a spirit of conquest, and by that means give way to ambition and injustice, but that they might be able to maintain the peace and liberties of their native country against turbulent neighbours. Their first and principal lesson in the art of war was, "never to flee, but either to die or conquer." Those who fled in any engagement, were rendered infamous for ever, and might be insulted by any person with impunity.

CHAP. XXXII.

OF MOSES, THE JEWISH LAW-GIVER.

THE sons of Jacob and their descendants, in process of time, multiplied so much, that the land of Goshen was filled with them. They were called Israelites, from the surname of Israel, which God had given to Jacob; and sometimes they were called Hebrews, from Heber, one of their ancestors; and afterwards Jews, from Judah. But, after many years, the memory of Joseph and his great services were lost; and a new king arose, who, instead of protecting the Israelites, was jealous of their increasing numbers and strength, and determined by all means to reduce them to a low state. He therefore employed them like slaves, in making bricks, and building cities. But, the more he afflicted them, the more they multiplied and grew. At which he was so enraged as to command, that all their male infants should be destroyed as soon as they were born.

A certain Hebrew woman, however, called Jochebed, having been delivered of a son, hid him for three months; and at length, through fear of being discovered and slain, she laid him in a basket, among the flags in the river Nile. Miriam, the sister of the child, was placed at a distance, to see what would become of him.

The king's daughter soon came, with her maid servants, to bathe in the river; and, having fonnd the basket, was affected with the sight of the weeping infant and melted into pity. Miriam, who had joined herself with the attendants, offered to call a nurse; and, being sent for that purpose, ran with joy for Jochebed. Thus, the infant was happily placed under the care of his own mother; and, when he was sufficiently grown, was brought back to Pharaoh's daughter, who called him Moses, (which means, *saved out of the water,*) and had him educated, as her own son, in the knowledge and wisdom of the Egyptians.

Moses, when he was grown to manhood, turned his eye and his heart from the honours of the court to the afflictions of his brethren. He therefore frequently visited and conversed with them; and, one day, having observed an Egyptian using an Hebrew very ill, he smote and killed him. "When Pharaoh heard this, he sought so slay Moses;" who, upon that account, fled to Midian, to Jethro, the priest of that country. He afterwards married his daughter, and lived with him as keeper of his flocks.

After several years, as he was feeding the flock near mount Horeb, he saw a bush flaming with fire, and yet not in the least consumed. While he stood in amazement at the strange sight, a voice issued from the place, saying, "I am the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob. I have seen the oppression of my people, and have heard their cry; and I will send thee to Pharaoh, that thou mayest lead them out of Egypt; for, I will bring them into a land flowing with milk and honey." Moses was no less astonished at what he heard, than at what he saw, and expressed his fears of undertaking such an important and difficult enterprize, because he was a person of no authority or eloquence. But God exhorted

him to be of good courage, and promised that he would be with him, and give him power to work miracles for the deliverance of his people; and that Aaron, his brother, should go with him as his speaker upon the occasion.

CHAP. XXXIII.

ON THE GOVERNMENT OF THE PASSIONS.

SOPHRON and Alexis had frequently heard Euphronius mention the experiment of stilling the waves with oil, made by his friend Dr. Franklin. They were impatient to repeat it; and a brisk wind proving favourable to the trial, they hastened, one evening, to a sheet of water in the pleasure-grounds of Eugenio, near Hart-hill.

The oil was scattered upon the pool, and spread itself instantly on all sides, calming the whole surface of the water, and reflecting the most beautiful colours. Elated with success, the youths returned to Euphronius to inquire the cause of such a wonderful appearance. He informed them that the wind, blowing upon water which is covered with a coat of oil, slides over the surface of it, and produces no friction that can raise a wave. But this curious philosophical fact, said he, suggests a more important moral reflection. When you suffer yourselves to be ruffled by passion, your mind resembles the *puddle in a storm*. But reason, if you hearken to her voice, will then, like oil poured on the water, calm the turbulence within you, and restore you to serenity and peace.

CHAP. XXXIV.

ON THE DUTIES OF THE YOUNG.

IT is the duty of young people to "remember their Creator in the days of their youth." While the heart is most susceptible of piety and gratitude, they should reverence and fear, worship and praise, love and obey, that great and glorious Being, who made them after his own image, and is always doing them good. In the season of youth, the heart should rise into the admiration of what is great, glow with the love of what is fair and excellent, and melt at the discovery of tenderness and goodness. Where can an object be found so proper to kindle those affections as the Father of the universe, and the Author of all felicity? His works every where display grandeur and majesty, and the richest blessings flow from his liberal hand. He is the guide of your childhood, the guardian of your youth, and the hope of your coming years.

As you ought to exercise piety towards God, so you ought likewise to honour your parents, and to submit to those who are your superiors in knowledge, in station, and in years. Dependence and obedience belong to youth; and modesty is one of its chief ornaments. Commit yourselves, therefore, to the guidance of the more experienced, and become wise by the wisdom of those who have gone before you.

Truth is the basis of every virtue. Dissimulation in youth is the forerunner of perfidy in old age. It obscures the lustre of every accomplishment, and sinks you into contempt with God and man.

As you value, therefore, the approbation of Heaven, or the esteem of the world, cultivate the love of truth. In all your proceedings, be direct and consistent. Ingenuity and candour possess the most powerful charms.

They bespeak universal favour, and carry an apology for almost every failing. "The lip of truth shall be established for ever; but a lying tongue is but for a moment."

The path of truth is a plain and safe path; that of falsehood is a perplexing maze. After the first departure from sincerity, it is not in your power to stop. One artifice unavoidable leads to another, till you are left entangled in your own snare.

Youth is the proper season for cultivating the benevolent and humane affections. As a great part of your happiness is to depend on the connexions which you form with others, it is of high importance that you acquire betimes the temper and the manners which will render such connexions comfortable. Let a sense of justice be the foundation of all your social qualities. In your most early intercourse with the world, and even in your youthful amusements, let no unfairness be found. Engrave on your mind, that sacred rule "of doing all things to others according as you wish that they should do to you."

Compassion is an emotion, of which you ought never to be ashamed. Graceful in youth is the tear of sympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe. Go sometimes, therefore, "to the house of mourning." as well as "to the house of feasting." Accustom yourself to think of the distresses of human life; of the solitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan.—Never sport with pain and distress in any of your amusements, nor treat even the meanest insect with wanton cruelty.

Diligence, industry, and proper improvement of time, are material duties of the young. In youth, the habits of industry are most easily acquired. In youth, the motives to it are strongest, from ambition and from duty, from emulation and hope, and from all the prospects which the beginning of life affords.

Industry is not only the instrument of improvement, but the foundation of pleasure. Nothing is so opposite to the true enjoyment of life, as the feeble state of an indolent mind He who is a stranger to industry may possess, but he cannot enjoy. For, it is labour only, which gives the relish to pleasure.

Think not, that any affluence of fortune, or any elevation of rank, exempts you from the duties of application and industry. Industry is the law of our being; it is the demand of nature, of reason, and of God Remember always, that the years, which now pass over your heads, leave permanent memorials behind them. From your thoughtless minds they may escape; but they remain in the remembrance of God. They form an important part of the register of your life. They will hereafter bear testimony, either for or against you, in that day, when, for all your actions, but particularly for the employments of your youth, you must give an account to God.

CHAP. XXXV.

STORY OF A MERCHANT AND HIS TWO SONS.

A CERTAIN merchant had two sons, the eldest of whom was of so bad a disposition as to behave with great hatred and ill-nature towards the younger, who was of a temper more mild and gentle. It happened that the old gentleman, after having acquired a large estate by his trade, left it by his will to his eldest son, together with all his ships and stock in merchandize, desiring him to continue in the business, and support his brother.

The father was no sooner dead than the elder began to shew his ill-will to his brother. He desired him to leave his house, and, without giving him any thing for his support, turned him loose into the wide world. The young

man was much dejected with this treatment; but, considering that in his father's life-time he had acquired some knowledge of business, he applied to a neighbouring merchant, offering to serve him in the way of trade.

The merchant received him into his house, and finding from long experience that he was prudent, virtuous, and diligent in his business, gave him his daughter and only child in marriage, and, when he died, bequeathed to him his whole fortune. The young man, after the death of his father-in-law, retired, with his wife into a distant part of the country, where he purchased a fine estate, with a splendid dwelling; and there he lived with great credit and reputation.

The elder brother, after his father's death, for some time had great success in trade. At length, however, a violent storm tore to pieces many of his ships, which were coming home richly laden About the same time some persons failing, who had much of his money in their hands, he was reduced to great want. To complete his misfortunes, the little which he had left at home was consumed by a sudden fire, which burnt his house, and every thing in it; so that he was brought into a state of beggary.

In this forlorn condition, he had no other resource to keep himself from starving than to wander up and down the country, imploring the assistance of well-disposed persons. It happened one day, that having travelled many miles, and obtained but little relief, he saw a gentleman walking in the fields, not far from a fine seat. To this gentleman he addressed himself, and having laid before him his misfortunes and his present necessitous condition, he earnestly entreated him to grant him some assistance. The gentleman, who happened to be no other than his own brother, did not at first know him; but after some discourse with him, he perceived who he

was. At first, however, he did not make it appear that he had any knowledge of him, but brought him home, and ordered his servants to take care of him, and furnish him for that night with lodging and victuals.

In the mean time he resolved to discover himself to his brother next morning, and offer him a constant habitation in his house, after he had got the consent of his wife to the proposal. Accordingly, next morning, he ordered the poor man to be sent for. When he was come into his presence, he asked if he knew him. The poor man answered, he did not. I am, said he, bursting into tears, your only brother! and immediately fell on his neck, and embraced him with great tenderness. The elder, quite astonished at this accident, fell to the ground, and began to make many excuses, and to beg pardon for his former cruel behaviour. To whom the other answered, "Brother, let us forget those things; I heartily forgive you all that is past; you need not range up and down the world; you shall be welcome to live with me."—He readily accepted the proposal, and they lived together with great comfort and happiness till death.

CHAP. XXXVI.

STORY OF CANUTE.

THERE is a remarkable passage in the life of Canute, king of England, containing instructions both to prince and people. His courtiers (ever prone to magnify and flatter those, whom they think to please by so doing) would frequently extol his power and wealth, and pretend sometimes almost to adore his person.

Canute was a man of too good understanding not to see the folly of such flattery, and of the persons from whom it came. But, for their effectual conviction, and

CANUTE rebuking the Flattery of his COURTIERS.

to shew the small power of kings, he caused his royal seat to be placed on the sea-shore while the tide was coming in; then in the midst of his flattering nobles and great lords, whom he caused to assemble together for that purpose, arrayed in robes of gold, with his crown on his head, and all the state he could command, he thus addressed the sea: "Thou, sea, belongest unto me, and the land whereon I sit is mine, nor hath any one unpunished resisted my commands; I charge thee, therefore, come no farther upon my land, neither presume to wet the feet of thy sovereign lord."

But the sea came rolling on, and without reverence dashed against the king. Then, rising from his seat, and looking around him, he desired all present to behold and consider the weakness of human power, and that none truly deserved the name of king, but he whose eternal laws both heaven, earth, and seas, obey.

Canute was so well acquainted with the nature of the Supreme Being, and with his own nature, that he could not be corrupted by fawning sycophants, and base flatterers. The knowledge of ourselves has always been justly esteemed an excellent part of knowledge. The Grecian sage was declared to be the wisest of men, for uttering this sentence, "*Know Thyself.*" And indeed the benefit of that maxim is very great, since it not only tends to humble us by a sight of our imperfections, but to comfort us, by shewing our virtues, and the strength of our advantages, whether natural or acquired. Without this, we shall mistake ourselves, we shall assume the merit of qualities which we possess not, and claim honours, which we do not deserve. "If a man," says St. Paul, "think himself to be something, when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself. But let every man prove his own work, then shall he have rejoicing in himself alone, and not in another." He will then soon be con-

vinced, "that the most High ruleth in the kingdoms of men, and giveth them to whomsoever he chuses."

CHAP. XXXVII.

OF DAVID AND GOLIAH.

SAUL, king of Israel, being oppressed with lowness of spirits, because his enemies had defeated him, was advised to try the power of music, in order to divert his thoughts, and give ease to his mind. For this purpose, David, a shepherd, the son of Jesse, who was famous for playing skilfully upon the harp, was recommended to him: and his music was so excellent, that it charmed the passions of the King, and in a great measure removed his disorder.

The Philistines returned with recruited forces against Israel; and, when both armies were encamped near each other, a giant, whose name was Goliah, day after day, challenged any of the Israelites to decide the war by a single combat. But he was of so prodigious a stature, that the soldiers of Saul were terrified at the sight of him, and shrunk back from the encounter.

Young David, however, who came in the mean time to visit his brother in the camp, as soon as he heard his insulting language, was moved with indignation, and resolved to fight the gigantic champion. For, he trusted in the Almighty, by whose assistance he had formerly slain a lion and a bear, which had assaulted his flocks, that he would also deliver into his hand the proud Philistine, who had reproached and "defied the armies of the living God."

The Israelites stood in amazement, and trembled for the adventurous stripling, who went forward with only a sling in his hand, and a few pebble stones in his shep-

herd's bag. Goliah, on the other hand, treated him with insolent disdain, and threatened "to give his flesh to the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field." But David, guided and supported by an invisible power, slung a stone, which penetrated the head of his adversary, so that, "he fell upon his face to the earth." At the sight of which, the Israelites, exulting with joy, attacked the army of the dismayed Philistines, and obtained a complete victory over them.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

ON CIRCUMSPECTION.

LUCY and Emilia were admiring the structure of a spider's web, which was formed, between the branches of a tall shrub, in the garden at Hart-hill; when Euphronius, returning from his morning walk, stopped to inquire what object so much engaged their attention.

The dew-drops yet bespangled the fine threads of which the web was composed, and rendered every part of it conspicuously beautiful. A small winged insect happened at this instant to be caught in the toil; and the spider, before invisible, advanced along the lines from his secret retreat, seized the prey, and killed it, by instilling a venomous juice into the wound, which he had made in its little body.

When the rapacious tyrant had almost devoured his game, another fly, of a larger size, became entangled in the mesh. He now waited patiently till the insect was fatigued, by struggling to obtain its liberty; and then, rolling the web round it, he left the poor fly, in a state of terror and impotence, as a future repast for his returning appetite.

You pity the fate, said Euphronius, of this unfortunate

insect, whose destruction is the natural consequence of its ignorance and want of caution. Remember, that you yourselves will be exposed, in the commerce of life, to various snares, dangerous to your virtue, and subversive of your peace of mind.

CHAP. XXXIX.

STORY OF ALIBÆUS, THE PERSIAN.

CHA-ABBAS, king of Persia, determined to remove himself a-while from his court, and to go privately through the country, that he might behold the people in their natural simplicity and liberty.

He took only one courtier with him, to whom he said, "I am ignorant of the real manners of men. Every thing that approaches me is disguised. It is art, and not nature, that we see in courts. I have therefore resolved to see what a rural life is, and to study that kind of men who are so much despised, but yet seem to be the prop of human society. I am weary of seeing nothing but courtiers, who observe me only to over-reach me by their flatteries. I must go and see the labourers, and shepherds, who do not know me."

With this resolution he set out, and passed with his confidant through several country villages, where he saw the inhabitants dancing and playing, and enjoying their innocent diversions, and was extremely well pleased to observe so cheap and tranquil pleasures at such distance from court.

Being one day very hungry with a long walk, he went into one of these humble cottages, and sat down to dinner; but he then thought their coarse food more agreeable to the palate than all the exquisite dishes which were served at his own table.

As he was crossing a flowery meadow, watered with a small rivulet, he perceived a young shepherd beneath the shade of an elm, playing on a pipe near his feeding flock. Upon inquiry, he found his name was Alibæus, whose parents lived in a neighbouring village. He was beautiful, but not effeminate; lively, but not wild; unconscious of his own charms; never dreaming that, in any respect, he differed from the shepherds around him, though, without education, his reason had enlarged itself in a surprising manner.

The king, having entered into conversation with him, was charmed with his discourse; for, by him, he was freely informed of some things, concerning the state of the people, which a king cannot learn from a crowd of flatterers that surrounded him. Sometimes he would smile at the ingenuous simplicity of the youth, who spoke his mind without sparing any one in his answers. "I see plainly," says the monarch, turning to the courtier, "that nature is no less pleasing in the lowest than in the highest state of life. Never did a prince's son appear more amiable, than this young man who now follows the sheep. Who would not be happy, if blessed with so amiable and sensible a son? I have resolved his mind shall be duly improved by a polite and liberal education."

The king, therefore, took Alibæus along with him. He was taught to read and write, and instructed in all those arts and sicences which can adorn the mind of man. At first he was dazzled with the splendour of the court, and his sudden change of fortune had some little effect upon his mind and temper. Instead of his crook, his pipe, and shepherd's simple habit, he wore a purple garment embroidered with gold, and a turban enriched with precious stones. It was not long before he was so accomplished as to be capable of the most important affairs, and to obtain his master's entire confidence; who, finding that Alibæus had an exquisite taste for every thing curious and magnificent, gave him at last an office, very considerable, in Persia, namely, that of keeper of all the jewels and precious furniture belonging to the king.

During the life of the great Cha-Abbas, Alibæus was high in favour. As he advanced in age, however, he called to mind his former calm and quiet retirement, and often regretted the loss of it. "O happy days!" would he sometimes cry out, "innocent days! days in which I tasted the most pure joys, accompanied with no danger; days, than which none can be more pleasant. He who deprived me of you, by giving me all my riches, has taken from me all I had. Happy, thrice happy they, who never knew the miseries of a court!" Of these miseries, indeed, he himself, in a little time after, was made fully sensible.

Cha-Abbas, his good old master, dying, was succeeded by his son Cha-Sephi, whom some envious courtiers took care to prejudice against Alibæus. They whispered in his ear, that he had made an ill use of the confidence the late king reposed in him; that he had heaped up immense riches and embezzled many valuable things intrusted to his keeping. Cha-Sephi, being a young man, was credulous, and had, besides, vanity enough to imagine, that he could reform several of his father's actions,

For a pretence of turning him out of place, by the advice of his envious courtiers, he ordered Alibæus to bring him a scymitar set with diamonds, which the old king was wont to wear in battle. Cha-Abbas had formerly ordered the diamonds to be taken out, and Alibæus proved that it was done by the king's order, before he was in possession of the office.

When his enemies found that this did not succeed, they pursuaded Cha-Sephi to command Alibæus to give an exact inventory, within a fortnight's time, of all that he had under his care. At a fortnight's end, the king desired to see every thing himself. Alibæus opened every door and chest, and shewed all that was under his care. Every thing was clean, and carefully ranged in its proper place, and nothing was wanting. The king, surprised to see so much exactness and order every where, was almost reconciled to Alibæus; when, at the end of a great gallery, filled with precious furniture, he saw an iron door, on which there were three great locks. His courtiers suggested to him, that within that door was hid all the valuable treasure of which he had robbed his father. The king, in a great passion, commanded the door to be opened immediately. Alibæus threw himself at his feet, conjuring him, by the immortal gods, not to take from him all he had valuable upon earth. "It is not just," said he, "that in a moment's time, I should lose all I possess, after having so long faithfully served the king your father. Take every thing else from me, only leave me what is here."

This only increased the king's suspicions, and caused him to redouble his threats, till at last Alibæus obeyed. Having the keys at hand, he unlocked it himself. But how much surprised were all present, when they saw nothing but the crook, the pipe, and the shepherd's clothes, which he had formerly used, and which he often

visited, least he should forget his former condition! "Behold, great king," said he, "the precious remains of my former happiness, which neither fortune nor your power can take from me. Behold the treasure which will enrich me, after all your endeavours to make me poor. These are solid riches, which shall never fail me! riches, which will keep those innocent and happy, who can be content with simple necessaries, and never trouble themselves about superfluous things. O ye dear implements of a plain but blessed life! you only I love, and with you I have resolved to live and die. Yes, great king, I freely return you every thing, and will preserve only what I possessed, when the king, your father, by his liberality, brought me to court."

The king, a little recovered from his surprise, was persuaded of Alibæus's innocence; and being enraged against the courtiers, who had endeavoured to deceive him, he banished them from his presence. Alibæus became his chief minister, and was entrusted with the most secret and important affairs: but every day he visited his pipe, his crook, and his shepherd's habit, lest the inconstancy of fortune should rob him of his master's favour. He died in a good old age, without allowing any of his enemies to be punished, or heaping up any riches; having left his relations just enough to support them in the condition of shepherds, which, of all others, he thought the safest and happiest.

CHAP. XL.

THE CHOICE OF SOLOMON.

AS soon as Solomon was raised to the government of the kingdom of Israel, he applied himself to the management of public affairs, and the encouragement of

divine worship. The governor of the universe looked down upon his conduct with approbation, and promised to give him whatever he should ask. The young prince did not ask for a long life, nor riches, nor honour; but, conscious of the difficulty of governing an extensive kingdom and dispensing justice to a numerous people, he desired "a wise and understanding heart." The prudence and modesty of this request, procured for him not only such a degree of wisdom as exceeded that of all other men, but also a promise of those blessings, which he had not asked, dependant upon his obedience to God. "Seek ye, therefore, first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto you."

An opportunity soon offered for the trial of his wisdom. Two women, bringing two children, the one dead and the other alive, came to him for justice. Both disowned the dead child; both claimed the living child. How could the truth be discovered, and the infants be given to their proper mothers? Solomon had recourse to the workings of nature for the discovery of the secret. He commanded that the child for which they contended with equal warmth, should be divided, and half of it given to each woman. One of them was willing to have it so divided; but the other cried out in despair and agony, that it should not be so. "O my lord give her the living child, and by no means slay it!" This affectionate, anxious desire to save the life of the infant manifested the true mother; and Solomon, accordingly, gave her the child, to the satisfaction of the whole assembly.

His wisdom was no less distinguished in the government of his kingdom; and in many learned treatises, which he wrote, upon the nature of plants and trees, and of beasts, birds, and fishes. Peace and plenty were diffused through his dominions; and, by his extensive alliances and commerce, gold and silver were brought to him in such abun-

dance, that the riches of the world seemed to have been gathered together in the city of Jerusalem.

The fame of the wisdom and magnificence of Solomon was spread through all the earth, and drew many persons of wealth and learning, from the most distant nations, to his court. Particularly the Queen of Sheba, a princess as remarkable for understanding as for power and riches, came from the farthest part of the south, to see his glory, and be an ear-witness of his wisdom.

The book of Proverbs, written by Solomon, is a collection of wise and moral sayings. Though these are not connected in the way of a regular discourse, yet they have a general design, and contain easy and instructive rules for the direction of our whole behaviour. Being adapted to the weakest understanding and capacity, they should be put early into the hands of youth, and recommended to their attentive perusal.

Solomon remembers, with gratitude, the good instructions given him by David; and, from his own experience, advises others "to hear the instructions of their father, and not to forsake the law of their mother."

He cautions youth against the insinuating arts of evil company, and warns them to keep at a distance from the danger: "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not. Walk not in the way with them; refrain thy foot from their path." He recommends purity and chastity, by shewing the desperate state of the thoughtless wretch, who, giving himself up to the pursuit of sensual gratification, "goeth as an ox to the slaughter, and as a fool to the correction of the stocks."

The idle and indolent having a striking lesson "in the field of the slothful, which was covered with thorns and nettles." They are sent to learn industry and prudence from irrational creatures: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise."

The doctrines and precepts of religion and virtue are described as far superior to those things which are highly desired among men. "Wisdom is better than rubies; and all the things which may be desired are not to be compared with it." Therefore we are called upon to make it our choice, and use our utmost endeavours to attain it. "Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom; and, with all thy getting, get understanding."

The study and practice of it are also enforced by the peculiar advantages and blessings which attend it. "Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honour. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. Whoso findeth wisdom findeth life, and shall obtain the favour of the Lord."

CHAP. XLI.

ON THE EVIL HABIT OF LYING.

MENDACULUS was a youth of good parts and of amiable dispositions; but by keeping bad company, he had contracted, in an extreme degree, the odious habit of lying. His word was scarcely ever believed by his friends; and he was often suspected of faults because he denied the commission of them; and punished for offences, of which he was convicted only by his assertions of innocence.

The experience of every day manifested the disadvantages which he suffered from the habitual violation of truth. He had a garden stocked with the choicest flowers; and the cultivation of it was his favourite amusement. It happened that the cattle of the adjoining pasture had broken the fence, and he found them trampling upon and destroying a bed of auriculas. He could not drive these ravagers away, without endangering the still

more valuable productions of the next parterre; and he hastened to request the assistance of the gardener." "You intend to make a fool of me," said he, and would not go, as he gave no credit to the relation of Mendaculus.

One frosty day, his father had the misfortune to be thrown from his horse, and to fracture his thigh, Mendaculus was present, and was deeply affected by the accident, but had not strength to afford the necessary help. He was therefore obliged to leave him, in this painful condition, on the ground, which was at that time covered with snow; and, with all the expedition in his power, he rode to Manchester, to solicit the aid of the first benevolent person he should meet with. His character as a liar was generally known; few to whom he applied paid attention to his story, and no one believed it. After losing much time in fruitless entreaties, he returned with a sorrowful heart, and with his eyes bathed in tears, to the place where the accident happened. But his father was removed thence. A coach fortunately passed that way; he was taken into it, and conveyed to his own house, whither Mendaculus soon followed him.

A lusty boy, of whom Mendaculus had told some falsehoods, often way-laid him as he went to school, and beat him with great severity. Conscious of his ill desert, Mendaculus bore, for some time, in silence, this chastisement; but, the frequent repetition of it at last overpowered his resolution, and he complained to his father of the treatment which he met with. His father, though dubious of the truth of this account, applied to the parents of the boy who abused him. But he could obtain no redress from them, and only received the following painful answer, "Your son is a notorious liar, and we pay no regard to his assertions." Mendaculus was therefore obliged to submit to the wonted correction, till full satisfaction had been taken by his antagonist for the injury he had sustained.

Such were the evils in which this unfortunate youth almost daily involved himself by the habit of lying. He was sensible of his misconduct, and began to reflect upon it with seriousness and contrition. Resolutions of amendment succeeded to penitence; he set a guard upon his words, spoke little, and always with caution and reserve; and he soon found, by sweet experience, that truth is more easy and natural than falsehood. By degrees the love of it became predominant in his mind; and so sacred at length did he hold veracity to be, that he scrupled even the least jocular violation of it. This happy change restored him to the esteem of his friends, the confidence of the public, and the peace of his own conscience.

CHAP. XLII.

STORY OF THE TROJAN WAR.

THE first enterprize that was undertaken, by the general consent of all Greece, was the war against Troy, which has been famous, to this day, for the number of princes and valiant commanders there assembled, the great battles fought with various success, the long continuance of the siege, the destruction of that great city, and the many colonies planted in several countries, as well by the remainder of the Trojans as by the victorious Greeks after their unfortunate return.

An account of these things has been delivered to posterity by several excellent writers, and particularly by Homer, whose verses have given immortality to the action, which might else, with other eminent events, have been buried in everlasting oblivion.

All writers agree, that the rape of Helen, by Paris, the son of Priam, was the cause of taking arms. The Greeks, unwilling to come to a trial of arms, if things might be

compounded by treaty, sent Menelaus and Ulysses ambassadors to Troy, who demanded Helen and the goods which had been taken with her out of Menelaus's house. What answer the Trojans made is uncertain; but so it was, that the ambassadors thought themselves ill treated, and returned without any success.

The incensed Greeks made all haste to Troy, under the command of Agamemnon, who was accompanied with his brother Menelaus, Achilles, the most valiant of all the Greeks, his friend Patroclus, and his tutor Phenix, Ajax, Ulysses, Nestor, and several others. These all arriving at Troy with a great army, met with such a reception as might easily have convinced them that the war would not be soon finished.

They spent nine years, either before the town or ravaging the country, without any great success against Troy; for, there arose such contention between Agamemnon and Achilles, that Achilles refused to fight, or to send forth his men. The Greeks, however, presented themselves before the city without him or his troops.

The Trojans, in the mean time, were greatly assisted by forces sent them from all the neighbouring countries.—Many battles were fought between them and the Greeks; the most remarkable of which were, one at the tomb of king Ilus upon the plain; and another at the very trenches of the Greecian camp, wherein Hector, the bravest of all the Trojans, broke through the fortifications of th Greeks, and began to set fire to their ships. Ajax, the son of Telamon, and Teucer his brother, being the only men of note who remained unwounded, made head against Hector, when the state of the Greeks was almost desperate.

Another battle was fought by Patroclus; who, having obtained leave of Achilles to draw forth his troops, relieved the weary Greeks with a fresh supply. In that

action Patroclus was killed; but his body was recovered by his friends, and brought to the camp, having been first stripped by Hector of the armour of Achilles, which he had put on. The loss of Patroclus and of the armour, kindled revenge in the breast of Achilles; and a reconciliation taking place between him and Agamemnon, he was impatient till new armour was made for him.

In the next battle, Achilles not only put the Trojans to flight, but chased Hector thrice round the walls of Troy, and then slew him. His cruelty and covetousness were most shameful; for, he tied the dead body to his chariot, dragged it about the field, and at last sold it to Priam, Hector's father, for a great ransom. But it was not long before he got his reward; for, he was soon after slain with an arrow by Paris, and his body ransomed in the same manner, and at an equal price.

In short, after the death of many great men on each side, the city was taken by night; but, whether by the treason of Æneas and Antenor, or by any stratagem of the Greeks, is uncertain.

Virgil says, that a wooden horse, full of armed men, was admitted into the city by the Trojans, as a gift to Minerva; and that, in the middle of the night, when all were asleep, the men came out of the belly of the horse, and set fire to the city.

CHAP. XLIII.

STORY OF DANIEL IN THE DEN OF LIONS.

CYRUS the Great, having united the kingdom of Babylon to that of Media, appointed the prophet Daniel, the first president of the whole empire. This exaltation of Daniel gave great offence to the princes and nobles. They were envious of his superior merit as well

as his superior dignity, and resolved to embrace the first opportunity of impeaching his conduct, and depriving him of his honours. In vain, however, did they keep a strict eye upon his administration of public affairs; for, he directed all things with such prudence and integrity as prevented all accusation or reproach.

At length, by a wicked contrivance, they turned even his piety and devotion into an instrument of their malice; for, they procured an edict from the king, forbidding all persons to offer any prayers to God or man, except to the king, for thirty days, under the penalty of being cast into the den of lions. Daniel was not terrified, by the danger that threatened him, into any mean dissimulation, but preferred his duty to every consideration in the world.

The enemies of Daniel immediately accused him of having transgressed the royal decree, and urged the execution of the sentence with so much earnestness, that the king, though with great reluctance, gave way to their importunity, and commanded him to be cast into the den of lions. But "God sent an angel, and stopped the mouth of the lions that they should not hurt him, because innocence was found in him, and because he believed in God." And when the king, who returned to the den the next morning with the utmost anxiety, found that the Almighty had preserved his faithful servant, he caused him to be taken out, and his wicked accusers to be thrown among the beasts. The lions, though they had no power over Daniel, immediately killed and devoured his enemies.

The king, astonished at the goodness and justice of divine Providence, thus wonderfully manifested, published a decree through all his dominions, commanding men to acknowledge and reverence "the God of Daniel, who liveth for ever, and worketh signs and wonders in heaven and in earth."

CHAP. XLIV.

PLEASURE AND PAIN.

THERE were two families, which, from the beginning of the world, were as opposite to each other as light and darkness. The one of them lived in heaven, the other in hell. The youngest descendant of the first family was Pleasure, who was the daughter of Happiness, who was the child of Virtue, who was the offspring of the Gods. These, as I said before, had their habitation in heaven. The youngest of the opposite family was Pain, who was the son of Misery, who was the child of Vice, who was the offspring of the Furies. The habitation of this race of beings was in hell.

The middle station of nature, between these two opposite extremes, was the earth, which was inhabited by creatures of a middle kind. They were neither so virtuous as the one, nor so vicious as the other, but partook of the good and bad qualities of these two opposite families. Jupiter, considering that this species, commonly called man, was too virtuous to be miserable and too vicious to be happy, resolved to make a distinction between the good and the bad. For this purpose, he ordered the two youngest of the above-mentioned families, Pleasure, who was the daughter of Happiness, and Pain, who was the son of Misery, to meet one another upon this part of nature, which lay in the half-way between them, having promised to settle it upon them both, provided they could agree upon the division of it, so as to share mankind between them.

Pleasure and Pain were no sooner met in their new habitation, than they immediately agreed upon this point, that Pleasure should take possession of the virtuous, and Pain of the vicious part of that species which was given up to them. But upon examining to which of them any

individual they met with belonged, they found each of them had a right to him. There was no person so vicious who had not some good in him, nor any person so virtuous who had not in him some evil. This they saw would occasion endless disputes between them, unless they could come to some accommodation. A marriage, therefore, was proposed between them, and at length concluded. This is the reason that we find Pleasure and Pain are such constant yoke-fellows; and that they either make their visits together, or are never far asunder. If Pain comes into a heart, he is quickly followed by Pleasure; and if Pleasure enters, you may be sure Pain is not far off.

CHAP. XLV.

STORY OF THE TWELVE CÆSARS.

CAIUS Julius Cæsar was one of the most extraordinary men that ever appeared in the world. By his many victories, and particularly by the defeat of Pompey at the battle of Pharsalia, he raised himself to a pitch of greatness above all his fellow citizens. He was honoured with five triumphs, and had conferred upon him the title of father of his country and perpetual dictator. These extravagant honours, and his endeavours after the title and power of king, so exasperated some of the senators, that they entered into a conspiracy against him. The chief of the conspirators were Cassius and Brutus. By these, and some others, he was murdered in the senate-house, receiving no less than twenty-three wounds. His death was so far from being the cause of peace, that it occasioned more civil wars; and, so little were his enemies secured by his murder, that none of them out-lived him above three years, but all came to an untimely end.

After his death, his nephew, Octavius, afterwards Augustus Cæsar, possessed himself of the government, but not without many struggles. He was forced to wade through great cruelties, before he could make himself absolute. But he behaved himself so well, that it was said, it would have been happy for the people of Rome if he never had been born or had never died. In the forty-second year of his reign, Jesus Christ, the great redeemer of mankind, was born.

Tiberius, his son-in-law, succeeded him. He was a master in the art of dissimulation. At length, however, his cruelty and voluptuousness rendered him so odious, that the news of his death was received with great joy by the people.

Caligula far exceeded his predecessor in all manner of dissipation and profligacy; but in martial affairs he was much his inferior. He is famous, however, for a mock expedition against the Germans. After arriving at that part of the Low Countries, which is opposite to Britain, he received into his protection a fugitive prince of that island, and sent glorious letters to the senate, giving an account of the happy conquest of the whole kingdom. Some time after, making the soldiers fill their helmets with pebbles and cockle-shells, which he called the spoils of the ocean, he returned to the city to demand a triumph; and, when that honour was denied him by the senate, he fell into the most extravagant cruelties. He was so far from entertaining any desire to benefit the public, that he often complained of his ill fortune, because no signal calamity happened in his time; and made it his constant wish, that either the utter destruction of an army, or some plague, famine, earthquake, or other extraordinary desolation, might continue the memory of his reign to succeeding ages. He had another more comprehensive wish, that all the Romans had but one neck, that he

might strike it off at one blow. His common phrase was "*Let them hate me, so they fear me.*" This behaviour compelled them to cut him off, for the security of their own persons, in the year of our Lord forty-one.

Caligula being taken off, the senate assembled, in the capitol, to debate about extinguishing the name and family of the Cæsars, and restoring the common wealth to the old constitution. But one of the soldiers, who were employed to ransack the palace, lighting accidentally upon Claudius, uncle to the late emperor, who had hid himself in a corner behind the hangings, pulled him out to the rest of his gang, and recommended him as the fittest person in the world to be emperor. All were much pleased at the motion; and, taking him along with them by force, they lodged him among the guards. The senate, upon the first information, sent immediately to stop their proceedings. But, as they could not agree among themselves, and the multitude cried out for one governor, they were at last obliged to confirm the election of the soldiers. To this they were the less averse, because they had pitched upon such an easy prince, as would be wholly at their command and disposal. The conquest of Britain was the most remarkable act of his time, owing partly to an expedition that he made in person, but chiefly to the valour of his officers.

His successor, Nero, behaved exceedingly well for about the space of five years; but afterwards acted in so cruel and ridiculous a manner, that his name is odious to this day. He wantonly took away the lives of the best and wisest persons, not sparing his tutor Seneca, nor even his own mother. He set fire to the city of Rome, and took delight to see it burn. In short, he was a monster of all sorts of wickedness. His subjects having groaned under his tyranny fourteen years, and not able to endure it longer, put an end both to that and his life at once.

Sergius Galba, in Spain, was chosen emperor by the soldiers, and confirmed by the senate. His great age and his severity were the cause of his ruin; the first of which rendered him contemptible, and the other odious. In order to appease the people, he adopted Piso. But Otho, who had expected that honour, and was now enraged at his disappointment, upon application to the soldiers, easily procured the murder of the old prince and his adopted son. In this manner was he advanced to the imperial dignity.

Otho, however, did not reign long; for, Vitellius, making head against him, three battles were fought between them, in which Otho was victorious; but, in the fourth, he was defeated, and laid violent hands on himself, in the thirty-eighth year of his age.

Aulus Vitellius, returning victor to Rome, was saluted emperor by the senate. His luxury and cruelty soon rendered him so odious, that the people rebelled against him, and after treating him with the vilest indignities, threw his dead body into the Tiber.

This storm of civil war being overblown, there succeeded ed a happy serenity under Vespasian, a wise and moderate prince, who seems to have made it his whole care to reform the abuses made by the licentiousness of the late times.

But, perhaps, he did not more oblige the world by his own reign than by leaving so admirable a successor as his son Titus, who, from his goodness, was called *the Delight of Mankind.* One night at supper, calling to mind, that he had not, during the day, granted a favour to any man, he exclaimed, "Alas! my friends, we have lost a day." He gave sufficient proof of his courage in the famous siege of Jerusalem, and might have met with as good success in other parts, had he not been prevented by an untimely death, to the universal grief of mankind.

Domitian so far degenerated from the two excellent examples of his father and brother, as to seem more desirous of copying Nero or Caligula; and accordingly he met with their fate, being murdered by some of his nearest relations. The senate, in detestation of his memory, ordered his name to be erased out of all public acts.

CHAP. XLVI.

ON THE FATAL CONSEQUENCE OF AMBITION AND ENVY.

A KING of Media and Persia, whose name was Ahaseurus, had raised Haman, his chief favourite, to the highest honours, and commanded the people to reverence and bow the knee to him. But Mordecai, a Jew, and servant of the king, apprehending, perhaps, that the reverence and homage required, were more than ought to be paid to man, disregarded the command, and took no notice of him as he passed

This neglect and seeming contempt so irritated the proud Haman, that he determined to destroy not only Mordecai, but also his whole nation. Haman too, very probably, bore some resentment against the Jews in general, because he was descended from the Amalekites, whose nation had been destroyed by the Israelites.

Influenced by these motives, he represented them to the king as a wicked and obstinate, a seditious and rebellious, people; and prevailed upon him to sign a decree for the destruction of all the Jews, men, women, and children, throughout his empire.

This bloody decree spread terror and grief among the Jews, who immediately, with weeping and fasting, prayed for deliverance to him, who had so often forgiven their sins, and rescued them from imminent danger. The God,

who heareth prayer, had compassion on them, and turned the wicked designs of Haman to his own ruin. For, the king being one night restless and incapable of sleep, ordered his attendant to read to him the records of his reign. Being thus reminded of the great merit of Mordecai, who had saved his life from conspirators, and yet had not been rewarded, he called Haman, and asked him, what honour should be done unto the man whom he greatly loved. Haman, presuming that he alone was beloved by the king, gave such advice as suited his own ambition. Upon which the king commanded, that Mordecai should be arrayed with the royal robe, and ride through the city in triumph; and that Haman should lead the horse, and proclaim before him, "Thus it shall be done to the man, whom the king delighteth to honour."

Afterwards Esther, the queen, who was a Jewess, took an opportunity to inform the king of the ambition and cruelty of Haman, and entreated for the lives of herself and her people. The king, being fully satisfied of the guilt of his favourite, ordered that he should be hanged upon a high gallows, which Haman himself had a little before erected, intending to hang Mordecai on it.

Mordecai, on the contrary, was raised to great honour and power; and an edict was immediately published through the kingdom, in favour of the Jews, who appointed two days to be observed yearly, for ever, as days of rejoicing, in thankful remembrance of this providential escape from destruction.

Thus Haman "ate the fruit of his own way, and was filled with his own devices.—God disappointeth the devices of the crafty; he putteth down the mighty from their seat, and scattereth the proud in the imagination of their hearts."

CHAP. XLVII.

STORY OF A FATHER AND HIS SON.

A MERCHANT of Smyrna had a son, who, aft profiting by that confined education which th Turks generally give their children, had risen to the offic of inspector of the weights and measures which the me chants use in commerce.

One day, as this officer was going his ordinary round some neighbours of the old merchant, who had long been acquainted with his dishonest dealing, advised him to take care to conceal his weights and measures before he should appear. But this old offender, thinking that the inspector, who was his own son, would not expose him to public disgrace, instead of following the advice giver fell a laughing, and with great unconcern waited at th door of his shop for the officer's arrival.

The inspector, who was not ignorant of his father' character and disposition, and who had often warned hin of his danger, and earnestly requested him to change his conduct, resolved at length to make an example of him. Addressing him, therefore, in a grave tone, "Bring me," said he, "your balance and weights; they must be ex amined publicly." The old merchant, assuming a smilin countenance, begged his son to pass on, and to come and dine with him on his return. "No," replied the officer sternly, "let me first see if your weights are just. Soldiers, bring me hither immediately his balance and his weights." The father, after having seen his unjust weights and measures destroyed, vainly imagined that all was over, and began to console himself for the loss he had sustained, when the inspector condemned him, not only to pay a fine of fifty piastres, but to receive as many blows of a stick on the soles of his feet. This punishment was instantly inflicted, notwithstanding all the tears and cries of the old man.

ALFRED DIVIDING HIS LAST LOAF WITH THE PILGRIM.

The son, then dismounting from his horse, threw himself at the feet of the merchant, and bursting into tears, "Father," said he, "I have now discharged my duty to my God, to my sovereign, and to my country. Permit me, with a sigh, to discharge that which I owe to nature. Justice is blind. It is the hand of God upon earth. It knows not parents. You have offended justice. Another would have punished you: I am sorry it has fallen to my lot; but my duty is my supreme law. Let me beseech you to be just for the future; and, instead of blaming, pity that son, who, after having several times admonished you, has been compelled, by your own fraudulent behaviour and obstinacy, to exercise the severity of the law against you."

The Sultan, being informed of this adventure, raised the young inspector to a higher office. By degrees he was promoted to that of Vizir, and no one in that station ever displayed more prudence, wisdom, and justice.

CHAP. XLVIII.

OF KING ALFRED.

OF all the kings of England, before the conquest, the most deservedly famous was Alfred. He had a graceful behaviour, a ready wit, and a good memory; but, through the fondness of his parents, was not taught to read till the twelfth year of his age. His desire of learning, however, soon appeared, by taking pleasure in reciting Saxon poems, which, with great attention, he heard repeated by others. He was, besides, most exemplary in devotion, having collected into a book certain prayers and psalms, which he might use upon every occasion. And so great was his humanity, that he divided his last loaf with a poor pilgrim. Vide Plate.

He thirsted greatly after knowledge; and often complained that, in his youth, he had no teachers, and in his middle age, but little time to spare, on account of wars and the cares of his kingdom. But, notwithstanding his engagements of a public nature, he found leisure not only to learn much himself, but to communicate what he could to his people.

From the time of his undertaking the regal charge, no man was more patient in hearing causes; more inquisitive in examining; more exact in doing justice, and providing good laws, which are yet extant; more severe in punishing unjust judges, and obstinate offenders, especially thieves and robbers; to the terror of whom, there were hung in cross ways, upon a high post, chains of gold, as it were daring any one to take them thence. So that justice seemed, in his days, not only to flourish, but to triumph.

No man was more frugal than he of two valuable things, his time and his money; and no man wiser in the disposal of both. His time, both day and night, he distributed by the burning of certain tapers into three equal portions. One was for devotion; another for public or private affairs; and the third for refreshment. How each hour passed, he was put in mind by one who had that for his office.

His bodily constitution, from his youth, was weak and sickly. This, however, did not disable him from sustaining, with uncommon greatness, those many glorious labours, both in peace and war, which filled up his life. He died in the year of our Lord nine hundred, in the fifty-first year of his age and the thirtieth of his reign, and was buried at Winchester.

CHAP. XLIX.

STORY OF JOB.

JOB, who lived in the eastern land of Uz, was a person of exalted rank. His substance and possessions were very great; but, he was more distinguished and honoured for his piety and benevolence. He had seven sons and three daughters. In the history of this good man, Satan is represented as suspecting his sincerity, and alledging, that, if he was deprived of his fortune and health, his temper and conduct would change with his circumstances. Permission, therefore, was granted by the Almighty, for the trial of his integrity, and accordingly afflictions were heaped upon his head. He became as remarkable for calamity as he had been for prosperity. His oxen and camels were taken away by robbers; his sheep were consumed by lightening; and his children overwhelmed by a house blown down by a whirlwind. He himself was seized with a violent distemper, which overspread his body from the sole of his foot unto the crown of his head.

His friends concluded, from his uncommon calamities, that he was a great sinner and hypocrite, and advised him to confess his guilt. Job acknowledged that he was not infallible and free from common failings, and that consequently he ought to be humble and submissive under the hand of God. He insists, however, that he was honest and sincere in the discharge of his duty, and appeals, in vindication of it, from the false judgment of men to the unerring judgment of God. He asserts, that there is little or no difference between the good and the wicked in the external administration of Providence; that both are liable to the same misfortunes, and often involved in one common ruin. This fully proves, that there must be a future state, in which the righteous, who suffer here, will be signally rewarded.

At length, in order to determine the debate, the unerring Judge himself is represented as interposing, to shew how unable men are to explain the ways and designs of heaven, and to declare in favour of Job against the opinion of his friends. "Ye have not spoken of me the thing that is right, as my servant Job hath." He then put an end to his sufferings, blessed him with a numerous offspring, and "gave him twice as much wealth as he had before;" so that the end of his life was more prosperous than the beginning of it.

We should learn, from the history of Job, not to judge and condemn others, because they are poor, or sick, or under any calamity. Afflictions are no proof of a person's being wicked and forsaken by God. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." Christ, though pure and spotless, and highly beloved of God, suffered and died upon the cross.

The example of Job teacheth us to employ ourselves and our wealth in doing good to others, according to their various necessities. He was eyes to the blind and feet to the lame, a father to the poor, a refuge to the stranger, the defender of the oppressed, the comforter of the widow, and the protector of him that had none to help him. They who are rich in this world should be "rich in good works, ready to give, glad to distribute."

It teacheth us also, in all our afflictions, to be resigned to the will of our heavenly father, and to rely upon him with full trust and confidence. "What," says Job, "shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil? The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: Blessed be the name of the Lord."

CHAP. L.

STORY OF THE GUNPOWDER TREASON.

PERHAPS there is hardly in the English history a more memorable event than that of the gunpowder treason, the defeat of which is every year commemorated on the fifth day of November. It was a dangerous plot against the blood royal, and all the nobility and gentry assembled in parliament, who were to have been all blown up and destroyed by thirty-six barrels of gunpowder, which the conspirators had placed in a cellar under the parliament-house. The principal conspirator was Robert Catesby, a gentleman of plentiful fortune, who first contrived the stratagem, and communicated it to Thomas Piercy, Robert Winter, John Grant, Francis Thresham, Sir Everard Digby, and other gentlemen of good estates. These, like combustible matter, took fire at the first motion, and thought to gain themselves eternal reputation by effecting it.

The foundation being laid, every man was sworn to secrecy, and then set about acting his part. Piercy was to hire the cellar under the parliament-house, in which he was to lay wood and coals against winter. Guy Faux, a desperate villain, who agreed to set fire to the train, was appointed to bring in the wood and coals. The gunpowder was brought to Lambeth by night, and secretly laid under the wood, while others of the conspirators were diligent in providing money and materials for the execution of their cursed design.

They began to look upon the king, prince, and nobility, as already dead, and Piercy undertook to destroy the Duke of York. As it was necessary, however, to have one of the blood royal in order to prevent confusion, they intended to preserve Elizabeth, and make her queen, that under her minority they might establish popery.

They had designed the 5th of November for the fatal day, when the king and both houses were to meet, and on that day appointed a great hunting-match at Dunsmore-Heath, in Warwickshire, to be near Lord Harrington's house, where Elizabeth was. Thus, imagining all secure, they stood gaping for their prey; when one, more tender hearted than the rest, willing to save Lord Monteagle, wrote the following letter to him:

"My Lord,

"Out of the love I bear to some of your friends, I am anxious for your preservation. I therefore conjure you, as you value your life, to forbear your attendance at this parliament; for, God and man have concurred to punish the wickedness of the times. Though there be no appearance of any stir, this parliament shall receive a terrible blow, and yet they shall not see who hurt them. This counsel is not to be despised; it may do you good, and can do you no harm; for the danger is past when you have burnt this letter."

Lord Monteagle, astonished at this singular epistle, though he knew not the meaning of it, communicated it to the Earl of Salisbury, and others of the king's privy council. Salisbury could not unriddle it, but concluded the writer to be a fool or madman, from this expression, *the danger is past when you have burnt this letter*.

The earl, however, shewed the letter to the king, who, after considering it, said, that it certainly imported some hidden but imminent danger; and, his fears exciting his care, he commanded Lord Suffolk to make a strict search about the parliament-house. He, accompanied by Monteagle, entered the cellar; and finding it crammed with wood and coals, made inquiry to whom the fuel belonged. He was answered, that Mr. Thomas Piercy, one of the gentlemen-pensioners to the king, had ordered it to be put there. Lord Monteagle, as soon as he heard Piercy

named, was of opinion that the letter was written by him. Upon which, the king and council ordered the cellar to be searched again, that very night, by several people, who met Faux at the door and seized him.

Faux, perceiving that all was discovered, confessed the whole design, and only regretted that it was not accomplished. In his pockets they found a watch, to shew the minute when the fatal train was to be kindled, together with a tinder-box; but, upon his examination, he would say no more, but that he was sorry it was not done.

The conspirators soon discovered themselves. When they found that the powder was seized, they repaired to Dunsmore; but, being pursued and attacked, some of them died in resistance, and the rest were taken and executed.

CHAP. LI.

LABOUR.

LABOUR, the offspring of Want, and the mother of Health and Contentment, lived with her two daughters in a little cottage by the side of a hill, at a great distance from town. They were totally unacquainted with the great, and had kept no better company than that of the neighbouring villagers; but, having a desire of seeing the world, they forsook their companions and habitation, and determined to travel.

Labour went soberly along the road, with Health on her right hand, who, by the sprightliness of her conversation, and songs of chearfulness and joy, softened the toils of the way; while Contentment went smiling on the left, supporting the steps of her mother, and, by her perpetual good humour, increasing the vivacity of her sister.

In this manner they travelled over forests, and through towns and villages, till at last they arrived at the capital of the kingdom. At their entrance into the great city, the mother conjured her daughters never to lose sight of her; for, it was the will of Jupiter, she said, that their separation should be attended with the utter ruin of all three.

But Health was of too gay a disposition to regard the counsels of Labour. She suffered herself to be seduced by Intemperance, and at last died by the attacks of disease. Contentment, in the absence of her sister, gave herself up to the enticements of Sloth, and was never heard of after; while Labour, who could have no enjoyment without her daughters, went every where in search of them, till at last she was seized by Lassitude in her way, and died in misery.

CHAP. LII.

STORY OF AN INDIAN CHIEF.

DURING the last War in America, a company of Indians attacked a small body of the British troops, and defeated them. As the Indians had greatly the advantage in swiftness of foot, and were eager in the pursuit, very few of our men escaped; and those, who fell into their hands, were treated with a cruelty, of which there are not many examples, even in that country.

Two of the Indians came up to a young officer, and attacked him with great fury. As they were armed with battle-axes, he had no hope of escape, and thought only of selling his life as dearly as he could. But, just at this crisis, another Indian came up, who seemed to be advanced in years, and was armed with a bow and arrows. The old man instantly drew his bow; but, after having taken his aim at the officer, he suddenly dropped the

point of his arrow, and interposed between him and his pursuers, who were about to cut him in pieces. They retired with respect. The old man then took the officer by the hand, soothed him into confidence by caresses; and, having conducted him to his hut, treated him with a kindness which did honour to his professions.

He made him less a slave than a companion, taught him the language of the country, and instructed him in the rude arts that are practised by the inhabitants. They lived together in the most perfect harmony; and the young officer found nothing to regret, but that sometimes the old man fixed his eyes upon him, and, having regarded him for some minutes with a steady and silent attention, burst into tears.

In the mean time, the spring returned, and the Indians again took the field. The old man, who was still vigorous, and well able to bear the fatigues of war, set out with them, and was accompanied by his prisoner. They marched above 200 leagues across the forest, and came at length to a plain, where the British forces were encamped. The old man shewed his prisoner the tents at a distance:—"There," says he, "are your countrymen. There is the enemy who wait to give us battle. Remember that I have saved thy life, that I have taught thee to conduct a canoe, to arm thyself with bow and arrows, and to surprise the beaver in the forest. What wast thou when I first took thee to my hut? Thy hands were those of an infant. They could neither procure thee sustenance nor safety. Thy soul was in utter darkness. Thou wast ignorant of every thing. Thou owest all things to me. Wilt thou then go over to thy nation, and take up the hatchet against us?"

The officer replied, "that he would rather lose his own life than take away that of his deliverer." The Indian then bending down his head, and covering his face with

both his hands, stood some time silent; then, looking earnestly at his prisoner, he said, in a voice that was at once softened by tenderness and grief, "Hast thou a father?"—"My father," said the young man, "was alive when I left my country."—"Alas," said the Indian, "how wretched must he be!" He paused a moment, and then added, "Dost thou know that I have been a father?—I am a father no more—I saw my son fall in battle—He fought at my side.—I saw him expire; but he died like a man.—He was covered with wounds, when he fell dead at my feet—But I have revenged him!"

He pronounced these words with the utmost vehemence. His body shook with an universal tremor. He was almost stifled with sighs, which he would not suffer to escape him. There was a keen restlessness in his eye; but no tear would flow to his relief. At length, he became calm by degrees, and, turning towards the east, where the sun was then rising; "Dost thou see," said he to the young officer, "the beauty of that sky, which sparkles with prevailing day, and hast thou pleasure in the sight?" "Yes," replied the young officer, "I have pleasure in the beauty of so fine a sky."—"I have none!" said the Indian, and his tears then found their way.

A few minutes after, he shewed the young man a magnolia in full bloom. "Dost thou see that beautiful tree?" says he, "and dost thou look upon it with pleasure?"—"Yes," replied the young man, "I look with pleasure upon that beautiful tree."—"I have pleasure in looking upon it no more!" said the Indian hastily, and immediately added, "Go, return, that thy father may still have pleasure, when he sees the sun rise in the morning, and the trees blossom in the spring!"

CHAP. LIII.

STORY OF JONAH.

THE prophet Jonah was sent to Nineveh, in order to inform the inhabitants, that, within forty days, on account of their heinous offences, the city would be destroyed. This sharp message, and the great power of the people, so terrified Jonah, that he attempted to "flee from the presence of God," and went on board a ship to go to another place. But God soon convinced him of his disobedience. A sudden storm arose, and the ship was in danger of being lost. The seamen cried out to their God for help, and, unloading the ship, found Jonah in the hold fast asleep. Having roused him, they bid him call upon his God, that they might not all perish. The storm, however, continuing, they agreed to cast lots, that they might discover the guilty person, who was the cause of their present calamity. The lot falling upon Jonah, they pressed him to tell them what he had done, who he was, and whence he came?

Jonah's conscience immediately accused him. He confessed that he had disobeyed the Lord, in thinking to flee from his presence. Then said they unto him, "what shall we do unto thee, that the sea may be calm unto us?" And he said unto them, "take me up, and cast me into the sea; so shall the sea be calm unto you; for I know that for my sake this great tempest is upon you."

The seamen, however, rowed hard to bring the ship to land; but they could not. "So they took up Jonah, and cast him forth into the sea, praying at the same time to God not to lay the blood of his servant to their charge, who did it for their own preservation. Jonah was no sooner thrown over board, than the sea was calm. This inspired the poor seamen with such devotion, that "they offered a sacrifice to the Lord, and made vows."

The omnipotent and merciful governor of the universe, however, did not give Jonah up to the devouring ocean. "He had prepared a great fish to swallow him up. And Jonah was in the belly of the fish three days and three nights." In this situation, "he prayed unto the Lord, and the fish threw him out upon dry land." Jonah, being thus miraculously delivered from his living prison, no more disputes the word of God, but hastens away to Nineveh, and, with a freedom and presence of mind becoming his character, proclaims, "yet forty days and Nineveh shall be overthrown!"

The people of Nineveh, however, shewed such tokens of sorrow and repentance, that God reversed their doom. "For, the king arose from his throne, and laid his robe from him, and covered himself with sackcloth, and sat in ashes. And he caused it to be published through Nineveh, by the decree of the king and his nobles, saying, "Let neither man nor beast, herd nor flock, taste any thing; let them not feed nor drink water. But let man and beast be covered with sackcloth, and cry mightily unto God: yea, let them turn every one from his evil way, and from the violence that is in their hands. Who can tell if God will turn and repent, and turn away from his fierce anger, that we perish not?"

But Jonah, supposing that he should be considered as a false prophet, was much displeased that the Ninevites were spared. He therefore went out of the city, and, building a booth, sat under the shade of it, to see what would be the fate of the city; for, he seemed rather to desire the destruction of the place, than endure the least reflection on his prophetical office.

But God gave him a rational conviction of his partiality to himself and want of pity to the Ninevites. He made a gourd, resembling an umbrella, to spring out of the ground, which defended him from the scorching beams of

the sun. With this Jonah was much pleased. But the next morning "God prepared a worm, which gnawed the gourd, so that it withered."

Jonah, having lost his defence from the heat, was ready to faint, and, in the extremity of his pain, wished to die. Upon which God thus expostulated with him. "Thou hast had pity on the gourd, for which thou hast not laboured, neither madest it grow; which came up in a night, and perished in a night. And should not I spare Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than six score thousand persons, that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand, and also much cattle?"

CHAP. LIV.

ON THE FORCE OF HABIT.

A CERTAIN Emperor of China, when he ascended the throne, commanded that all who were unjustly detained in prison, during the preceding reigns, should be set at liberty. Among the number, who came to thank their deliverer on this occasion, there appeared a majestic old man, who, falling at the emperor's feet, addressed him as follows: "Great father of China, behold a wretch now eighty-five years old, who was shut up in a dungeon at the age of twenty-two. I was imprisoned, though I committed no crime, and though none of my accusers appeared against me. I have now lived in solitude and darkness, for more than fifty years, and am grown familiar with distress. As yet, dazzled with the splendour of that sun to which you have restored me, I have been wandering the streets to find out some friend that would assist, relieve, or remember me. But my friends, my family, and relations, are all dead, and I am forgotten.

Permit me, then, O great emperor, to wear out the

wretched remains of life in my former prison. The walls of my dungeon are to me more pleasing than the most splendid palace. I have not long to live, and shall be unhappy except I spend the rest of my days, where my youth was passed,—in that prison, whence you were pleased to relieve me!"

CHAP. LV.

OF JESUS CHRIST.

GOD sent his son into the world, "that whosoever believed in him might not perish, but have everlasting life." Our Saviour was born in Judea, 1813 years ago, and many things fell out at that time, which made his birth remarkable.

An angel from heaven proclaimed the important happy news to the shepherds, who were watching over their flocks; and a multitude of the heavenly host rejoicing in the prospect of such an universal blessing to the human race, broke out into this triumphant hymn, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, and good will towards men!"

The wonderful event was made known to some wise men, or philosophers, of the east, by the appearance of a bright and unusual star, which they understood as an intimation that the promised Messiah of the Jews was born. They therefore immediately left their country, and, under the particular guidance of the star, went first to Jerusalem, and thence to Bethlehem, where they paid homage to the new-born king, and "presented him with gold, and frankincense, and myrrh." These wise men were the first-fruits of the Gentiles, and have since been followed by whole kingdoms, who have gladly embraced the same faith. We too rejoice in the happy effects

produced by the *star*, and bow the knee to Christ as our Lord.

The appearance and character of the wise men, who were so wonderfully directed to Jerusalem, and who openly called the new-born infant the King of Judea, threw Herod into consternation and horror. He was led, by the general expectation of a temporal prince, to consider such an event as threatening destruction to his government, and therefore resolved, by any means in his power, to destroy this supposed rival in his kingdom. When art and hypocrisy had proved ineffectual, he gave way to rage and cruelty, and made a bloody massacre of all the infants in the city of Bethlehem; not doubting, but that, in the general destruction, he should cut off the object of his jealousy and fear. "There is, however, no understanding, nor wisdom, nor counsel, against the Lord of the universe." Joseph, his supposed father, having been directed by God, before the bloody edict was issued, to take the young child and his mother into Egypt, immediately obeyed the heavenly command, and safely conveyed them into that country.

The inhuman tyrant was soon smitten with a terrible distemper, and died under inexpressible torments. His kingdom was divided, by Augustus, among his sons. Archelaus was made king of Judea and Samaria; Herod Antipas became tetrarch of Galilee and Perea; and Trachonitis, with the neighbouring countries, had Philip for their governor.

Upon this change of government, Joseph, by divine direction, removed his family into the region of Galilee, and dwelt at Nazareth. The distance of their habitation, however, did not prevent them from going to Jerusalem, once every year, at the feast of the passover; and, when Jesus was twelve years old, they thought it proper to take him with them for his instruction.

When they had performed the usual ceremonies of the feast, and were returning home, the child Jesus, anxious for improvement in religious knowledge, went into one of the rooms of the temple, where the doctors of the law expounded it to the people, and instructed youth in free and familiar coufereuces. He heard their discourses with eager attention; and, both in his questions and answers, discovered such marks of wisdom as inspired his hearers with admiration and pleasure.

Our Saviour did not begin to exercise his ministry before he was thirty years of age. The doctrines and precepts which he taught tend to the honour of God and the good of mankind. He wrought a great nnmber of miracles, which manifested an infinite power and goodness. By these miracles he made it appear that he was the Son of God, and that his doctrine was true. His life was perfectly holy. We may find in it an example of every virtue, particularly of charity and humility, fortitude and patience, and a perfect indifference for the world.

About the space of four years, Jesus lived in this manner among the Jews, who crucified and put him to death at the feast of the passover, because he said, "that his kingdom was not of this world," and that Almighty God never intended that the Saviour of mankind should be a temporal prince, to deliver *them* from the Roman government, as they vainly imagined. But he rose again the third day after his death; and, forty days after his resurrection, he ascended into heaven, where he sits at the right hand of God, and will shortly come to judge the world in righteousness.

CHAP. LVI.

ORIGIN OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

ÆNEAS, the son of Anchises, escaped from Troy with a few followers, when that famous city was burnt; and, after many adventures, landed at Latium, which was at that time the principle city in Italy. The king and people of Latium, alarmed at seeing a number of armed men encamped on their shores, at first opposed their landing. But, as soon as they heard an account of the distresses of the Trojans, they granted them a hospitable reception; and king Latinus, who reigned at that time, gave his daughter Lavinia, in marriage to Æneas, who came into possession of the kingdom at the death of Latinus. Æneas reigned four years, and then was unfortunately drowned, being driven into a river by his enemies, as he was fighting in battle.

Ascanius, a son whom Æneas had before he came to Latium, succeeded him in the throne, and reigned thirty-eight years. After his death, the crown was given to Sylvius, the son of Æneas and Lavinia. Sylvius was succeeded by thirteen kings of the same race, who, for nearly 400 years, reigned at Alba, a city which Ascanius had made the capital of Latium.

The two last of these kings, named Numitor and Amulius, were brothers; and it was agreed between them, that Numitor should have the kingdom, and the other a great deal of treasure. But Amulius made use of his riches to gain the kingdom, and prevailed on the people, by gifts and bribes, to drive his brother away.

What a wicked man was Amulius, to love power and riches better than he loved his own brother!

Numitor had a son, named Lausus, whom his cruel uncle contrived to have murdered at a hunting-match. He had also a daughter, named Rhea Sylvia, whom Amulius

treated in a very tyrannical manner. This unfortunate princess had two little boys, whom the king commanded to be thrown into the Tiber, and then condemned their mother to be shut up in prison for life.

The poor babes were put into a wooden trough and laid at the brink of the river, which at that time over-flowed its banks; but the wind and stream carried the water away from them, so that they were not drowned. Faustulus, the man who had the charge of Amulius's cattle, passing that way, found them, and took them home to his wife Laurentia, who nursed them as if they had been her own children, and named them Romulus and Remus.—Laurentia was by some people called Lupa, or the wolf, and this gave occasion for it to be said, that Romulus and Remus were suckled by a wolf.

As Faustulus knew to whom the children belonged, he took great care of them, till they grew up to be men; when they were told the history of their preservation, which made them determine to destroy the usurper. They got others to join with them, and killed Amulius in his palace. Numitor was then restored to the throne, after having been deposed 42 years.

As soon as Romulus and Remus had settled their grandfather Numitor on the throne, he advised them to build a city for themselves, and furnished them with materials for the purpose. He also permitted as many of his subjects as chose it, to join with them; but, unfortunately, the two brothers quarrelled, and at last there was a battle fought, in which both Remus and Faustulus were killed.

After the death of Remus, Romulus, who was about 18 years of age, continued the building; and a little city was raised on the Palatine-Hill, which was afterwards called Rome. It was a mile in circumference, and contained about 1000 houses, or rather mean cottages. The

walls even of Romulus's palace were made of rushes, and it was thatched at the top. There were no regular streets; for, every one built his habitation on the spot that pleased him; so that the city, which, in process of time, became the metropolis of the known world, was at first no better than a contemptible village. No place should be despised merely for its mean appearance, or the poverty of its inhabitants; for industry and valour may, in time, raise it to opulence The foundation of Rome is supposed to have been laid 748 years before the birth of our Saviour Jesus Christ.

CHAP. LVII.

OF ROMULUS, THE FIRST KING OF ROME.

WHEN the city of Rome was built, the people made Romulus king, who immediately set about making laws; for, he knew there could be no government without them. He divided his subjects into two classes, according to their birth and dignity. Those of high rank he called *Patricians*, those of low rank *Plebeians*. The first were to fill the great offices in the state; the second to till the ground, feed cattle, follow trades, and serve as soldiers in the army. To bind the Patricians and Plebeians together, Romulus recommended the latter to the protection of the former, and gave the Plebeians liberty to choose their own protectors. Each protector was called a *patron*, and the person he protected was called a *cliant*. It was the duty of patrons to do every thing in their power to secure the peace and happiness of their clients; and of clients to assist their patrons. They were never to accuse each other, nor to take contrary sides in any dispute. This patronage maintained harmony and concord in the nation for above 600 years, and proved,

that the kinder the higher ranks of people are to the lower, and the more respectful the latter are to their superiors, the more happiness they will all enjoy.

Romulus knew that a king cannot well govern a nation without persons to assist him in making and executing the laws. Neither did he wish to have his own will in every thing; he therefore divided the state into three parts, viz. *king*, *senate*, and *people*.

The *king's* office was to take care of religious matters, to be guardian of the laws, and to decide great causes between man and man; to call the senate together and assemble the people, and confirm what the greatest number of them agreed to.

The *senate* consisted of a hundred persons, chosen from among the Patricians. These were called senators. Ninety-nine of them were chosen by the people, and one by the king. The last was called the *prince of the senate*, and he was the chief governor in the city when the king was absent.

The *people* had the privilege of making magistrates, enacting laws, and resolving upon any war that was proposed by the king.

Romulus forbade all arts and trades that were likely to promote luxury, and made excellent laws for the administration of Justice. But, as he and his subjects were heathens, they supposed that there was a number of gods and goddesses, who were as whimsical and capricious as mortals. Instead, therefore, of a holy worship, like that which Christians are taught to pay to the Creator of all things, Romulus required his people to practise such ridiculous ceremonies, as children now would laugh at; and these, with additional ones, were continued even when Rome was at its highest pitch of glory.

Romulus prevailed on a number of people from other countries to join him, and very much increased his colony

In order to procure wives for them, he made a great feast, and exhibited fine sights, which drew the neighbouring people together, among whom there was a great number of young women. But, in the midst of their diversion, the Romans rushed in among the strangers, and carried off some hundreds of their daughters, and obliged them to marry such husbands as Romulus chose for them.

This outrage highly incensed the neighbouring nations; and at last there was a dreadful war between the Romans and Sabines, in which the latter got possession of the city. At length the women, having been kindly treated by their Roman husbands, resolved, through the advice of a very sensible lady, called Hersilia, to endeavour to put an end to it. Accordingly, they dressed themselves in deep mourning, and, taking their little babes in their arms, went to the field of battle, and ran in among the troops, begging them to desist. Upon this, the warriors on both sides let fall their weapons, and soon after came to an agreement, that Romulus and Tatius, the Sabine king, should reign both together in Rome.

The Sabine women acted in a very becoming manner on this occasion; for, it is proper for women to do every thing in their power to promote peace, both in public or private life.

Romulus and Tatius reigned together about five years, when the latter lost his life in battle, and Romulus became once more sole king of the Romans. He had, in the course of his reign, several wars with neighbouring nations, by which he enlarged his dominions, and increased the number of his subjects.

As Romulus had many good laws to promote the happiness of his subjects, he resolved to have them obeyed; and therefore, when peace was established in his kingdom, he caused his judgment-seat to be erected in a very public place, where he frequently sat, and had those who broke

the laws brought before him; some of whom, according to the nature of their offence, he condemned to be executed, and others to be scourged in the view of all the people.

In the latter part of his reign, Romulus became proud, and was thought to set himself up too much above the senate. Having contrived, therefore, that he should be put to death privately, they told the common people, who loved him very much, that he was gone to heaven to be one of the gods; and they built a temple to his honour, and worshiped him under the name of *Quirinus*.

The Roman dominions, at the time Romulus died, consisted of a great part of Latium, a considerable addition from the country of the Sabines, and a small part of Etruria. The army of Romulus amounted to 46,000 foot and 1000 horse. He reigned 37 years.

CHAP. LVIII.

ON THE MORNING.

IT was early in a summer morning, when the air was cool, the earth moist, the whole face of the creation fresh and gay, that I lately walked in a beautiful flower-garden, and at once regaled the sense and indulged the fancy.

The noisy world was scarce awake; Business had not quite shaken off his sound sleep, and Riot had but just reclined his giddy head All was serene, all was still. Every thing tended to inspire tranquility of mind, and invite to serious thought; only the wakeful lark had left her nest, and was mounting on high to salute the opening day. Elevated in the air, she seemed to call the laborious husbandman to his toil, and all her fellow-songsters to their notes.

Earliest of birds, said I, companion of the dawn, may I always rise at thy voice! rise to offer the matin song and adore that beneficent Being, "who maketh the outgoing of the morning and evening to rejoice." How charming is it to rove abroad at this sweet hour of prime! to enjoy the calm of nature, to tread the dewy lawns, and taste the unruffled freshness of the air.

> "Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
> "With charm of earliest birds."

What a pleasure do the sons of sloth lose! Little is the sluggard sensible how delicious an entertainment he foregoes for the poorest of all animal gratifications Shall man be lost in luxurious ease? Shall man waste these precious hours in idle slumbers, while the vigorous sun is up and going on his Maker's errand, and all the feathered choir are hymning the Creator, and paying their homage in harmony? No Let him heighten the melody of the tuneful tribes by adding the rational strains of devotion. Let him improve the fragrant oblations of nature, by mingling with the rising odours the more refined breath of praise. It is natural for man to look upward, to throw his first glance upon the objects that are above him.

> "Straight towards heav'n my wandering eyes I turn'd,
> "And gaz'd awhile the ample sky."

Prodigious theatre! where lightnings dart their fire, and thunders utter their voice; where tempests spend their rage, and worlds unnumbered roll at large.

"Here hath God set a tabernacle for the sun" Behold him coming forth from the chambers of the east. See the clouds, like floating curtains, are thrown back at his approach. With what refulgent majesty does he walk

abroad! How transcendently bright is his countenance, shedding day and inexhaustible light through the universe!

Methinks I discern a thousand admirable properties in the sun. It is certainly the best material emblem of the Creator. There is more of God in its lustre, energy, and usefulness, than in any other visible being. To worship it as a deity was the most excusable of all the Heathen idolatries.

CHAP. LIX.

OF MAGNA CHARTA.

BY the cowardice of king John, the English lost the greatest part of their territories in France. He so much dreaded a French invasion, that he became tributary to the pope, and laid his crown and regalia at the foot of the legate Pandolf, who kept them five days. The great barons resented his meanness by taking arms; but he repeated his shameful submission to the pope, and, after experiencing various fortunes of war, was at last brought so low, that the barons obliged him to sign the great deed so well known by the name of *Magna Charta*, in the year of our Lord 1216. This business was transacted at Runnemede, between Windsor and Stains, a spot ever since deservedly celebrated, and even hallowed by every zealous lover of liberty.

In the succeeding reign, the French were driven out of the kingdom, and obliged to renounce all claims to English territory. To the struggles at that time, we owe, in great measure, the liberties of the present day. Our brave ancestors strained every nerve, that "Britons never should be slaves."

King JOHN signing Magna Charta.

CHAP. LX.

ON THE PARABLES OF CHRIST.

THERE are two ways of communicating knowledge and instruction, by plain and direct precepts, and by moral similitudes or fables, such as the parables by which our Saviour used to recommend his doctrines, and to enforce their duty upon men. The advantages of conveying instruction by parables are very obvious. It is an easy method of insinuating truth into the mind; it takes men by surprise, without alarming their prejudices and passions; it is less offensive than a plain open rebuke, and is fitted to make a deeper impression on the memory and heart.

The parables of our Lord far exceed those of all other writers, not only on account of the peculiar beauty and excellence of their composition, but also on account of the sublime truths and important instructions which are contained in them.

The parable of the Charitable Samaritan melts the soul into universal benevolence, and throws down every partition-wall which would prevent us from doing good to others.

The rich man, whose soul was suddenly required of him, sets in a very striking light the folly of placing our chief happiness in worldly riches, and flattering ourselves with the hope of many years to come.

The parable of the prodigal, paints in lively colours the folly and guilt of a licentious youth, who being impatient of his father's advice and discipline, runs headlong into a course of sensual pleasures, but soon found, instead of liberty and happiness, the most abject slavery and bitter distress. It also represents, in affecting manner, that "God hath no pleasure in the ruin of any of his creatures," but rejoiceth in their recovery, and is ready

with open arms to receive them, upon their returning to him with sincere affection.

As this is the most beautiful of all the parables, it may not be improper to transcribe it as a specimen.

"A certain man had two sons, and the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living. And not many days after, the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance in riotous living.

"And, when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land, and he began to be in want. And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country, and he sent him into his fields to feed swine: and he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him.

"And, when he came to himself, he said, how many hired servants of my father's have bread enough, and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants.

"And he arose and came to his father. But, when he was a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion on him, and ran and fell on his neck, and kissed him.

"And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.

"But the father said to his servants, bring forth the best robe and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet. And bring hither the fatted calf and kill it, and let us eat and be merry; for, this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry.

"Now his eldest son was in the field; and, as he came and drew near to the house, he heard music and dancing. And he called one of the servants, and asked what these things meant. And he said unto him, thy brother is come, and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound. And he was angry, and would not go in; therefore came his father out and entreated him.

"And he, answering, said to his father, Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment, and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends. But, as soon as this thy son was come, who hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf.

"And he said unto him, Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine. It was meet that we should make merry and be glad; for, this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found."

The parables, in general, are full of religious and moral instructions. Young people should therefore be brought into an early acquaintance with the design and meaning of them, and should get by heart the most lively and affecting of them.

CHAP. LXI.

STORY OF A DERVISE.

A DERVISE, travelling through Tartary, went into the king's palace by mistake, as thinking it to be a public inn, or caravansary. Having looked about him for some time, he entered into a long gallery, where he laid down his wallet, and spread his carpet, in order to repose himself upon it, after the manner of the eastern nations.

He had not been long in this posture before he was discovered by some of the guards, who asked him what was his business in that place? The dervise told them he intended to take up his night's lodging in that caravansary. The guards told him, in a very angry manner, that the house he was in was not a caravansary, but the king's palace. It happened that the king himself passed through the gallery during this debate; and, smiling at the mistake of the dervise, asked him how he could possibly be so dull as not to distinguish a palace from a caravansary.

Sir, says the dervise, give me leave to ask your majesty a question or two. Who were the persons that lodged in this house when it was first built? The king replied, his ancestors. And who, says the dervise, was the last person that lodged here? The king replied, his father. And who is it, says the dervise, that lodges here at present? The king told him that it was himself. And who, says the dervise, will be here after you? The king answered, the young prince, his son. Ah, sir," said the dervise, "a house that changes its inhabitants so often, and receives such a perpetual succession of guests, is not a palace, but a caravansary.

CHAP. LXII.

ON THE EXAMPLE OF CHRIST.

THE Saviour of mankind not only laid down a perfect rule of duty in his excellent discourses and parables, but also set before us an example of the most complete obedience. His practice was a just picture of his own precepts, and added new light and force to them. All the duties of piety and goodness were united in him, so that in his life they appeared, as it were, visible to human eyes.

His piety and devotion towards God were manifested in a constant readiness to please and honour him in all things; he speaks of it as the great object of his attention, and the highest joy of his soul. "I am come down from heaven, not to do my own will, but the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work."

At twelve years of age he discovered his zeal for religious exercises by staying in the temple amongst the doctors, "hearing them and asking them questions." He constantly attended the public assemblies for divine worship, and frequently withdrew himself from the public eye for meditation and prayer. This spirit of devotion influenced all his actions, and was the foundation of that absolute subjection and resignation to the divine will, which he shewed at all times, and especially in the amazing instance of his death, which was the highest proof of his obedience and love.

Nor was he less exemplary in benevolence towards man, than in piety towards God. His whole life was one continued act of mercy. It was his meat and drink, his constant employment and delight, to "go about doing good, to heal all sorts of sickness among the people, and to preach the glad tidings of divine grace and favour to the penitent." He admitted all, even the poorest and meanest, into his presence, and conversed freely with publicans and sinners for their instruction and amendment. He discovered the generous feelings of humanity, and the tender affection of friendship in his sympathising tears at the grave of Lazarus, in his last endearing discourses to his disciples, and his pathetic lamentation over Jerusalem.

The virtues also of self-government eminently shone forth in the temper and conduct of our Saviour. His affections and appetites moved regularly within the bounds of reason, and he preferred the pleasure of religion to every other pleasure. Every desire of private ease was

made to give way to the public good and the great design he had in view. He pursued the middle path between luxury and austerity, teaching us the value of the enjoyments of life, and to "use the world without abusing it." He was all humility and condescension, yet always preserved his dignity, and washed the feet of his disciples, while he told them he was their Lord and Master. Far from coveting worldly riches or honours, he was easy and contented in a low condition; and under the most injurious treatment and the greatest possible provocations, we find no unbecoming transports of impatience and anger. Far from losing his meekness and benevolence of temper, even when he was expiring upon the cross, he offered up his prayers for those, who, with inveterate cruelty, had brought him to it, saying, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

"Let the same mind be in us which was in Christ Jesus." May we imitate him as his disciples, obey him as our Master, and follow him as our Guide, with a comfortable persuasion and pleasing hope of following him to the blessed mansions above!

CHAP. LXIII.

STORY OF A PEASANT.

A CHALDEAN peasant was conducting a goat to the city of Bagdat; he was mounted on an ass, and the goat followed him, with a bell suspended from his neck. "I shall sell these animals," said he to himself, "for thirty pieces of silver; with this money I can purchase a new turban, and a rich vestment of taffety, which I will tie with a sash of purple silk; I shall then be the finest man at the mosque."

While the peasant was thus reasoning, three artful

rogues concerted a stratagem to plunder him of his treasures.—As he moved slowly along, one of them slipped off the bell from the neck of the goat, and fastening it without being perceived to the tail of the ass, carried away his booty. The man, riding upon the ass, and hearing the sound of the bell, continued to muse, without the least suspicion of the loss which he had sustained. Happening, however, a short time after to turn about his head, he discovered, with grief and astonishment, that the animal was gone, which constituted so considerable a part of his riches, and he inquired with the utmost anxiety after his goat of every traveller whom he met.

The second rogue now accosted him and said, "I have just seen in yonder fields, a man in great haste dragging a goat along with him." The peasant dismounted in a trice, and requested the obliging stranger to hold his ass, that he might lose no time in overtaking the thief. He instantly began the pursuit; and, having traversed in vain the course that was pointed out to him, he came back, fatigued and breathless to the place from whence he set out, where he found neither his ass nor the deceitful informer to whose care he had intrusted him.

As he walked pensively onward, overwhelmed with shame, vexation, and disappointment, his attention was roused by the loud complaints and lamentations of a poor man, who sat by the side of a well. He turned out of the way to sympathize with a brother in affliction, recounted his own misfortunes, and inquired the cause of that violent sorrow, which seemed to oppress him. "Alas!" said the poor man, in the most piteous tone of voice, "as I was resting here to drink, I dropped into the water a casket full of diamonds, which I was employed to carry to the caliph at Bagdat, and I shall be put to death on the suspicion of having concealed so valuable a treasure."—"Why don't you jump into the

well in the search of the casket?" cried the peasant, astonished at the stupidity of his new acquaintance. "Because it is deep," replied the man, "and I can neither dive nor swim. But will you undertake this kind office for me, and I will reward you with thirty pieces of silver?" The peasant accepted the offer with pleasure, and while he was putting off his cassock, vest, and slippers, poured out his soul in thankfulness for this providential succour; but, the moment he plunged into the water in search of the pretended casket, the man (who was one of the three rogues that had concerted the plan of robbing him) seized upon his garments, and bore them off in security to his comrades.

Thus, through inattention, simplicity, and credulity, was the unfortunate Chaldean duped of all his little possessions; and he hastened back to his cottage with no other covering than a tattered garment which he borrowed on the road.

CHAP. LXIV.

ON FILIAL PIETY.

ONE of the Roman judges had given up to the triumvir a woman of some rank, condemned, for a capital crime, to be executed in prison. He who had charge of the execution, in consideration of her birth, did not immediately put her to death. He even ventured to let her daughter have access to her in prison, carefully searching her, however, as she went in, lest she should carry her any sustenance. He took it for granted, that, in a few days, the mother must, of course, perish for want, and that the severity of putting a woman of family to a violent death by the hand of the executioner might thus be avoided.

Some days passing in this manner, the triumvir began to wonder that the daughter still came to visit her mother, and could by no means comprehend how the latter should live so long. Watching therefore carefully what passed in the interview between them, he found, to his great astonishment, that the life of the mother had been all this while supported by the milk of the daughter, who came to the prison every day, that her mother might suck her breasts.

The strange contrivance between them was represented to the judges, who procured a pardon for the mother. Nor was it thought sufficient to give so dutiful a daughter the forfeited life of her condemned mother, but they were both maintained afterwards by a pension settled on them for life; and the ground upon which the prison stood was consecrated, and a temple to filial piety built upon it.

What will not filial duty contrive, or what hazards will it not run, if it will put a daughter upon venturing at the peril of her own life, to maintain her imprisoned and condemned mother in so unusual a manner! For, what was ever heard of more strange than a mother sucking the breasts of her own daughter? It might even seem so unnatural as to render it doubtful, whether it might not be in some sort wrong, if it were not that duty to parents is the first law of nature.

CHAP. LXV.

ADAM's PRAYER AFTER THE INTERMENT OF ABEL.

O THOU who dwellest in the highest heaven! behold us prostrate before the grave of our beloved son! We, sinners, kneel before thee in the dust! May our prayers ascend to thy celestial throne. Look with an

eye of compassion upon us in this valley of death, this abode of sin. Our iniquities are great, but thine infinite goodness is still greater. We are polluted in thy sight. Thou beholdest our impurities, yet thou hast not turned thy face from us. Thou still vouchsafest to look on us in our misery with a propitious eye. Thou permittest us to implore thee!

Eternal praises rise to thee! Thy works render thee praise. The beauties of spring, the serenity of the heavens, shew forth thy beneficence. The loud voice of thy thunders, the rattling hail, and the howling storm, proclaim thy power. Smiling joy glorifies thee as well as the tear of sorrow.

We have beheld the son of sin, frightful Death! He is come to our dwelling in a form most hideous. Guilt led him by the hand, the earth groaned, and black tempests gathered round the direful pair. My first born has imbrued his hands in his brother's blood! O God, merciful and gracious! cast him not off for ever. When he mourns in the dust for his offences; when he trembles at his crime; when, overwhelmed by torturing remorse, he weeps, he groans, and prostrates himself with deep contrition before thee; look with a pitying eye on his misery; commiserate his despair, and assuage his anguish by thy divine consolation! Reject not, O God! reject not the humble petition. Let him not perish in thy wrath; for this grace we will supplicate thee at the rising and setting sun. In the silent hours of night, when all nature is hushed to rest, we will implore thee for him. Father of consolation, cast him not off for ever!

Eternal praise be rendered to thee, who hast received the soul of the happy deceased into the regions of never-ending felicity. Death hath seized his first victim. We shall follow, one after another, to the dark and silent grave. But, adored be thy loving kindness, adored be

thy tender mercies, we shall, likewise, follow him to the realms of immortality and bliss! We dwell in bodies of dust. This dust shall be dissolved, but thou art unchangeable, and wilt raise to glory the sinner who deplores his crimes, and the righteous man who mourns that his virtues are mixed with imperfections, and his highest attainments sullied by human frailty. Thou wilt gather them together out of the dust, to bestow on them eternal joys and angelic purity!

CHAP. LXVI.

STORY OF BRENNUS AND THE SENATORS.

CAMILLUS FURIUS, one of the military tribunes, gained great honour by his victories. He performed many memorable actions. This great man, however, was obliged afterwards to quit Rome in disgrace, through a false accusation. The tribunes exulted over him, but had soon cause to repent their ill treatment of him; for the Gauls, who, about two hundred years before, had settled in the northern parts of Italy, and driven many of the original inhabitants away, at length, under the command of Brennus, their king, came against Rome. A terrible engagement ensued, in which the Romans were defeated with the loss of 40,000 men; and all those who could bear arms took shelter in the capitol; the rest of the inhabitants fled to the neighbouring towns.

After having vanquished the Roman army, Brennus marched to Rome, and, on entering the city, was astonished to find it without inhabitants. At last he arrived at the forum, the place where the senators were assembled. Here he was struck with the sight of a number of venerable senators and priests in their robes, sitting on their ivory seats, resolving to die rather than leave the city in which they had lived with so much honour.

At first the Gauls took them for the gods of Rome; but one of the soldiers ventured to pull the beard of one of these venerable men, who, shocked at the indignity, gave him a blow on the head with his ivory staff, when the soldier immediately killed him. On this the other Gauls followed his example, and put the rest to death without mercy.

After this the Gauls set fire to the city and burnt it to the ground.

Brennus next determined to attempt the capitol, and surrounded it with his army. But a brave man, named Pontius Comminius, contrived, with great difficulty, to climb up to the citadel, and inform the senate, that their old faithful commander, Camillus, had obtained a victory over some of the Gauls; on which the senate resolved to make Camillus dictator, and Pontius was dispatched to make the decree known. Soldiers from all parts immediately flocked to Camillus, and he soon had a great army.

While Camillus was taking measures to drive the Gauls away, they discovered, by the marks which Pontius had left, that somebody had been up the hill. Brennus, therefore, resolved to take a party of his soldiers, who could climb well, up the same way; and that very night they arrived at the wall without the Romans having the least suspicion of their design. It happened that the dogs slept; but a flock of geese, which were kept in a court in the capitol, heard them, and immediately began cackling and beating their wings, which waked one of the officers, named Manlius, who alarmed the rest, and the Romans drove the Gauls away. From this time, it was a custom in Rome to carry a golden image of a goose once a year in triumph, and a dog was put to a cruel death.

The Romans not being able to get any news of Camillus, and being almost starved for want of provisions, came to an agreement with the Gauls, who consented to leave the

Roman territories on condition of receiving a thousand pounds weight of gold. While the two parties were weighing it, news came to the Romans, that Camillus was at hand with a great army. In a short time he arrived; and, being told the subject of dispute, he ordered the gold to be carried back to the capitol; "for," said he, "the Romans never ransom their country with gold, but with iron. I am dictator of Rome, and my sword shall purchase peace for her." Upon this a battle ensued, and the Gauls were defeated. The Romans, therefore, were delivered from a formidable enemy through the courage of one brave man.

As Rome was now nothing but a heap of ruins, the people proposed to remove to Veii; but Camillus persuaded them not to desert a spot, which their ancestors had rendered so famous; and they rebuilt the city in the same place. Camillus fought bravely for his country on many other occasions, and was five times dictator. At last he retired from public life, and in a good old age died of the plague, to the great grief of all ranks of people.

CHAP. LXVII.

ON THE MIRACLES OF CHRIST.

A MIRACLE is an action which is above the natural power of man to perform. It cannot be accounted for by the common course of Providence and the known laws of nature, and must therefore be done by the immediate assistance of him, to whom nature herself owes her being. "We know," said Nicodemus (a ruler of the Jews) to Jesus, "thou art a teacher come from God; for, no man can do those miracles which thou doest, except God be with him."

All marks and characters, which may be naturally

expected in true and genuine miracles, are to be found in those done by Christ. They were very numerous, they were various in their kind, and were frequently repeated. They were wrought openly in the face of the sun, before a whole nation of witnesses, who were his enemies. They were all likewise of the compassionate and friendly kind, perfectly agreeing with the design of his coming into the world, and with the doctrine which they were intended to support.

Our Saviour had all the powers of nature at his command. He spoke the word only, and instantly the sick were restored to health, the blind received sight, the lame were made to walk, the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak.——"I will; be thou clean!" said he to the leper, and immediately his leprosy was cleansed—"Peace, be still!" said he to the stormy wind and the raging sea, and immediately the wind ceased, and there was a great calm.—He spake to the dead daughter of Jairus, "Damsel, I say unto thee, arise," and she arose.—He called to Lazarus, "come forth!" and he, who had been four days in the grave, came forth.

But the miracles which are recorded in the New Testament are but a small part of the whole number which our Saviour performed. There were many others equally credible and authentic, and therefore we frequently meet with only general accounts of great numbers performed in this or that place, without any mention of the particular circumstances or objects. Thus we read in the Gospels, "Jesus went about all Gallilee, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of disease among the people, and his fame went through all Syria. And they brought unto him all sick people that were taken with divers diseases and torments, and those which were possessed with devils, and those which were lunatic, and those which had the palsy,

and he healed them."—And again, "When the men of Geneseret had knowledge of him, they sent out into all that country round about, and brought unto him all that were diseased, and besought him that they might only touch the hem of his garment. And as many of them as touched were made perfectly whole."

How pleasing is it to survey such multitudes of our fellow-creatures receiving immediate comfort from the miraculous power of our Saviour! How do we partake of the joy, which he diffused through many a mournful family, by restoring a sick parent to health, or raising a dead child to life! And how do these reflections cherish and improve our own benevolence, and inspire and animate the love of doing good!

How pleasing is it also to consider the miracles of Christ as immediate attestations to the truth of his mission and the divinity of his doctrine! He himself appeals to them upon this very ground. "If I do not the works of my Father," such works as no man can do except God be with him, "believe me not: but if I do, though you believe not me," merely on my own word and testimony, yet, "believe the works, which are the testimony of God, and which I do by his power and in his name.

Would God have recommended the doctrines of the gospel, by his immediate interposition, if they had not been true, and tended to promote the happiness of man? Would he thus have set his own peculiar seal to them? Would he have borne witness to Christ, and called upon all men to believe in and obey him, if he had not been indeed the Messiah, the Saviour of the world? Certainly not.

Let us then submit to the authority of Christ, embrace his doctrine, follow his example, and obey his precepts; for, "how shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation," which at first began to be spoken by the Lord;

who was a man approved of God, by miracles and wonders and signs, which God did by him, "in the midst of the people!"

CHAP. LXVIII.

ON THE LOVE OF LIBERTY.

A SOVEREIGN, on a journey through his kingdom, was informed, in one of the capital towns, of a singular fact; that one of his subjects, a man of 70 years of age, had never been without the walls of the city. The man was called to the king; and, being poor, obtained a pension, but upon the following terms, that he should forfeit his pension if ever he should set a foot out of the town. But here even custom could not prevail over the love of liberty. The man did not continue long at ease. His confinement became so painful to him, that he lost his pension in six months.

"O Liberty? thou goddess heavenly bright!
"Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!
"Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
"And smiling Plenty leads thy wanton train.
"Eas'd of her load, Subjection grows more light,
"And Poverty looks chearful in thy sight:
"Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,
"Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day."

CHAP. LXIX.

ON IDLENESS.

ACTION keeps the soul in constant health, but idleness corrupts and rusts the mind; for a man of great abilities may, by negligence and idleness, become

so mean and despicable, as to be an incumbrance to society and a burden to himself.

Idleness is a kind of palsy in the mind, so much the more dangerous, as it is scarce ever cured without producing some disorder. Man was created for action. He must, of necessity, be continually employed; and, if it is not in doing good, he is infallibly led to do evil. Idleness has this quality in common with standing waters, that as *they* generally produce serpents, *it* commonly begets vice.

One asking a lazy young fellow what made him lie in bed so long? I am employed, says he, in hearing counsel every morning. Industry advises me to get up, Sloth to lie still; and so they give me twenty reasons *for* and *against*. It is my part, as an impartial judge, to hear all that can be said on both sides; and, by the time the cause is over, dinner is ready.

How many live in this world as useless as if they had never been born? They pass through life like a bird through the air, and leave no track behind them; waste the prime of their days in thinking what they should do, and come to a period without doing any thing!

CHAP. LXX.

A NOBLE INSTANCE OF GENEROSITY.

THE Elizabeth, an English ship of war, would infallibly have been lost in the shoals on the coast of Florida, in the year 1746, had not captain Edwards ventured into the Havannah. "I come," said the captain to the governor, "to deliver up my ship, my sailors, my soldiers, and myself, into your hands. I only ask the lives of my men."—"No;" said the Spanish commander, "I will not be guilty of so dishonourable an action. Had we taken you in fight, in open sea, or upon our coasts,

your *ship* would have been ours, and you would be our prisoners. But as you are driven by stress of weather, and are come hither for fear of being cast away, I do and ought to forget that my nation is at war with yours. You are men, and so are we. You are in distress, and have a right to our pity. You are at liberty to unload and refit your vessel; and, if you want it, you may trade in this port to pay your charges. You may then go away, and you will have a pass to carry you safe beyond the Bermudas. If, after this, you are taken, you will be a lawful prize; but, at this moment, I see, in Englishmen, only strangers, for whom humanity claims our assistance."

CHAP. LXXI.

ON PITY.

IN the happy period of the golden age, when all the celestial inhabitants descended to the earth, and conversed familiarly with mortals, among the most cherished of the heavenly powers were twins, the offspring of Jupiter, Love, and Joy. Wherever they appeared, the flowers sprang up beneath their feet, the sun shone with a brighter radiance, and all nature seemed embellished with their presence. They were inseparable companions, and their growing attachment was favoured by Jupiter, who had decreed that a lasting union should be solemnized between them as soon as they arrived at maturer years.

But, in the mean time, the sons of men deviated from their native innocence. Vice and ruin overran the earth with giant strides; and Astrea, with her train of celestial visitants, forsook their polluted abodes. Love alone remained, having been stolen away by Hope, who was his nurse, and conveyed by her to the forests of Arcadia, where he was brought up among the shepherds. But

Jupiter assigned him a different partner, and commanded him to espouse Sorrow, the daughter of Até. He complied with reluctance; for, her features were harsh and disagreeable, her eyes sunk, her forehead contracted into perpetual wrinkles, and her temples covered with a wreath of cypress and wormwood. From this union sprang a virgin, in whom might be traced a strong resemblance to both her parents; but the sullen and unamiable features of her mother were so blended with the sweetness of her father, that her countenance, though mournful, was highly pleasing. The maids and shepherds of the neighbouring plains gathered round and called her Pity. A red-breast was observed to build in the cabin where she was born, and, while she was yet an infant, a dove, pursued by a hawk, flew into her bosom.

This nymph had a dejected appearance, but so soft and gentle a mien, that she was beloved to a degree of enthusiasm. Her voice was low and plaintive, but inexpressibly sweet; and she loved to lie for hours together on the banks of some wild and melancholy stream, singing to her lute. She taught men to weep; for, she took a strange delight in tears; and often, when the virgins of the hamlet were assembled at their evening sports, she would steal in among them, and captivate their hearts by her tales full of a charming sadness. She wore on her head a garland, composed of her father's myrtles, twisted with her mother's cypress.

One day, as she was musing by the waters of Helicon, her tears by chance fell into the fountain; and ever since, the Muses' spring has retained a strong taste of the infusion. Pity was commanded by Jupiter to follow the steps of her mother through the world, dropping balm into the wounds she made, and binding up the hearts she had broken. She follows with her loose hair, her bosom throbbing, her garments torn by the briers, and her feet

bleeding with the roughness of the path. The nymph is mortal; for, her mother is so; and, when she has fulfilled her destined course upon the earth, they shall both expire together, and Love be again united to Joy, his immortal and long-betrothed bride.

CHAP. LXXII.

ON TRUTH AND SINCERITY.

TRUTH is the bond of union and the basis of human happiness. Without this virtue, there is no reliance upon language, no confidence in friendship, and no security in promises or oaths.

"Truth is always consistent with itself," says Doctor Tillotson, "and needs nothing to help it out. It is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware. Whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets one's invention on the rack; and one trick needs a great many more of the same kind to make it good."

Sincerity is the parent of Truth, and the characteristic of an honest man. She is the surety of her words, and has no occasion for any witness to her protestations. She contains in herself several virtues; for, she abhors a lie, and is no flatterer. Her promises are sure, and there is not the least room to doubt the veracity of what she advances. She is never in the wrong, and nothing but purest truth comes out of her mouth. She is soon brought to light; for, the clouds of dissimulation are her opposite extremes. She fears no enemies, for virtue is her stedfast friend. She is banished from courts, and unknown to the great. Her chief habitation is the cottage, and the shepherd's homely hut. She springs from the heart, and dwells on the lips. But, since Malice has

found means to brand her with the name of Stupidity, she seems to have abandoned the world, and left Falsehood and Deceit behind to triumph.

CHAP. LXXIII.

ON THE RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

OUR Saviour, having died upon the cross, was buried by Joseph of Arimathea, in a new tomb, "which had been hewn out of a rock, and in which never man was laid." And, as he had foretold, that "after three days he would rise again," the chief priests and rulers of the Jews, in order to prevent any deception and imposition, "made the sepulchre sure, sealing the stone, and setting a watch." But notwithstanding all their precaution, on the third day the seal was broken, the stone rolled away, and the body of Jesus was gone He arose in the presence, and to the great amazement of the Roman guard, "who shook, and became as dead men!" some of whom, after they had recollected themselves, went into the city, and shewed unto the chief priests all the particular circumstances of this awful transaction.

Our Lord appeared to his disciples, after he was risen, not only once, but often; not in a hasty transient way, but for a considerable time together. He travelled with them; discoursed with them; ate and drank with them; shewed them his hands and his feet, and the marks of those wounds which he had received on the cross. And, when one of them refused to believe on the testimony of the rest, and required a particular kind of conviction, he condescended to satisfy his overscrupulous disciple, saying unto him, "reach hither thy finger, and examine my hands;

and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side, and be not faithless but believing."

When he had fully convinced the apostles, "by many infallible proofs," of the reality of his resurrection, and given them all necessary directions for the discharge of their office, he led them out to Bethany; where, while he was in the midst of them, instructing and blessing them, he was parted from them; and, while they beheld him, and their eyes were fixed on him, he was carried up by a slow gradual ascent, till a bright cloud received him out of their sight. Thus he ascended into heaven, where he sat at the right hand of God; that is "was crowned with glory and honour; angels, authorities, and powers being made subject unto him." There he still carries on the gracious design for which he came into the world, and "ever liveth to make intercession for us." There he reigns, the animating, though invisible, head of the church, which he founded upon earth, and which he will cherish and support "even to the end of the world."—And thence he will return, with power and glory, to judge the whole human race, and to dispense the blessings of eternity.

The resurrection and ascension of Christ fully vindicate the integrity of his character, and justify his claim as the Son of God and Saviour of the world. With what pleasure, therefore, should we remember a risen and exalted Redeemer! With what satisfaction may we put ourselves under his protection! With what entire confidence may we rest in his promises!—"I am going," says he, "to prepare a place for you, that, where I am, there ye may be also.—Because I live, ye shall live also."

CHAP. LXXIV.

OSSIAN's THOUGHTS ON THE SHORTNESS OF HUMAN LIFE.

DESOLATE is the dwelling of Moina, silence in the house of her fathers. Raise the song of mourning over the strangers. One day we must fall; and they have only fallen before us. Son of mortality! why art thou proud of thy splendid hall? Thou lookest from thy tower to-day; but soon will the blast of the desert come. It howls in thy empty court, and whistles over thy half-worn shield.

How long shall we weep over the brave, or pour our tears on their graves! The mighty will not return; nor will our champions rise in their strength. The valiant must fall one day, and be no more known.

Where are our fathers? O warriors, the chiefs of the times of old! They are set, like stars that have shone. We only hear the sound of their praise. But they were renowned in their day, and the terror of other times.—Thus shall we pass, O warriors, in the day of our fall. Then let us be removed while we may; and leave our fame behind us, like the last beam of the sun, when he hides his red head in the west.

CHAP. LXXV.

STORY OF AN EMPEROR OF MOROCCO.

WHEN Don Sebastian, king of Portugal, had invaded the territories of Muley Moluc, emperor of Morocco, in order to dethrone him and set his crown upon the head of his nephew, Moluc was wearing away with a distemper, which he himself knew was incurable. However, he prepared for the reception of so formidable

an enemy. He was indeed so far spent with his sickness, that he did not expect to live out the whole day, when the last decisive battle was given. But, knowing the fatal consequences that would happen to his children and people, in case he should die before he put an end to that war, he commanded his principal officers, that, if he died during the engagement, they should conceal his death from the army, and that they should ride up to the litter, in which his corpse was carried, under pretence of receiving orders from him as usual.

Before the battle began, he was carried through all the ranks of his army in an open litter, as they stood drawn up in array, encouraging them to fight valiantly in defence of their religion and country. Finding afterwards the battle to go against him, though he was very near his last agonies, he threw himself out of his litter, rallied his army, and led them on to the charge; which afterwards ended in a complete victory on the side of the Moors.

He had no sooner brought his men to the engagement, but finding himself utterly spent, he was replaced in his litter, where, laying his finger on his mouth to enjoin secrecy to his officers who stood about him, he died a few moments after, in that posture, almost without a groan.

CHAP. LXXVI.

CHARACTER OF GENERAL WOLFE.

THE death of general Wolfe was a national loss, and universally lamented. Soldiers may be raised, officers will be formed by experience, but the loss of a genius in war is not easily repaired. By nature formed for military greatness, his memory was retentive, his judgment deep, and his comprehension surprisingly quick, clear,

HENRY V. ENGAGING THE DUKE OF ALENÇON AT BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

and extensive. His constitutional courage was not only uniform and daring, perhaps to an extreme, but he possessed also that higher species of it, a strength, steadiness, and activity of mind, which no dangers could deter.—Generous, gentle, friendly, affable, and humane, he was the pattern of the officer, and the darling of the soldier. His sublime genius soared above the pitch of ordinary minds; and, had his faculties been exercised to their full extent, by opportunities and action, and his judgement been fully ripened by age and experience, he would have rivalled the most celebrated heroes of antiquity.

CHAP. LXXVII.

THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

IN the year 1415, the battle of Agincourt was gained over the French by Henry V. of England. As the enemy were much superior in numbers, Henry drew up his army on a narrow ground between two woods, to cover each flank, and in that posture patiently waited their attack. Had the French general declined a combat, the English must have relinquished the advantages of their situation; but the impetuous valour of the nobility, and a vain confidence in their numerous troops, brought on an action, wherein Henry V. meeting the duke of Alençon, a furious encounter ensued which ended in favour of the king, whose troops, inspired by the courage of their commander, fought with such intrepidity, that the French gave way, and were totally defeated with the loss of 10,000 men killed, and 14,000 taken prisoners, while the loss of the English did not exceed forty. In this battle the English did great execution by their skill in archery, their arrows being three feet long, and managed with such dexterity, that it greatly contributed to decide the victory in their favour.

CHAP. LXXVIII.

ON THE NIGHT.

EVERY object, a little while ago, glared with light; but now darkness comes on apace. In the meadows, all was jocund and sportive; but now the gamesome lambs are grown weary of their frolics, and the tired shepherd has imposed silence on his pipe. In the branches all was sprightliness and song; but now the lively green is wrapt in descending glooms, and no tuneful airs are heard, but only the plaintive stock-dove cooing mournfully through the grove.—Should I now be vain and trifling, the heavens and earth would rebuke my unseasonable levity. Therefore, be these moments devoted to thoughts, se ate as the closing day, solemn as the face of things. And, indeed, however my social hours are enlivened with innocent pleasantry, let every evening, in her sable habit, toll the bell to serious consideration. Nothing can be more proper, for a creature that borders upon eternity, than daily to slip away from the circle of amusements, and adjust "the things that belong to his eternal peace."

The darkness is now at its height; and I cannot but admire the obliging manner of its taking place. It comes not with a blunt and abrupt incivility, but makes gentle and respectful advances. A sudden transition, from the splendors of day to all the horrors of midnight, would be both inconvenient and frightful. It would bewilder the traveller in his journey; it would strike the creation with amazement; and, perhaps, be pernicious to the organs of sight. But twilight, being sent before as its harbinger, advertises us of its approach, and enables us to take suitable and timely measures for its reception.

Now, the fierce inhabitants of the forest forsake their dens. Now, the prowling wolf, like a murderous ruffian,

besets the innocent sheep. The fox, like a crafty felon, steals to the thatched cottage, and carries off the feathered booty.—Happy for the world, were these the only destroyers that walk in darkness. But alas! there are savages in human shape. The sons of violence make choice of this season to perpetrate the most outrageous acts of wrong and robbery. Now, crimes that hide their odious heads in day, haunt the seats of society, and stalk through the gloom with audacious front. And are they then concealed? No, truly. An eye, keener than the lightning's flash, and brighter than 10,000 suns, beholds their conduct. Their thickest shades are *beaming day* to the jealous Inspector and Supreme Judge of human actions. Deluded creatures! have ye not heard, "that clouds and darkness are his majestic residence?" In that very gloom, to which you flee for covert, he erects his throne. What you reckon your screen is the bar of his tribunal.

CHAP. LXXIX.

A STORY CONCERNING INDUSTRY.

THE Jews have a saying among them, that "He, who does not bring up his son to some business, makes him a thief." Idleness they look on as the ground of all evil, whether public or private; for, the mind of man will be employed, and, rather than do nothing, it will work mischief.

The Parthians were such enemies to idleness, that they did not suffer their little children to eat till they had gone through their exercises, or done something which might contribute to the health of their bodies or improvement of their minds.

Solon introduced a severe law into his common-wealth

against idleness, and the judges were very vigilant in inquiring into the life and manners of every particular subject, and in seeing this law put in execution, as appears from the following story:—

"There were at Athens two poor young men, who took pleasure in reading, in order to acquire wisdom and knowledge. They had no visible means of support, yet they kept up their flesh and colour, looked hale, well, and in good case. The judges had information given them of the retired life of these two, and that it did not appear they had any thing to maintain them; consequently, as they could not live without sustenance, they must have some clandestine means of subsisting. On this information, the young men were summoned before the judges, and ordered to answer to the charge. One of the accused said, that little credit was given to what a man could urge in his own defence, because it was natural to think, that every criminal would either deny or extenuate the crime he was charged with; and, as the testimony of a disinterested person was not liable to suspicion, he desired a certain baker, whom he named, might be summoned, in order to answer for him. The baker declared, that the young men under examination took it by turns to grind his corn every night; and that, for the night's work, he every morning paid the young man, who ground at his mill, a drachma, or groat. The judges, surprised at their abstinence and industry, ordered a reward of 200 drachmas to be paid them out of the public treasury."

How happy would it be for us, if there were laws against *idleness*, and which should oblige every man to give an account of his time, and be answerable for his way of life! How many cheats and *sharpers*, who live by defrauding the unwary public, would then be obliged to lay aside the name of gentlemen, and work for their livelihood in an honest manner!

CHAP. LXXX.

STORY OF A FRENCH OFFICER.

AS the widow of a Neapolitan nobleman stood one day caressing her infant son in the open window of an apartment which hung over the river Volturna, the child, with a sudden spring, leaped from her arms into the flood below, and disappeared in a moment. The mother, being struck with instant surprise, in order to save the child, plunged in after him; but, far from being able to assist the infant, she herself with great difficulty escaped to the opposite shore, just when the French soldiers were plundering the country on that side, who immediately made her their prisoner. One of the officers afterwards married her; he rose to the highest posts; they lived together, and were happy.

After an interval of several years, the troops which he commanded having met with a repulse, he was obliged to take shelter in the city where he had lived with his wife. Here they suffered a siege, and the city at length was taken. Few histories can produce more various instances of cruelty than those which the French and Italians at that time exercised upon each other. It was resolved by the victors, upon this occasion, to put all the French prisoners to death, but particularly the husband of the unfortunate Neapolitan lady, as he was principally instrumental in protracting the siege.

These determinations were, in general, executed almost as soon as resolved upon. The captive soldier was led forth, and the executioner, with his sword, stood ready; while the spectators, in gloomy silence, awaited the fatal blow, which was only suspended till the general, who presided as judge, should give the signal. It was in this interval of anguish and expectation, that the lady came to take her last farewell of her husband and deliverer,

deploring her wretched situation, and the cruelty of fate, that had saved her from perishing by a premature death, in the river Volturna, to be the spectator of still greater calamities. The general was struck with pity at her distress, but with still stronger emotions, when he heard her mention her former dangers. He was her son, the very infant for whom she encountered so much danger. He acknowledged her at once as his mother, and fell at her feet. The rest may be easily supposed. The captive was set free; and all the happiness, which the noblest sentiments and affections could inspire, ensued.

CHAP. LXXXI.

ON THE ESTABLISHMENT OF CHRISTIANITY.

THE apostles were persons chosen by our Saviour, upon his first entrance on his public ministry, to be witnesses of the purity of his life, of the doctrines he should teach, and of the miracles he should perform.—They appear to have been always present with him. They heard all his words, and saw all his works: and, therefore, they could not be deceived. Did they not know that they had attended him through his whole ministry? Did they not know, that they had familiarly conversed with him; and that he made the blind to see, the deaf to hear, the lame to walk, and the dead to live? Did they not know that he was persecuted, condemned, and crucified?

They had the same evidence too of his resurrection from the grave. They knew him to be the very person with whom they had formely conversed. Their ears, eyes, and hands, convinced them, that he was their master, who had died upon the cross.

It cannot possibly be said, that a prospect of acquiring

riches and honours might induce the apostles to deceive mankind. There is no discovery of any instance of this sort in their writings. On the contrary, they appear to have a contempt for riches, to renounce all self-interest, and every worldly consideration. Instead of soothing the passions and prejudices of men, they preached manifest truths, which were often disagreeable to their hearers; and, instead of courting the mighty and the noble, who might raise them to power and affluence, they preached to the poor, who could do nothing for their advantage.

The apostles began to publish the gospel in the city of Jerusalem, and to confirm their doctrine by miracles. At first they preached only in Judea, and to none but Jews. But God having made known to them, that the Christian religion ought to be taught to all men, they went to preach the gospel throughout the world.

The substance of the doctrine, which the apostles preached, is as follows: "That there is but one God, who created heaven and earth; that the true God, whom the world did not sufficiently know before, had made himself known to men by Jesus Christ, his son;—that this Jesus, who was crucified by the Jews, was risen again;—that he was the Saviour of the world, and the Judge of all men; —and that all those, who believed in him, and obeyed his laws, should be for ever happy. This doctrine was preached by the apostles with such wonderful success, that in a few years Christianity was established in the principal parts of the world.

As for the Jews, they were destroyed, and driven out of their country, 40 years after the death of our Lord. The city of Jerusalem was taken by the Romans, and, with the temple there, laid in ruins, as Jesus Christ had expressly foretold. The Jews were dispersed throughout the world, and continue so to this day.

CHAP. LXXXII.

STORY OF Mr. DORVILLE AND HIS CHILDREN.

MR. DORVILLE, a rich manufacturer, was the most inveterate enemy to idleness. He not only dedicated the whole day to labour himself, but took care also to have every person of his family employed in the same manner. He was liberal to all, whom age or infirmity had rendered incapable of work, but implacable toward those idle vagabonds, who, with the advantages of health and strength, came to beg at his door. He would ask them why they did not work: and, if they excused themselves by saying that they could get no employment, he would *offer* it them in his *manufactory;* but, after once refusing it, they durst never more approach his presence.

He never suffered a bale of goods either to be packed up or opened, without obliging his two sons, Francis and Robert, to put their hands to it. He had a large garden behind his house, in which he made them both work under the direction of his gardener; and, during winter, he would employ them in turning, and other works of ingenuity. His three daughters, also, had no time allowed them for idleness. They had the charge of the domestic œconomy, with every other occupation suitable to their sex.

The better to excite their industry, Mr. Dorville paid each for his work; and those amongst them, who had distinguished themselves by their activity, had an extraordinary reward. These little perquisites they had the liberty of laying out in their own pleasures and amusement.

No quarrels nor ill humours were ever heard in this family. They enjoyed perfect health, and each day brought with it new pleasures, by making them taste the sweets of their own labours.

If the boys presented to their sisters a nosegay of car-

nations or hyacinths, they received from them, in return, either embroidered ruffles, purses, or strings for their canes or watches, all the work of their industrious hands.

If their desserts were furnished by the fruits of the young trees, which they had planted and grafted themselves, they had the satisfaction to hear their parents praise them, by acquainting their guests to whom they owed their regale; at which each would take his glass, and the company in chorus drank to the health of the little gardeners.

Seven days in the year were celebrated as festivals in the family. These were the birth-days of each of the children, and those of their father and mother. Pleasure and mutual tenderness reigned on these occasions; particularly on the birth-days of their parents, when they generally gave an entertainment to their children, to which they invited their young acquaintance. The feast always ended in a ball, at which youthful vivacity, heightened by music, animated every look and motion, whilst their fond parents beheld with transports of joy, their playful gaiety and natural graces.

Mr. Dorville always rose early; and, when the weather was fine, generally amused himself with a walk into the country, and took with him those of his children, who the day before had been most diligent and attentive to their work. One morning, Mr. Dorville took Francis with him to the top of a hill, whence they had a view of the surrounding country. It was in the beginning of the spring. The meadows, which but a month before were buried in snow, now displayed the most lively verdure. The woods were covered with tender foliage, and the fruit-trees adorned with the gayest blossoms. The harsh whistling of the north wind no more grated on the ear. Nothing was heard around but the sweet warbling of birds. Young lambs and playful colts were seen sporting in the rich pasture grounds. Echo resounding with the chearful

song of the labourer, as he trod the furrowed land. The roads were filled with troops of country people; some conducting their waggons loaded with corn, wine, and other merchandize; others carrying on their shoulders baskets filled with herbs and flowers.

Francis, effected by this scene, felt his heart so elated with chearfulness, that, throwing himself into the arms of his father, he exclaimed, "I cannot express the pleasure which this moment affords me!

CHAP. LXXXIII.

USEFUL ADVICE TO YOUNG PEOPLE, ILLUSTRATED BY STORIES.

WHATEVER employment you follow, with perseverance and assiduity, will be your support in youth and comfort in age. In learning the useful part of every profession, very moderate abilities will suffice. Great abilities are not always favourable to the possessors. Life has been compared to a race; but the allusion still improves, by observing, that the most swift are ever the most apt to stray from the course.

Be contented with one good business; for, if you pretend to understand two, people will give you employment in neither.

A conjurer and a tailor once happened to converse together. "Alas!" cries the tailor, "what an unhappy poor creature am I! If people ever take it into their heads to live without clothes, I am undone; I have no other trade to have recourse to."—"Indeed friend, I pity you sincerely," replies the conjurer, "but thank heaven, things are not so bad with me; for, if one trick should fail, I have a hundred tricks more for them yet.

However, if at any time you are reduced to beggary, apply to me, and I will relieve you." A famine overspread the land. The tailor made a shift to live, because his customers could not be without clothes; but the poor conjurer, with all his hundred tricks, could find none that had money to throw away. It was in vain that he promised to eat fire or to vomit pins; no single creature would relieve him, till he was at last obliged to beg from the very tailor whose calling he had formerly despised.

Nothing is more fatal to fortune than pride and resentment If you must resent injuries at all, at least suppress your indignation till you become rich; and then shew away. The resentment of a poor man is like the efforts of a harmless insect to sting; it may get him crushed, but cannot defend him.

Once upon a time a goose fed its young by the side of a pond; and a goose in such circumstances, is always extremely proud. If any other animal, without the least design to offend, happened to pass that way, the goose was immediately at it. The pond, she said, was hers, and she would maintain her right in it, and support her honour, while she had a bill to hiss, or a wing to flutter. In this manner, she drove away ducks, pigs, and chickens; nay, even the insidious cat was seen to scamper. A lounging mastiff, however, happened to pass by, and thought it no harm, if he should lap a little of the water, as he was thirsty. The guardian goose flew upon him like fury, pecked at him with her beak, and flapped him with her feathers. The dog grew angry, and had twenty times a mind to give her a sly snap; but, suppressing his indignation because his master was nigh, "What a fool," cries he, "art thou! sure, those who have neither strength nor weapons to fight, at least should be civil." So saying, he went forward to the pond, quenched his thirst, in spite of the goose, and followed his master.

Another obstruction to the fortune of youth, is that, while they are willing to take offence of none, they are also equally desirous of giving nobody offence. From this they endeavour to please all, comply with every request, and attempt to suit themselves to every company; have no will of their own, but, like wax, catch every contiguous impression. By thus attempting to give universal satisfaction, they at last find themselves miserably disappointed. To bring the generality of admirers on our side, it is sufficient to attempt pleasing a very few.

A painter of eminence, once resolved to finish a piece which should please the whole world. When, therefore, he had drawn a picture, in which his utmost skill was exhausted, it was exposed in the public market-place, with directions at the bottom, for every spectator to mark with a brush that lay by, every limb and feature which seemed erroneous. The spectators came, and in general applauded; but each, willing to shew his talents in criticism, stigmatized whatever he thought proper. At evening, when the painter came, he was mortified to find the picture one universal blot. There was not a single stroke, which had not the mark of disapprobation. Not satisfied with this trial, the next day he resolved to try them in a different manner; and, exposing his picture as before, desired that every spectator would mark those beauties he approved or admired. The people complied; and, the artist, returning, found his picture covered with the marks of beauty. Every stroke, that had been condemned yesterday, now received the character of approbation. "Well," said the painter, "I now find that the best way to please all the world is to attempt pleasing one half of it."

CHAP. LXXXIV.

STORY OF ULYSSES' DOG.

THE dog is of all animals the most faithful and sagacious. We have many instances, both in ancient and modern history, of the fidelity of these creatures, and of some of them having been the cause of discovering their master's murder, by obstinately refusing to stir from his corpse. They have often saved men's lives, by interposing against those who offered them violence; and have proved both useful and faithful guards to their persons and properties.

Homer tells us, that, after Troy was destroyed by the Grecians, Ulysses, returning from the siege in mean apparel, having gone through various dangers, and been absent twenty years, was unknown to his queen, and to every one in his palace, except his dog, who recognized him.

——" Forgot by all his own domestic crew,
" The faithful dog alone his master knew;
" Unfed, unhous'd, neglected on the clay,
" Like an old servant, now cashier'd he lay,
" Touch'd with resentment to ungrateful man,
" And longing to behold his ancient lord again,
" Him when he saw, he rose and crawl'd to meet,
" ('Twas all he could,) and fawn'd and lick'd his feet:
" Seiz'd with dumb joy—then, falling by his side,
" Own'd his returning lord, look'd up, and died!"

" Hence learn fidelity;—with grateful mind
" Repay the courteous; to your friends be kind:
" Whatever fortune on your life attend,
" The best of treasures is *a faithful friend.*"

Gratitude and fidelity to our friends are the best qualities that can adorn our nature. There is nothing, indeed, in which a person should be more cautious and deliberate,

than in the cho'ce of a friend; but, having once chosen him, he should repose in him all manner of confidence, and in his turn keep his secrets, and be ever ready to do him any service, that is consistent with the rules of religion and virtue. He that requires any thing contrary to these, can never be a true friend; for, properly speaking, no friendship can exist that is not founded on a virtuous basis. It is only a connexion of interest, which the first puff of adverse fortune will blow away, and scatter to the winds of heaven.—But, when you have really got a true friend,

> "Grapple him to your soul with hooks of steel."

Abide by him alike in prosperity and adversity, and let no change of circumstances alter your regards or services; so may you expect assistance in the hour of distress, and a comforter in the day of trouble.

CHAP. LXXXV.

THE FIRST LESSON OF CYRUS.

IT is reported of Cyrus, when young, that, being asked what was the first thing he learned, he answered, "*To tell the truth;*" which is indeed,

> "Though no science, fairly worth the seven."

When the wise men were commanded, by the king, to declare what was the strongest power upon earth, such as exceeded even that of the monarch himself, they were all at a loss for an answer. At last the prophet Daniel was consulted, who, being endowed with wisdom from on high, answered, that *truth* was the strongest; and supported his assertion by such weighty arguments, that

nobody could controvert him. Thus his understanding was approved by the king, and all the sages were humbled in his presence.

> " Whate'er betides through life's dark dangerous way,
> " If *truth* directs, you cannot go astray."

Of all the qualities that adorn the human mind, truth is the most respectable. It is a rich, though a simple ornament; and he who is not possessed of it, let his rank and qualities be what they may, will for ever be despicable in the sight of all the good and wise.

We are naturally led to dislike those who are always intent upon deceiving. Whereas, on the contrary, we make no scruple to confide in those who are sincere, because we know ourselves to be safe in their hands. They will be either constant friends or open enemies; and even if, through human frailty, they are sometimes led into errors, yet their generous acknowledgment of them makes amends, in a great degree, and is a good token of their avoiding them for the future.

> " Where truth is found bright Virtue still resides,
> " And equal justice every action guides.
> " In the pure heart and spotless mind she reigns,
> " And with mild power her happy swain maintains;
> " The attribute of God himself confest,
> " That stamps his image on the human breast."

CHAP. LXXXVI.

STORIES RELATING TO EXERCISE AND TEMPERANCE.

THERE is a story in the Arabian Night-Tales, of a king who had long languished under an ill habit of body, and had taken abundance of remedies to no pur-

pose. At length, says the fable, a physician cured him by the following method:—He took a hollow ball of wood, and filled it with several drugs; after which, he closed it so artificially, that nothing appeared. He likewise took a mall, and having hollowed the handle, and that part which strikes the ball, he inclosed in them several drugs, after the same manner as in the ball itself. He then ordered the sultan, who was his patient, to exercise himself early in the morning with these instruments, so prepared, till such time as he should perspire. The story tells us, that the virtue of the medicines, perspiring through the wood, had so good an influence on the sultan's constitution, that they cured him of an indisposition, which all the compositions he had taken inwardly had not been able to remove.

This eastern allegory is finely contrived to shew us how beneficial bodily labour is to health, and that exercise is the most effectual physic.

Physic, for the most part, is nothing else but the substitute of exercise or temperance. Medicines are indeed absolutely necessary in acute distempers, which cannot wait the slow operations of these two great instruments of health; but, did men live in an habitual course of exercise and temperance, there would be but little occasion for them. Accordingly we find, that those parts of the world are the most healthy, where they subsist by the chace; and that men lived longest, when their lives were employed in hunting, and when they had little food besides what they caught. Blistering and bleeding are seldom of use but to the idle and intemperate; as all those inward applications, which are so much in practice among us, are, for the most part, nothing else but expedients to make luxury consistent with health. The apothecary is perpetually employed in countermining the cook and the vintner.

It is said of Diogenes, that, meeting a young man, who was going to a feast, he took him up in the street, and carried him home to his friends, as one who was running into imminent danger had not he prevented him. What would that philosopher have said, had he been present at the gluttony of a modern meal? Would not he have thought the master of the family mad, and have begged the servants to tie down his hands, had he seen him devour fowl, fish, and flesh; swallow oil and vinegar, wines and spices; throw down sallads of twenty different sorts of herbs; sauces of a hundred ingredients; confections and fruits of numberless sweets and flavours? For my part, when I behold a fashionable table set out in all its magnificence, I fancy that I see gouts and dropsies, fevers and lethargies, with other innumerable distempers, lying in ambuscade among the dishes.

Nature delights in the most plain and simple diet.—Every animal, but man, keeps to one dish. Herbs are the food of this species, fish of that, and flesh of a third. But man falls upon every thing that comes in his way; scarce a berry or a mushroom can escape him.

It is impossible to lay down any determinate rule for temperance, because what is luxury in one, may be temperance in another. An eminent physician gives the following advice:—Make your whole repast out of one dish, and seldom indulge in a second. At the same time abstain from all sauces, or at least from such as are not the most plain and simple. Young people ought never to taste sauces of any kind.

It is observed by two or three ancient authors, that Socrates, notwithstanding he lived in Athens during the great plague, which has made so much noise through all ages, and has been celebrated, at different times, by the most eminent authors; I say, notwithstanding that he lived in the time of this devouring pestilence, he never

caught the infection; which those writers unanimously ascribe to the uninterrupted temperance which he always observed.

But the most remarkable instance of the efficacy of temperance, towards the procuring of long life, is what we meet with in a little book, published by Lewis Carnaro, the Venetian; which I rather mention, because it is of undoubted credit, as the late Venetian ambassador, who was of the same family, attested more than once, in conversation, when he resided in England. Carnaro, who was the author of the little treatise above-mentioned, was of an infirm constitution till about forty, when, by obstinately persisting in an exact course of temperance, he recovered a perfect state of health; insomuch, that at fourscore he published his book, which has been translated into English, under the title of *Sure and Certain Methods of obtaining a Long and Healthy Life.* He lived to give a third or fourth edition of it; and, after having passed his hundreth year, died without pain or agony, and like one who falls asleep.

CHAP. LXXXVII.

ON THE FOUR SEASONS.

COLD Winter, wrapt in furs, resigns his seat, and turns aside his withered face. The smiling countenance of Spring succeeds, when warm gentle gales begin to blow, and soft descending showers moisten the earth. The ground is covered with young verdant flowers, such as the violet, the cowslip, and the daisy. The trees put forth green buds, and deck themselves with blossoms. The birds fill every grove with melody, and join in pairs to build their little nests, with great industry and surprising art, which unlucky boys often destroy. The

careful farmer now ploughs his field, casts his grain into the earth, and waits for harvest. Now the tender lambs skip over the grass in wanton play; the cuckow sings, and universal nature seems to rejoice.

——— ' Forth in the pleasing spring
" God's beauty walks, his tenderness and love.
" Wide flush the fields; the soft'ning air is balm,
" Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
" And every sense, and every heart, is joy."

Summer succeeds. The sun now darts his beams with greater force, and lengthens out the day. The flocks and herds, unable to endure the scorching heat, retire beneath the shade of some large spreading tree.

Early in the morning, the careful mower, walking forth with his scythe on his shoulder, goes into the meadow, and with a sweeping stroke, cuts down the grass. The careful hay-makers, with fork and rake, soon follow him. They toss, and turn, and spread, the new-mown hay, or raise it into cocks; while the laugh and joke, and merry tale or song, echo the meadow round. The silent angler, on the river's brink, betrays the fishes with his baited hook. But, see! the face of heaven is overcast, black clouds arise, hoarse thunder at a distance first is heard, and soon the glaring flash, and loud amazing claps burst over their heads, while from the teeming clouds the sudden shower with violence descends.

" Then comes thy glory in the summer months,
" With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
" Shoots full perfection through the swelling year.
" And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
" And oft, at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
" By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales."

Autumn comes on. The yellow harvest tempts the reaper's sickle, and the glad farmer fills his spacious barns

with various grain. The sanguine sportsmen now traverse the fields with various instruments of death. The wide-spreading net entangles the fluttering covey; while the fatal gun brings down the frighted partridge, plover, or fine-plumed pheasant.—But hark! the cry of the hounds and huntsmen strikes the ear; and, see! the bounding stag flies over the forests. The shifts and doublings of the timorous hare, and all the cunning tricks of the fox, are vain. Now in the tangled wood the boy with eagerness pulls down the clustering nut. The mellow orchard now affords its various fruit; peach, plumb, or nectarine; pear, apple, apricot, or fig. The juicy grape swells with its luscious store, and the large tun overflows with generous wine. Now too the provident bees are robbed of their winter's stock of honey, hoarded up in waxen cells, and *cruelly murdered*. But, lo! the rising mists at morn and evening, the chilling breeze, the falling leaves, and the decayed herbage all round, declare the approach of a more surly season.

It is *Winter*. The trees are all divested of their leaves, and silent birds sit pensive on their naked branches. No music glads the grove, nor verdure clothes the plain. The winds blow cold, the fogs arise, and the faint sun is scarcely seen or felt. The fur and the lined waistcoat, supply warmth to the human race; or round the cheerful fire they sit, and talk, and laugh, and sing, while through the long dark night the north wind whistles and the tempest roars. 'Tis keen and chilling frost. The powers of nature seem bound up or dead. The waters, all congealed to ice, admit the crowds of sliding boys, or bolder youths with skates beneath their feet, who swiftly skim around the level surface. The snow descends, and covers all the whitened plain. The careful farmer feeds his flocks and herds with hay; and the thrasher in his barn, from morn to night, pursues the flail's laborious task.

" In Winter, awful THOU ! with clouds and storms
" Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
" Majestic darkness ! on the whirlwind's wing,
" Riding sublime, thou bidst the world adore,
" And humblest nature with thy northern blast.
" ———————Behold, fond man,
" See here thy pictur'd life ! Pass some few years
" Thy flow'ring Spring, thy Summers ardent strength,
" Thy sober Autumn fading into age,
" And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
" And shuts the scene. Ah ! whither now are fled
" Those dreams of greatness ? those unsolid hopes
" Of happiness ? those longings after fame ?
" Those restless cares ? those busy bustling days ?
" Those gay-spent festive nights ? those veering thoughts,
" Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life ?
" All now are vanish'd ! Virtue sole survives,
" Immortal, never-failing friend of man,
" His guide to happiness on high !"——

CHAP. LXXXVIII.

STORY OF AUGUSTUS CÆSAR AND CINNA.

THERE is perhaps no better way of conquering an enemy than by benefits. In common life, the strongest friendships have sometimes been observed to take their rise from the most violent enmities, which have been overcome with good offices; by the exercise of which, even princes themselves have triumphed over their most inveterate enemies, and made of them the warmest friends.

A memorable proof of this is the story of Cinna, who had once concerted the death of Augustus Cæsar, his patron, his emperor, and his friend. Cæsar had quick intelligence of his design, and was deliberating what punishment he should inflict on him; when the Empress Livia entering, and hearing the occasion, said, " Would Cæsar conquer Cinna, let him do it by benefits. Great

statesmen (continued she) must act like physicians, who, when the accustomed remedies lose their force, try what their contraries will do. Cinna has received many benefits from you; remind him of them. Add to them by pardoning this offence, and try the effects of clemency. Cinna has it not now in his power to do you any hurt. You know his plot, and are prepared against it. But Cinna may, if you can of an enemy make a friend of him, do you much good."

The emperor liked the advice, and immediately sent for Cinna. When he was come, he made him sit by him, and spoke to him in this manner: "Cinna, I require of you, on your allegiance, to hear me patiently in what I am going to say to you. Interrupt me not in my discourse; but, when I have done, make what answer you please, and I will hear you with the same attention."

Hereupon the emperor began a long and circumstantial recital of his favours to him, which he concluded in these words.—"You see, Cinna, on a fair state of accounts between us, how greatly you are indebted to my favours; and I must add to all, that I pardoned you, and gave you your life, when I once found you even in the enemies tents; that I freely restored you to your whole forfeited patrimony, and that I have since raised you to great honours and high offices in the Roman government. Tell me then, Cinna, what cause can you have to wish my death, or what provocation to raise your ungrateful arms against me?—Cinna at these reproaches changed countenance, and was about to make a reply, when the emperor interrupting him, "Be silent, Cinna," said he, "and know that I once more give thee thy life. I gave it thee before as an enemy, but now as a traitor and a parricide. Let me, by these unbounded favours, at length win thy friendship; and be it from this day our only contention, whether you shew more gratitude for my pardon, or I more joy for

having saved so valuable a life." The conclusion of the history is, that Cinna became the best friend Cæsar ever had; and the emperor so sensible of it, that in his lifetime he made him consul, and at his death his heir.

CHAP LXXXIX.

STORY OF PANDORA's BOX.

IT is said, in the old heathen fable, that, when Prometheus stole fire from heaven, with which he animated mortal bodies, Jupiter, in anger to mankind, gave Pandora a box, which was close shut: but her curiosity prompting her to open it, out flew a variety of plagues and evils, which immediately dispersed themselves over the world. Confounded and astonished, Pandora at length shut the fatal box again, when, all the rest of its contents being gone, Hope alone remained at the bottom, which proved the only consolation to mankind for the plagues that Jove had sent amongst them.

Without Hope, of what value would our mortal existence prove? How should we be enabled to bear up under afflictions? What cordial should we have to oppose to the thousand heart-corroding cares with which this life abounds?

To be without Hope is the most dreadful of all earthly punishments. It is the refuge of the poor and needy, and renders the distribution of our lots below more equal.—The high and low, the rich and poor, cannot with justice be deemed so widely different in their states, when we consider that

"These are plac'd in *hope*, and those in *fear*."

Hope is, in short, our best companion here; it leads

us, as it were, by the hand, through all difficulties and dangers; and it may be justly said of it, as has been observed of friendship, that it is

" The cordial drop heav'n in our cup has thrown,
" To make the nauseous draught of life go down."

CHAP. XC.

OF HOWARD, THE PHILANTHROPIST.

MR. JOHN HOWARD, the friend of the poor and unfortunate, was born at Hackney, in the year 1726. His father, who kept a carpet warehouse, was so successful in business, that on his death, he left him and an only sister, in circumstances, which not only placed them above the necessity of attending to trade, but of doing much good to their fellow-creatures. He purchased an estate at Cardigan, near Bedford, where he built cottages for the poor and gave them employment, "making the hearts of the fatherless and of the widows to sing for joy."

In 1773, he served the office of sheriff, which brought the distress of prisoners more immediately under his notice, and led to his benevolent design of visiting the gaols and other places of confinement throughout England, for the sake of procuring alleviation to the miseries of the sufferers.

Having received the thanks of the house of commons for his attention to prisoners, he extended his views even to foreign countries. He travelled, with this design, through France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and Turkey. To his singular humanity he indeed fell a sacrifice; for, in visiting a sick patient at Cherson, who had a malignant epidemic fever, he caught the distemper, and died, Jan. 20, 1790.

MR. HOWARD RELIEVING A BRITISH PRISONER IN TURKEY.

The labours of Mr. Howard have certainly had the admirable effect of drawing the attention of his fellow citizens to the regulation of public prisons; and he will always be honoured with the gratitude of his country.

CHAP. XCI.

THE VISION OF MIRZA.

WHEN I was at Grand Cairo, I picked up several beautiful pieces of eastern composition. Among others, I met with one entitled *The Vision of Mirza*, which I have read over with great pleasure. A literal translation of it is as follows:

"On the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hill of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and, passing from one thought to another, Surely, said I, man is but a shadow, and life a dream! Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips, and began to play. The sound of it was exceedingly sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes, that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from any thing I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs which are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them

for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

"I had been often told, that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius, and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it; but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts, by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and, by the waving of his hand, directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me up from the ground; and, taking me by the hand, Mirza, said he, I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me.

"He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, 'Cast thine eyes eastward,' said he, 'and tell me what thou seest.' 'I see,' said I, 'a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it. 'The valley that thou seest,' said he, 'is the vale of misery, and the tide of water that thou seest, is a part of the great tide of eternity.' What is the reason,' said I, 'that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?' 'What thou seest,' said he, 'is that portion of eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. 'Examine now,' said he, 'this sea, which is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it.' 'I see a bridge,' said I, 'stand-

ing in the midst of the tide.' 'The bridge thou seest,' said he, 'is human life; consider it attentively.' Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about a hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me, that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. 'But tell me further,' said he, 'what thou discoverest on it.' 'I see multitudes of people passing over it,' said I, 'and a black cloud hanging on each end of it.' As I looked more attentively, I saw several passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and, upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon than they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pit-falls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, than many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied, and lay close together, towards the end of the arches that were entire.

"There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, who continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches; but fell through, one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

"I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping, unexpectedly, in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at every thing that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens, in a thoughtful posture, and, in the midst of

their speculation, stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles, that glittered in their eyes, and danced before them; but often, when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and soon they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimitars in their hands, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped, had they not been thus forced upon them.

"The genius, seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me, I had dwelt long enough upon it. 'Take thine eyes off the bridge,' said he, 'and tell me if thou seest any thing thou dost not comprehend.' Upon looking up, 'What mean,' said I, 'those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and, among many other feathered creatures, several winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches.' 'These,' said the genuis, 'are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life.'

"I here fetched a deep sigh. 'Alas,' said I, 'man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!' The genius, being moved with compassion towards me, bade me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. 'Look no more,' said he, 'on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eyes on that thick mist, into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it.' I directed my sight as I was ordered, and saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it,

and dividing itself into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it. But the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats. But the genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death, which I saw opening every moment upon the bridge.

"'The islands,' said he, 'that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as thou canst see, are more in number than the sand on the sea-shore. There are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, that reach farther than thine eye or even thine imagination can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men, after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtues in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them. Every island is a paradise, accommodated to its respective inhabitants.

"Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives the opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, which will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him!" I gazed with inexpressible pleasure

on these happy islands. At length, said I, 'Shew me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie under those dark clouds that cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant.' The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision, which I had been so long contemplating; but, instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels, grazing upon the sides of it."

CHAP. XCII.

STORY OF MENCIUS, THE PHILOSOPHER, AND A HERMIT.

AS Mencius, the philosopher, was travelling in pursuit of wisdom, night overtook him at the foot of a gloomy mountain, remote from the habitations of men. Here, as he was straying, (while rain and thunder conspired to make solitude still more hideous) he perceived a hermit's cell, and, approaching, asked for shelter. "Enter," cries the hermit in a severe tone; "men deserve not to be obliged; but it would be imitating their ingratitude to treat them as they deserve. Come in: examples of vice may sometimes strengthen us in the ways of virtue."

After a frugal meal, which consisted of roots and tea, Mencius could not repress his curiosity to know why the hermit had retired from mankind, whose actions taught the truest lessons of wisdom. "Mention not the name of man," cried the hermit, with indignation; "here let me live retired from a base ungrateful world; here, in the forest, I shall find no flatterers. The lion is an open

enemy, and the dog a faithful friend; but man, base man, can poison the bowl, and smile when he presents it." "You have then been used ill by mankind?" interrupted the philosopher, drily. "Yes," replied the hermit; "on mankind I have exhausted my whole fortune; and this staff, that cup, and those roots, are all that I have in return." "Did you bestow your fortune among them, or did you only lend it?" returned Mencius.—"I bestowed it, undoubtedly," replied the other; "for where were the merit of being a money-lender?"—"Did they ever own that they received your benefits?" still adds the philosopher. "A thousand times," cries the hermit; "they every day loaded me with professions of gratitude for favours received, and solicitations for future ones."—"If then, says "Mencius, smiling," you did not lend your fortune in order to have it returned, it is injustice to accuse them of ingratitude; they owned themselves obliged; you expected no more; and they certainly earn a favour who stoop to acknowledge the obligation."—The hermit was struck with the reply; and, surveying his guest with emotion, "I have heard of the great Mencius, and thou certainly art the man. I am now fourscore years old, but still a child in wisdom; take me back to the world, and educate me as one of the most ignorant, and youngest, of thy disciples."

CHAP. XCIII.

STORY RELATING TO CLEANLINESS.

CLEANLINESS is a mark of politeness. It is universally agreed upon, that no person unadorned with this virtue, can go into company, without giving offence. The easier or higher any one's fortune is, this duty rises in proportion. The different nations of the

world are as much distinguished by their cleanliness, as by their arts and sciences; the more any country is civilized, the more they consult this part of politeness. To be satisfied of this truth, we need only compare our ideas of a female Hottentot and an English lady.

As cleanliness renders us agreeable to others, so it makes us easy to ourselves. It is an excellent preservative of health; and several vices, destructive both to mind and body, are inconsistent with the habit of it.

Cleanliness bears a great analogy to purity of mind, and naturally inspires refined sentiments and passions. We find from experience, that, through the prevalence of custom, the most vicious actions lose their horror by being made familiar to us. On the contrary, those, who live in the neighbourhood of good examples, flee from the first appearance of what is shocking. The case is much the same as to our ideas. Our senses, which are the inlet of all the images conveyed to the mind, can only transmit the impressions of such things as are adapted to them. So that pure and unsullied thoughts are naturally suggested to the mind by those objects which perpetually encompass us, when they are beautiful and elegant in their kind.

In the East, where the warmth of the climate makes cleanliness more immediately necessary than in colder countries, it is made part of their religion. Our bibles inform us of the bathing, purifications, and other similar rites of the Jews. In an account of Mahometan ceremonies and superstitions, I have read the following story:—

A dervise of great sanctity, one morning, had the misfortune, as he took up a crystal cup, which was consecrated to the prophet, to let it fall upon the ground and dash it to pieces. His son coming in some time after, he stretched out his hand to bless him, as his manner was every morning; but the youth, going out, stumbled over

the threshold, and broke his arm. As the old man wondered at these events, a caravan passed by on its way to Mecca. The dervise approached it to beg a blessing; but, as he stroked one of the holy camels, he received a kick from the beast, which sorely bruised him. His sorrow and amazement increased upon him, till he recollected, that, through hurry and inadvertency, he had that morning come abroad without washing his hands.

CHAP. XCIV.

STORY OF ANDROCLES AND THE LION.

ANDROCLES was the slave of a noble Roman, who was pro-consul of Africa. He had been guilty of a fault, for which his master would have put him to death, had he not found an opportunity to escape out of his hands. Winged with terror, he fled into the deserts of Numidia. As he wandered among the barren and burning sands of the wilderness, and almost faint with heat and hunger, he espied a cave in the side of a rock.—He went in, and finding at the farther end of it a place to sit down upon, rested there for some time.

At length, to his great surprise, a huge over grown lion entered at the mouth of the cave. Androcles, trembling and pale, expected to be torn in pieces. But the lion, instead of treating him as he expected, laid his paw upon his lap, and, with a complaining kind of voice, fondly licked his hand. Androcles, after having recovered a little from the fright he was in, observed the lion's paw exceedingly swelled by a large thorn that stuck in it. He immediately pulled it out, and, by squeezing the paw very gently, forced a great deal of corrupt matter to run out of it, which probably freed the lion from the great anguish he had felt some time before.

The lion left him, upon receiving this good office, and soon after returned with a fawn which he had just killed. This he laid down at the feet of his benefactor, and went off again in pursuit of his prey. Androcles, after having roasted the flesh of it by the heat of the sun, subsisted upon it till the lion had supplied him with another. He lived many days in this frightful solitude, the lion catering for him with great aſsiduity. At length, being tired of this savage society, he resolved to deliver himself up into his master's hands, and to suffer the utmost effects of his displeasure rather than remain thus driven out from mankind.

His master, as was customary for the pro-consuls of Africa, was at that time getting together a present of all the largest lions that could be found in the country, in order to send them to Rome, that he might furnish out a show to the Roman people. Upon this poor slave's surrendering himself into his hands, he ordered him to be carried away to Rome, as soon as the lions were in readiness to be sent; and that, for his crime, he should be exposed to fight with one of the lions in the amphitheatre, as usual, for the diversion of the people.

This was all performed accordingly. Androcles, after such a strange run of fortune, was now in the area of the theatre amidst a thousand spectators, expecting every moment when his antagonist would come out upon him. At length, a monstrous lion started from his den, where he had been kept hungry for the show. His eyes glared living fire;—his roarings resounded through the amphitheatre;—and he bounded with fury towards the man. On a sudden, however, after having observed him a little attentively, he fell to the ground, and crept towards his feet with all the signs of blandishment and caresses.

Androcles, after a short pause, discovered his old Numidian friend, and immediately renewed his acquaintance

with him. Their mutual congratulations were very surprising to the beholders, who, upon hearing an account of the whole matter from Androcles, ordered him to be pardoned, and the lion to be given up into his possession. Androcles returned, at Rome, the civilities which he had received in the deserts of Africa.—Our historian says, that he himself saw the man leading the lion about the streets of Rome, the people every where gathering about them, and repeating to one-another, "this is the *lion* who was the *man's host*, this is the *man* who was the *lion's physician*.

CHAP. XCV.

A PATTERN FOR IMITATION.

THE bee is a noble pattern of industry and prudence. She settles upon every plant and flower, and makes the most insignificant, nay, even the most hurtful, of them, useful to her purpose.

"The wise industrious Bee employs the hours
"In sipping fragrance from the various flowers;
"No plant, no herb, that nature's hand prepares,
"But yields her honey to reward her cares.

Thus she toils all the summer, while the days are fair, in order to get a stock, which she lays by to serve for winter, when the herbs and flowers are dead, the trees deprived of their leaves, and the weather bad and unfavourable.

Then the bees retire to their hive, which is formed like a little state, and governed by a queen, who dispenses justice to her subjects. It is said they bury their dead, punish criminals, and drive the idle, called drones, from their hives. They keep a regular order, whether in war

or peace; and, as soon as their queen dies, appoint another to succeed her, and rule their little state, which may serve as a pattern for a well ordered community.

As the bee, in the summer, provides for itself that which may serve for its support in winter, so should we, in the summer of our days, take care to lay in a store of profitable virtues, and good qualities, which may procure us esteem and respect in age, and enable us to set a good example to posterity.

Like that industrious insect, likewise, we should learn to make every occurrence of life serviceable to us. Nothing is so small or minute which has not its use; nothing so bad in nature, but we may draw from it some profit or instruction. Thus, by choosing the good, and avoiding the evil, we may secure to ourselves peace here, and the hopes of a brighter reward hereafter.

"Learn by the Bee from each event to find
"Some hint of use or profit to the mind;
"Nothing so small, but you may draw from thence
"Improvement for your virtue or your sense."

CHAP. XCVI.

ON THE ORIGIN OF ASH-WEDNESDAY.

ASHES among several nations were a mark of grief and repentance. The Hebrews covered their heads with them, in the time of public calamities, and the people of Nineveh expiated their faults with sackcloth and ashes.

In the primitive church, the bishop marked with ashes the forehead of a sinner who began his penitence; and hence came the practice enjoined by the council of Beneventum, in the year of our Saviour 1091, of going to receive some on the Wednesday which precedes the first

Sunday in Lent. There are still some monasteries, where the monks expire upon ashes.

The Greeks and Romans, who were accustomed to burn their dead, gave rise to that elegant expression of the poets, "the ashes of the dead."

CHAP. XCVII.

INDUSTRY, CURIOSITY, TRAVEL, AND IDLENESS.

AS Industry was going abroad early to his labour, and climbing, without impatience, a lofty mountain over which he was obliged to pass, he espied on the summit a beautiful nymph employed in searching for uncommon flowers, and often viewing with great attention the wide-extended scenes that were stretched around her. Her eyes were piercing as the beams of the evening-star, with a certain twinkling wantonness in them that heightened the resemblance. Her features were irregular, yet not less pleasing than those of a more perfect beauty. She had a certain agreeable wildness in her air, dress, and countenance, and something so speakingly inquisitive in the latter, that almost every feature seemed to ask a question. Upon the approach of Industry, she fell into immediate discourse with him, and asked him, almost in the same breath, who he was, where he lived, whither he was going, and what there was in the neighbourhood worth seeing. Industry, ever accustomed to make the best of his time, answered the last question first. He told her that there was nothing so well worth seeing as a beautiful pleasure-house in the adjacent wood, and offered to conduct her to it.

The nymph, whose name was Curiosity, eagerly followed him, and, by the numberless questions she put to

him as they passed, discovered an insatiable thirst of knowledge. Industry, who liked the humour of the nymph, failed not to make every possible advantage of this; and, though she found herself deceived in some points when she arrived at the wood, yet she was gratified in so many others that she could not help loving her deceiver, and yielding to every proposal of his that might tend to her information. In consequence of this conversation, Curiosity in due time brought forth a son, who, by order of the sylvan deities, was named Travel. When he grew up, he discovered in his temper his mother's thirst of knowledge and his father's activity. He never staid longer in any place than, bee-like, to collect the sweets that he found there. Pleasure and Wisdom were his companions, and his attendants were Plenty and Variety. By observing the customs and manners of various nations, he became polite and unprejudiced; and, by comparing their laws and the various modes of worship and government, he learned to be just, religious, and wise.

In a large city, where much was to be seen, he had recourse for accommodations to the house of a gentleman, who was known to take pleasure in entertaining travellers. The name of this person was Idleness. He was a corpulent good-natured man. If he had but provision for the day, and a companion to laugh away the hours, which were otherwise tedious to him, he was contented. He never interfered in the interest of others, nor felt the emotions either of friendship or of enmity. He would not, on any account, go two furlongs from his own door, but used to say, Pleasure and Trouble were such inveterate enemies, that they could not possibly meet upon the same occasion. He was much entertained with the conversation of Travel, and conceived a design to dissuade him from rambling any more, that he might keep him with him. "My friend, (said Idleness) I am ashamed at your

strange disposition! Who, like you, would for ever wander about in search of pleasure, and not stand still one moment to enjoy it? Why will you expose yourself to perpetual dangers and needless difficulties, and undergo abroad a thousand inconveniences which you would never meet with at home? Why should you, who are a free man, submit to the arbitrary government of a sea-captain, more boisterous than the element on which he commands, or to the no less absolute sway of an itinerant coachman."

"Truce with your queries, (said Travel) till I have proposed an equal number, and then, if you please, we will balance the account. How can you waste your time, and impair your health, by refusing to give your body and mind that due exercise nature so loudly calls for? How can you confine that arduous curiosity, implanted in the soul to urge you on to unbounded knowledge, within the narrow limits of one city or province? Are you really so destitute of courage as to be over-awed by visionary dangers and trivial inconveniences?" Here ended the dispute: Idleness would not be at the pains to seek further arguments, nor, if he had, would Travel have staid to hear them.

CHAP. XCVIII.

STORY OF JANUS.

JANUS was an ancient deity, to whom the Romans in particular paid divine honours. His temple was always open in the time of war, and shut in the time of peace. The latter circumstance happened but three times in the course of many centuries; the last and most remarkable of which was in the reign of Octavius, better known by the name of Augustus Cæsar, in whose reign the Saviour of the world was born.

It is not certainly known who this Janus was; but, according to the best authors, he appears to have been a king of Etruria, who was famous for his wisdom and prudence; and who, by the strength of his wisdom, foresaw so well the events of many undertakings, both of his own and others, that he was supposed by many to possess some supernatural qualities.

Though nothing of this kind was true, yet he was a very wise man, and a good prince. He taught his people the culture of the vine and olive, together with many other useful and necessary arts of life. He also instructed them to raise temples to the Deity, whom they had worshipped before on hills and in groves.

Janus was represented with two faces, to express his wisdom, prudence, and extraordinary abilities.

> "The wary god with double front was grac'd,
> "One face survey'd the present, one the past."

It is a truth, which can never be too much inculcated, that *prudence* is a most proper guard to protect people through life. In youth, in maturer years, in old age, it is equally necessary; but it becomes particularly so to such as are engaged in any concerns of particular importance to others, who must otherwise suffer by their want of it, and will too late have occasion to repent the confidence they placed in them.

Though experience, strictly speaking, belongs only to age, yet lessons of prudence may be learned in youth; and, indeed, they can scarcely be too early inculcated, as, with the young, they must stand in the place of that experience, and be used as guides to conduct them through the dangerous road of life.

CHAP. XCIX.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

IN a late conversation among some of the great and the wise; Theron, a man of much wealth and figure, but not possessed of much knowledge, sat in the midst of his friends of both sexes, in a stately room, with a rich variety of furniture. Theron observed, that he had often heard it said, *how much we are indebted to the country and the plough;* but for his part, he knew no obligation that we had to that low rank of mankind, whose life is taken up in the fields, the woods, and the meadows; but that they paid their rents well to enable gentlemen to live at their ease. Crito was pleased to seize the occasion, and entertain the gay audience with a surprising lecture of philosophy.

"Permit me, Theron," said he, "to be an advocate for the peasant; and I can draw up a long account of particulars, for which you are indebted to the field and the forest, and to the men who cultivate the ground, and are engaged in rural business. Look around you on all the furniture of the room, survey your own clothing, cast your eyes on all the splendid array of Therina and Persis, and the other ladies near them, and you will find, that, excepting a few glittering stones, and a little gold and silver, which were dug out of the bowels of the earth, you can scarcely see any thing that did not once grow green upon the ground, through the various labours of the planter and ploughman. Whence came the floor you tread on, part whereof is inlaid with wood of different colours? Whence these fair pannels of wainscot, and the cornice that encompasses and adorns the room? Whence this lofty room of cedar, and the carved ornaments of it? Are they not all the spoils of the trees of the forest? Were not these once the verdant standard of the grove or

the mountain? What are your hangings of gay tapestry? Are they not owing to the fleece of the sheep, which borrowed their nourishment from the grass of the meadows? Thus the finery of your parlour was once grass; and, should you favour me with a turn into your bed-chamber, I could shew that the curtains, and the linen, and costly coverings, where you take your nightly repose, were some years ago all growing in the fields.

But I need not retire from the place where we are seated, to give you abundant discoveries of this truth. Is not the hair of camels a part of the materials which compose those rich curtains, that hang down by the windows, and the easy chairs which accommodate your friends? And, if you think a little, you will find that camels with their hair are made of grass, as well as sheep with their wool. What are the books which lie in the window, and the little implements of paper and wax, pens, and wafers, which, I presume, may be found in the escritoire? They have all the same original, they were once mere vegetables. Paper and books owe their being to the tatters of linen which were woven of the threads of flax or hemp. The pasteboard covers are composed of paper, and the leather is the skin of the calf, which drew its life and sustenance from the meadows. The pen that you write with was plucked from the wing of a goose, which lived upon the grass of the common. The wafer is originally plundered from the bee, who stole it out of a thousand flowers.

Permit me, ladies, said the philosopher, to mention your dress. Who gave Persis the silken habit which she wears? Did she not borrow it from the worm that spun those shining threads; and whence did the worm borrow it? From the leaves of the mulberry-tree, which was planted and nourished for that purpose by the country swain. May I ask again, how came Therina by the fine

linen which she is pleased to appear in, and the costly lace of Flanders that surrounds it? Was it not made of the stalks of flax, which grew up in the fields, like other vegetables? And are not the finest of your muslins owing to the Indian cotton-tree? Nor can you tell me, Theron, one upper garment you have, whether coat, cloak, or night-gown, from your shoulders to your very feet, as rich and as new as you think it, which the sheep or the poor silkworm has not worn before you. It is certain the beaver bore your hat upon his skin. That soft fur was his covering before it was your's; and the materials of your very shoes; both the upper part and the soles of them, covered the calf or the heifer before they were put on your feet. All this was grass at first; for, we have seen that all the animal world owes its being to vegetables."

Theron acknowledged the justice of Crito's whole argument, gave him hearty thanks for his instructive lecture, and resolved to remember those amazing scenes of the operations of nature, and the astonishing wisdom of its *Author*. Nor shall I ever forget, said he, the strange and unexpected dependance of man on all the meaner parts of the creation. I am convinced, that, "pride was never made for man," when I see how much akin his body is to "the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field." And I think, said he, I am more indebted to my tenants than ever I could have imagined; nor will I cast such a scornful eye again on the grazier and the farmer, since this flesh and blood of mine, as well as the furniture of my house, and the clothes I wear, were once growing in the fields or the woods under their care and cultivation.

CHAP C.

REMARKABLE STORY OF A DOG.

DURING the reign of Charles V. of France, Aubri de Montidier, travelling alone in the forest of Bondi, was murdered and buried at the foot of a tree. His dog remained upon the grave several days, and would not leave the place till he was compelled to do so by hunger. He came at last to Paris, to the house of an intimate friend of the unhappy Aubri, and by his doleful howlings seemed to acquaint him of the loss they had sustained. After receiving some victuals he renewed his noise, went to the door, and turning about to see if he was followed by any one, came back to his master's friend, and pulled him by the coat, as it were to persuade him to go along with him. This extraordinary behaviour of the dog, his returning without his master, whom he never quitted, and who all at once disappeared, and perhaps that distribution of justice and of events, which seldom permits any long concealment of atrocious crimes; all these put together occasioned the dog's being followed. As soon as he came to the foot of the tree, he began to howl more violently than ever, and to scratch up the ground, as if marking out the spot where they should dig. They dug, and found the body of the unfortunate Aubri.

Some time after, he accidentally spied the murderer, whom all historians agree in calling the Chevalier Macaire. He flew at his throat immediately, and it was with much difficulty he was forced to quit his hold. Every time the dog met him, he pursued and attacked him with the same fury. The dog's inveteracy against this man alone began to be taken notice of; and people not only called to mind the affection which he had always shewn for his master, but several instances of the Chevalier Macaire's hatred and envy against Aubri de Montidier came also to be

recollected. Some other circumstances increased the suspicion. The king, being informed of what had passed, had sent for the dog, who remained perfectly quiet till such time as the Chevalier Macaire appeared, when immediately, in the midst of a score of other courtiers, he turned about, barked, and attempted to rush upon him. At last he seized him by the throat, brought him to the ground, and forced him to acknowledge his crime in the presence of the king and the whole court.

CHAP. CI.

ON THE TREATMENT OF ANIMALS.

A VERY good use might be made of the fancy which children have for birds and insects. Mr. Locke takes notice of a mother, who permitted them to her children, but rewarded or punished them as they treated them well or ill. This was entering them betimes into a daily exercise of humanity.

Some advantage too might be taken of the common notion, that it is ominous or unlucky to destroy some sorts of birds, such as swallows or martins. This opinion might possibly arise from the confidence these birds seem to put in us by building under our roofs; so that it is a kind of violation of the laws of hospitality to murder them. With regard to robin redbreasts, in particular, it is not improbable that they owe their security to the old ballad of the *Children in the Wood*.

There are other animals, which have the misfortune, whithout any reason, to be treated as common enemies wherever they are found. The conceit, that a cat has nine lives, has cost at least *nine lives* in ten of the whole race of them. Many boys in the street have in this point

out-done Hercules himself, who was famous for killing a monster that had but *three lives.*

In the life of Cato, the censor, Plutarch has the following remark:—"It ought to be esteemed a happiness to mankind, that our humanity has a wider sphere to exert itself in than bare justice. It is no more than the obligation of our very birth to practise equity to our kind; but humanity may be extended through the whole order of creatures, even to the meanest. It is certainly the part of a good-natured man to take care of his horses and dogs, not only while they are foals and whelps, in expectation of their labour, but even when their old age has rendered them incapable of service."

History tells us of a wise and polite nation, that rejected a person of the first quality, who stood for a justiciary office, only because he had been observed in his youth to take pleasure in tearing and murdering birds. The Romans expelled a man out of the senate for dashing against the ground a bird, which had taken shelter in his bosom.

Every one knows how remarkable the Turks are for their kind treatment of animals. I remember to have read a treatise, written by an Arabian author, in order to shew what knowledge a man may attain by the pure light of nature in a desert island, without any instruction, or so much as the sight of any other person. The universal benevolence of the Creator, in the protection and preservation of his creatures, is one of the first things he makes him observe: in imitation of which, he thinks, that the first act of virtue, practised by this self-taught philosopher, would be *to relieve and assist all the animals around him in their wants and distresses.*

CHAP. CII.

ON FILIAL DUTY.

AS storks live to a very advanced age, their limbs grow feeble, their feathers fall off, and they are incapable of providing for their food or safety. Being birds of passage, they are under another inconvenience; for, they are not able to remove themselves from one country to another at the usual season. In all these circumstances, it is reported that their young ones assist them, covering them with their wings, and nourishing them with the warmth of their bodies. They even bring them provisions in their beaks, and carry them from place to place on their backs, or support them with their wings. In this manner they return, as much as lies in their power, the care which was bestowed on them when they were young in the nest. A striking example of filial piety, inspired by instinct, from which reason itself needs not be ashamed to take example.

"Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee," was an express commandment, and the only one to which a promise was annexed.—Among the Israelites, the slightest offence against a parent was punished in the most exemplary manner.

Certainly, nothing can be more just or reasonable, than that we should love, honour, and succour, those who are the very authors of our being, and to whose tender care, under Heaven, we owe the continuance of it during the helpless state of our infancy.

Love, charity, and an intercourse of good offices, are what we undoubtedly owe to all mankind; and he who omits them is guilty of such a crime as generally carries its punishment with it. To our parents, however, more, much more, than all this, is due; and, when we are

serving them, we ought to reflect, that, whatever difficulties we go through for their sake, we cannot do more for them than they have done for us; and that there is no danger of our over-paying the vast debt of gratitude they have laid us under.

In fine, we should consider, that it is a duty most peculiarly insisted on by Heaven itself; and, if we obey the command, there is no doubt but we shall also receive the reward annexed to it.

CHAP. CIII.

PYRRHUS AND FABRICIUS.

A TREATY being on foot between the Romans and Pyrrhus, king of Macedon, for the exchange of prisoners, the latter, after having given a general audience to the ambassadors, took Fabricius aside, and addressed him in the following manner:—

"As for you, Fabricius, I am sensible of your merit. I am convinced that you are an excellent general, and perfectly qualified for the command of an army; that justice and temperance are united in your character, and that you justly pass for a person of consummate virtue. But I am no less certain of your poverty, and must confess that fortune in this particular, has treated you with injustice, by misplacing you in the class of indigent senators. In order, therefore, to supply that deficiency, (provided you assist me to negotiate an honourable peace) I am ready to give you as much gold and silver as will raise you above the richest citizen of Rome; being fully persuaded, that no expence can be more honourable to a prince, than that which is employed to the relief of great men, who are compelled by their poverty to lead a life

unworthy of their virtue, and that is the noblest purpose to which a king can possibly devote his treasures."

The answer of Fabricius was as follows:—

"As to my poverty, you have indeed, sire, been rightly informed. My whole estate consists in a house of mean appearance, and a little spot of ground, from which, by my own labour, I draw my support. But if, by any means, you have been persuaded to think, that this poverty makes me less considered in my country, or in any degree unhappy, you are extremely deceived. I have no reason to complain of fortune; she supplies me with all that nature requires; and, if I am without superfluities, I am also free from the desire of them. With these, I confess, I should be more able to succour the necessitous, the only advantage for which the wealthy are to be envied. But, small as my possessions are, I can still contribute something to the support of the state and the assistance of my friends.

"With regard to honours, my country places me, poor as I am, upon a level with the richest; for, Rome knows no qualifications for great employments but virtue and ability. She intrusts me with the command of her armies, and confides to my care the most important negociations. My poverty does not lessen the weight and influence of my counsels in the senate. The Roman people honour me for that very poverty which you consider as a disgrace. They know the many opportunities I have had in war to enrich myself without incurring censure. They are convinced of my disinterested zeal for their prosperity; and if I have any thing to complain of in the return they make, it is only the excess of their applause. What value, then, can I set upon your gold and silver? What king can add any thing to my fortune? Always attentive to discharge the duties incumbent on me, I have a mind free from SELF-REPROACH, and I have an HONEST FAME,"

CHAP CIV.

PERSEVERANCE REWARDED.

DEMOSTHENES is an immortal instance of the noblest perseverance,—the only virtue that is crowned. He was extremely affected with the honours which he saw paid to the orator Callistratus, and still more with the supreme power of eloquence over the minds of men. Not being able to resist its charms, he gave himself wholly up to it. Having renounced all other pleasures, he never quitted Callistratus during his continuance at Athens, but made all the improvements he could from his precepts.

The first essay of his eloquence was against his guardians, whom he obliged to refund a part of his fortune. Encouraged by this event, he ventured to speak before the people, but with very ill success. He had a weak voice, and a thick way of speaking, which occasioned his being hissed by the whole audience. As he withdrew, hanging down his head, and in the utmost confusion, Satyrus, one of the most excellent actors of those times, who was his friend, met him. Having learned from himself the cause of his being so much dejected, he assured him that the evil was not without remedy, and that his case was not so desperate as he imagined. He desired him to repeat some of the verses of Sophocles and Euripides to him; which he did. Satyrus spoke them after him, and gave them such graces, by the tone, gesture, and spirit, with which he pronounced them, that Demosthenes himself found them quite different from what they were in his own manner of speaking. He perceived plainly what he wanted, and applied himself strenuously to the acquiring of it.

His efforts to correct his natural defects of utterance, and to perfect himself in pronunciation, seem almost incredible, and prove that an industrious perseverance can

surmount almost all things. He stammered to such a degree, that he could not pronounce some letters; among others, that with which rhetoric, the art he studied, begins. He had also a quickness of breathing. These obstacles he overcame at length, by putting small pebbles into his mouth, pronouncing several verses in that manner without interruption, and accompanying it with walking, or going up steep and difficult places. He went also to the sea-side, and, whilst the waves were in the most violent agitation, he pronounced harangues, both to strengthen his voice and to accustom himself, by the confused noise of the waters, to the roar of the people, and the tumultuous cries of the public assemblies.

Demosthenes took no less care of his action than of his voice. He had a large looking-glass in his house, which served to teach him gesture; and at which he used to declaim before he spoke in public. To correct a fault, which he had contracted by an ill habit of shrugging up his shoulders, he practised standing upright in a very narrow pulpit or rostrum, over which hung a halberd, in such a manner, that if, in the heat of action, that motion escaped him, the point of the weapon might serve at the same time to admonish and correct him.

His application to study was no less surprising. To be the more removed from noise, and less subject to distraction, he shut himself up in a small room under ground, sometimes for months together. There, by the light of his lamp, he composed those admirable orations, which were said, by those who envied him, "to smell of the oil," to imply that they were too elaborate. Demosthenes heard them, and told them in reply, "it is plain that your's did not cost you so much trouble."

He rose constantly very early in the morning, and used to say, that he was very sorry when any workman was at his business before him.

We may farther judge of his extraordinary efforts to acquire excellence, of every kind, from the pains he took in copying the history of Thucydides eight times with his own hand, in order to render the style of that great man familiar to him. And his labour was well bestowed; for, by these means, he carried the art of declaiming to the highest degree of perfection of which it was capable; insomuch that, as Cicero informs us, all Greece came in crowds to Athens to hear him speak.

CHAP. CV.

STORY OF ROSICRUCIUS's SEPULCHRE.

A CERTAIN person having occasion to dig somewhat deep in the ground where Rosicrucius lay interred, met with a small door, having a wall on each side of it. His curiosity, and the hopes of finding some hidden treasure, soon prompted him to force open the door. He was immediately surprised by a sudden blaze of light, and discovered a very fair vault. At the upper end of it was a statue of a man in armour sitting by a table, and leaning on his left arm. He held a truncheon in his right hand, and had a lamp burning before him. The man had no sooner set one foot within the vault than the statue erected itself from its leaning posture, stood bolt upright, and, upon his advancing another step, lifted up the truncheon in its right hand. The man ventured still a third step, when the statue, with a furious blow, broke the lamp into a thousand pieces, and left his guest in sudden darkness.

Upon the report of this adventure, the country people soon came with lights to the sepulchre, and discovered that the statue, which was made of brass, was nothing more than a piece of clock-work; that the floor of the vault was all loose, and underlaid with several springs,

which upon any man's entering, naturally produced that which happened.

Rosicrucius, say his disciples, made use of this method, to shew the world that he had re-invented the ever-burning lamps of the ancients, though he had resolved no one should reap any advantage from the discovery.

CHAP. CVI.

OF THE CROCODILE.

THE crocodile is reported to weep over its prey, and send forth a piteous and distressful cry, in order to allure men or beasts to its haunts, that it may seize and devour them. This story is variously told. Some say it devours whatever it catches, all but the head, and then weeps because no more is left to satisfy its voracious appetite.

It is most likely, on comparing the different accounts, that this animal makes a noise, which other creatures take for a complaint, though perhaps it is only a sound which it commonly sends forth over its prey, as the growling of a cat over a mouse. However that be, "crocodile's tears" are become a proverb.

As it is man's greatest praise "to be wise as a serpent and innocent as a dove," so he, who suffers himself to fall into the snares of designing men, will quickly put it out of his own power to be of service to the good and virtuous.

No principle is more noble than that of forgiving injuries; and nothing is so wicked or unprofitable as a rancorous revenge. Heaven itself commands us to forgive our enemies; but, it is the height of folly to trust those who have injured us.

There are some people, who will even seem to lament

their former injuries, in order to have it in their power to do you fresh ones. Beware of such persons. Do them no harm, but take care not to put it in their power to do you any.

If you would pass through life with any degree of satisfaction, it is necessary that you be good and prudent. Wisdom is the sister of virtue. Join them both in your conduct; and, if it should happen that you do not enjoy all the felicity you might expect, you will at least have the comfort to deserve it.

CHAP. CVII.

STORY OF A CAPTAIN OF A SHIP OF WAR, AND ONE OF THE INFERIOR OFFICERS.

AS the captain maintained the most friendly intercourse with his officers, he soon observed that one of the lieutenants laboured under some heavy distress of mind. This naturally raised his compassion; and, as real compassion never sees distress which it is not desirous of alleviating, he frequently took occasion, when they were by themselves, to turn his discourse upon such subjects as he thought might lead him to open himself. But, finding that modesty prevented him from taking the hint, he resolved to break through forms, and ask him directly.

Seeing him therefore, one day, walking the quarter-deck, in a mood of the deepest melancholy, he called him into the great cabin, and, desiring him to sit down, after a little general chat, "I fear, Sir," said he "that something hangs upon your spirits. If it is proper to be communicated, let me know what it is, and depend upon every assistance in my power to make you easy. I ask not from idle or impertinent curiosity."

"Sir," answered the lieutenant, "I believe you are above the influence of such motives, and shall therefore obey your kind commands without scruple. It is too true that I am unhappy; and I fear my unhappiness is too common. I have devoted my life to a profession, in which I have served my country above forty years with fidelity; and, I will take the liberty to say, with some success. And now, when my constitution is broken, with wounds, fatigues, and change of climates,—when nature calls for rest and refreshment, the only reward I have to expect is poverty, and its inseparable attendant, contempt. This, Sir, is the cause of my unhappiness; and such a cause as I believe you will think to be a just one."

"Very true, Sir," replied the captain, "it is a just one; and what must affect every man of spirit and a generous way of thinking. But you should not yield to it too far! You are still in the vigour of life; and while the war continues, you should look forward with hope. Though you have been unsuccessful hitherto, fortune may prove more kind.

"Alas, Sir," replied the lieutenant, "I have been so long cheated by hope, that I now detest it. When I came out upon this last expedition, our forces made me so confident of success, and I was so well acquainted with the wealth in the place, that I unhappily gave way to hope, and ran into expences, which, though far from being unnecessary, were imprudent, and threaten now to involve me in ruin on my return home, as it has been thought proper, by our superiors, to rate our service in the conquest at so low a rate."

"If that is the case then," said the captain, "do not return till matters mend. Whenever I am ordered home, I will take care to get you removed into another ship. Your staying abroad on such an account is not incon-

sistent with the strictest honour, as you do it with an intention truly honest.

"Dear sir," answered the lieutenant, "that is very true. But I have a wife and children at home, the apprehension of whose distresses drives me to despair. All the former savings of my life will be torn away by the rapacious hands of merciless creditors, and my wretched family thrown upon the unfriendly world without its being in my power to assist them. I must therefore return, and go into a jail to prevent their starving in the streets. What affected myself only, honest indignation enabled me to support. I have seen boys, whose ignorance I despised, and men, whose principles I detested, preferred to command, while my services were overlooked. As, however, I had not the interest of the former, nor the *modish merit* of the latter, I bore my fate with patience. But, to have those dearer to me than life, exposed to misery, is more than I can bear.

"Nor shall I bear it;" replied the captain, who had feigned to cough, to hide the sympathetic tear that glistened in his eye. "How much is the debt that alarms you? I will advance it for you directly; and not that only, but I will also take upon me to make your merit known to your superiors, in such a light as shall not fail of just reward."

"O sir," said the lieutenant, as soon as the fulness of his heart gave him utterance, "how can I submit to obligations, to which it is impossible I should ever make any return?"

"All the return I desire," answered the captain, "is your friendship. Speak! how much do you want? The packet is yet in sight. I will order a signal to be made for her, and give you a draft upon my agent."

"Can there be such a virtue in man!" exclaimed the lieutenant.

"Come! what is the sum?" interrupted the captain: "I shall think you doubt my sincerity, if you hesitate to accept my friendship."

"Such a doubt," replied the lieutenant, whose heart a gush of tears had lightened, "would be a blacker crime than ever stained my soul! No! I receive your beneficence with humble gratitude, as from the hand of heaven, nor will I mention any other return, but what must be made to that, till it shall be pleased to bless me with better ability."

The captain desired he would order a signal to be made for the packet, and write his letters, while he himself should draw a bill upon his agent.

As soon as the lieutenant went out, the captain walked a turn or two about his cabin, in the exalted happiness of conscious virtue; and then, drawing a bill for considerably more than the lieutenant was to pay, he desired he should be called, and when he entered, "I beg pardon, (said he) for interrupting you, but it is to desire that you will present my compliments to your wife, and tell her, I beg she well accept of a trifling present from me, which I have taken the liberty to include in the bill. Come! no words! In this I will not be contradicted."

"O Sir!" answered the lieutenant, catching his hand as he reached him the bill, and kissing it eagerly, "This is too much! My heart will burst."—Saying which, he went out of the cabin in a silence more expressive of his soul, than all the flights of eloquence.

CHAP. CVIII.

STORY OF GENERAL CATINAT.

AFTER the battle of Marseilles, gained by Catinat, while the acclamations were still to be heard, and the general was surrounded by persons who came to congratulate him, an old soldier of his regiment broke through the crowd, and threw himself at his feet, asking forgiveness for one of their bravest fellows, whom they would have seized as a deserter; and who, the evening before, had taken a pair of colours and several prisoners. "Be easy, (said the general) let the deserter come to me." He soon appeared. "O my father, (says he) I am a gentleman, son of an officer killed in the battle of Sens. My mother was left destitute, without protection, and obliged to labour for her livelihood, and to rear me; but, when she became impotent, and reduced to the lowest state of misery, I undertook to support her. Some time after I had joined my regiment, I heard she was dangerously ill: I asked leave to go to see her, and was refused: not being able to resist the impulse of nature, I quitted my colours, and stole away; and, as soon as she was a little recovered, I rejoined the army. O my father, this is the crime I am now to expiate, and of which I yesterday endeavoured to wipe away the shame. I do not, however, solicit a pardon, but only that, when I am no more, they will take care of my mother." "My son, (answered Catinat, quickly,) why did you not come to seek me? or, if you thought me a barbarian, why do you call me father? Your birth, and above all, your sentiments, entitle you to the rank of officer, and you shall be one. Your mother shall be succoured, and your honest comrade rewarded. Come, I will inform the king of your affair; be sure to act always as worthy a man." Catinat solicited a pension for the unfortunate mother; and, not being able to obtain

it, he paid it her out of his own pocket, in the king's name, to avoid hurting her delicacy.

CHAP. CIX.

OF THE ANCIENT IRISH.

THE manners of the ancient Irish, as we find them described by contemporary writers, were very savage. They tilled few of their lands, though naturally fruitful; nor had they any industry or skill in mechanics or in manufactures, but wore garments coarsely made of the black wool of their sheep, and lived chiefly on the flesh and milk of their cattle, or on wild roots and herbs. Their houses were such as could be easily raised and easily taken down, according as the convenience of hunting, or fishing, or removing their cattle to different pastures, or the sudden incursions of a bordering enemy, might occasionally induce them to change their abode; and therefore were not built with brick or stone, nor usually with solid beams of wood, but with twigs of ozier or wattles covered over with thatch. Even those of their kings themselves differed only from these in being more spacious; so that a castle of stone, erected at Tuam, by Roderic O'Connor, was called by his people, astonished at the novelty of it, *the wonderful castle!*

Their chief security lay in their patient enduring of the most severe hardships. From their childhood exposed to cold, to wet, and to all the inclemency of the seasons, they suffered little by wanting that protection against them, which is necessary for men not so hardily educated in more civilized countries. Thus their bogs, woods, and mountains, were citadels to them, which foreign troops, not inured to the way of living in such places, could not easily force. And hence they despised all those arts

which have a tendency to enervate either the body or the mind; abhorring to dwell in great cities, or to shut themselves up within the walls of forts, or to exchange the rough freedom of unpolished barbarism for the decent restraints of politeness. The only elegance they indulged, in their whole course of life, was the ancient custom, derived from their most remote ancestors, of entertaining their guests with the music of the harp.— Every chief had his harper, who was likewise a poet, or bard, and sang the exploits of the family to which he belonged, at all their feasts. This office was hereditary, by the old custom of Ireland. The son, however ill he might be qualified for it, succeeded to the father, and with his profession inherited a portion of land from the demesne of his lord. The songs of the bard had usually more power to incite and inflame, than the music of the harp to soften or mitigate the ferocity of the chief: so that even this recreation, which seems to indicate something gentle and approaching to politeness in the temper of the Irish, contributed to keep up that turbulent spirit, averse to order aud peace, which no prince, or legislator, that either country ever produced, had sufficient skill to controul.

CHAP. CX.

STORY OF CASTOR AND POLLUX.

CASTOR and Pollux are said to have been the sons of Leda. The former was mortal; but the latter, being the offspring of Jupiter, shared in his father's immortality. The strict friendship, and more than brotherly love, which subsisted between these chiefs, was most remarkable. Whether in war or peace, they were always together. They had the same designs, and the same pur-

suits. They were so much of the same spirit, that none could be Pollux's friend without being beloved by Castor; none could be Castor's foe without being also the enemy of Pollux.

These chiefs achieved together many noble adventures, and were the companions of Jason, when he sailed to fetch the *golden fleece* from Colchis; at which time, when the ship Argo was in danger from a storm, two strange fires were seen harmlessly playing round the heads of these youths. After this a calm ensued.

They took the city of Athens, and recovered their sister Helen, who had been stolen away by Theseus, being at the same time so merciful, that they spared all the citizens.

At last, in a battle they fought with Lynceus and Ida, the sons of Alphareus, near the mountain Taygetus, Castor, the mortal brother, was slain by Lynceus, as Lynceus was by Pollux; who, not consoled by revenging his brother's death, begged Jupiter to make him immortal. This request not being granted, he intreated that he might bestow half his own immortality upon him, so that they might live and die by turns; to which Jupiter assented. They were both afterwards received into heaven, and ranked with the gods; and, being placed among the stars, were known by the name of *gemini*, or the *twins*.

Thus far the fable, which has carried friendship and brotherly love to the greatest height possible.—As to the truth of the story, it may seem, that these brother chiefs were remarkable for their agreement in every thing, and, by their union, performed many great exploits. At length Castor was slain in battle; and Pollux, having killed Lynceus who slew him, finding it impossible to live without his brother, sought the first occasion of falling in war; and thus shared in his death, to whom all his wishes could not restore life, once departed.

"Behold the valiant Twins, whose glorious name
"The poets consecrate to endless fame!
"Two bodies swayed by one agreeing mind,
"Loving in life, and not in death disjoin'd."

Man was by nature framed for society, and there can be no happiness below without its benefit. Innumerable are the advantages derived from social connexions. By these we mutually supply the wants of each other, and enjoy those blessings of life, which otherwise we could never purchase.

Friendship is the dearest of all social ties, and adds the highest relish to these blessings. There is not in the world so unhappy a man as he who has not a friend; while he, who is possessed of such a jewel as a true one, may bear up under the storms of affliction, and rise superior to the frowns of fortune.

CHAP. CXI.

STORY CONCERNING A CLOCK.

IT is both a true and a common saying, that "custom is a second nature." It is able, indeed to form a man anew, and give him inclinations and capacities altogether different from those he was born with.

Doctor Plot, in his History of Staffordshire, tell us of an ideot, who happened to live within the sound of a clock, and always amused himself with counting the hour of the day whenever the clock struck. The clock being spoiled by some accident, the ideot continued to strike and count the hour, without the help of it, in the same manner as when it was entire. Although I dare not vouch for the truth of this story, it is very certain that custom has a mechanical effect upon the body, at the same time that it has a very extraordinary influence upon the mind.

Custom makes every thing pleasant to us. Sir Francis Bacon observes, in his Natural Philosophy, that our taste is never better pleased, than with those things which were at first unpalatable. He gives particular instances of claret, coffee, and other liquors which the palate seldom approves upon the first taste; but when it has once got a relish of them, it generally retains it for life.

The mind is constituted after the same manner; and, after having habituated herself to any particular exercise or employment, not only loses her first aversion to it, but conceives a certain fondness and affection for it. I have heard one of the greatest geniuses this age has produced, who had been trained up in all the polite studies of antiquity, assure me, upon his being obliged to search into several rolls and records, that notwithstanding such employment was at first very dry and irksome to him, he at last took an incredible pleasure in it, and preferred it even to the reading of Virgil or Cicero.

I would therefore recommend to every one that admirable precept, which Pythagoras is said to have given to his disciples: "Pitch upon that course of life which is the most excellent, and custom will render it the most delightful." Men, whose circumstances will permit them to choose their own way of life, are inexcusable if they do not pursue that which their judgment tells them is the most laudable.

Since custom is a second nature, we must gain habits of virtue in this life, if we would enjoy the pleasures of the next. The state of bliss, we call heaven, will not be capable of affecting those minds which are not thus qualified for it. We must, in this world, get a relish for truth and virtue, if we would wish to taste that knowledge and perfection which are to make us happy in the next. The seeds of those joys and pleasures, which are to rise up and flourish in the soul to all eternity, must be

planted during the present state of probation. In short, heaven is the natural effect of a religious life, as well as the reward of it.

CHAP. CXII.

ON OBEDIENCE TO THE LAWS OF OUR COUNTRY.

THERE is not a greater happiness than for a people to be governed by just and equitable laws; nor is there, among the whole catalogue of illustrious characters, one that is equal to a wise and good legislator. Ancient history has immortalized those, who, by the promulgation of good laws, have contributed to the service of their country. Sages have honoured, poets have sung them; and their memory is, as a sweet-smelling savour, grateful to all the world.

The names of Solon and Lycurgus will be had in honour, as long as the recording page of the historian shall transmit the catalogue of ancient worthies to posterity.

The harmony, resulting from a well-ordered state, has often been compared to the melody of fine music. Hence, perhaps, arose the fable of Amphion's building the walls of Thebes, merely by playing on his harp. He is represented, indeed, as a great musician; but the moral seems to indicate that he was rather a law-giver, who drew men from their woods and wilds, and, by his persuasive manner, induced them to subject themselves to laws, and live in harmony and fellowship with each other.

Subordination is the life of society, and must be enjoined by all good laws. Those who will not observe it are fit only to live in deserts, as they break that union which is necessary in all communities.

CHAP. CXIII.

STORY OF A NOBLE SPANIARD.

WHILE the English were besieging a city, in one of the Spanish settlements, a noble Spaniard, who had penetrated so far into the trenches that it was impossible for him to get back, fell, wounded, into the hands of the English. The gallantry with which he had defended himself, gained him respect from his enemies; and he was treated with that generous tenderness, which brave men feel for each other.

Struck with a behaviour so different from what he expected, (for he had been taught to look upon the English as enemies to mankind, and delighting in the most savage cruelty) he desired to be led to the commander, to whom, he said, he had something of consequence to propose. Accordingly, as soon as his wounds were dressed, he was conducted to the general, and, advancing to him with an air of dignity, "I am come illustrious chief, (said he) to thank you for the humane and generous treatment I have received from your brave soldiers, which, if known to my countrymen, would bring about an accommodation between them and you. I speak not this from ignorance. My father is governor of the city. If you will let him know that I am your captive, he will immediately pay for me whatever ransom you desire. and, on my return, I will faithfully remove the prejudices which keep up their animosity against you, and, by that means, open the way to a reconciliation, till the pleasures of our sovereigns shall restore peace to their subjects."

Such an offer required no arguments to enforce it.—"The English," answered the general, "never abuse the advantages they obtain in war. I desire no ransom for your liberty. You are free to return to your father, when you please; and, if you can be the means of pre-

venting the effusion of blood, I shall think myself happy in having an opportunity to shew respect to all, whom you shall recommend as your friends, and deserving of it."

These words filled the benevolent heart of the Spaniard with joy. "I fly," replied he, eagerly, "to execute a commission, in which there can be no difficulty. As you are brave, and faithful to your sovereign, you will require no terms, which brave men, and good subjects, ought not to comply with."

The general then prevailed upon him to take some refreshment; after which, he went with him to the head of the lines, where he dismissed him with every mark of respect, attended by an officer, with a *flag of truce*, to bring back the governor's answer.

But this pleasing prospect was soon overcast. The officer and he had not advanced above half way, between the trenches and the town, when they were fired upon by a party of Spaniards, who lay in ambush among the ruins of some old buildings. At the first sound of their fire, the Spaniard rushed forward in order to put a stop to it, and the officer waved his flag of truce over his head: but that sacred ensign afforded him no protection. They repeated their shot, and, seeing him fall, ran up, and, in spite of all the Spaniard could do, who received a mortal wound as he covered his body with his own, butchered him in the most barbarous manner, replying to his appeal to the law of nations, "That heretics were excluded from the benefit of all laws."

The indignation, with which such an outrage fired the English forces, is not to be described. They vowed to exterminate a people, who were unworthy to live; and, in the first madness of their rage, were with difficulty restrained from attempting to storm the walls, before a breach should give them a possibility of success.

The leaders did not fail to improve such a spirit.—

Every thing was pushed on with redoubled vigour; and war became more horrible, when blackened with a passion for revenge, which had taken such possession of the men, that it was some time before all the endeavours of their officers could put a stop to their indulging it, and bring them back to that generous valour which is their peculiar glory.

CHAP. CXIV.

ON THE DEFEAT OF THE GAULS IN ASIA MINOR.

THE Gauls, who had settled in Asia Minor, having aided Antiochus with troops, incurred the displeasure of the Romans; and Manlius, the consul, was sent to attack them with a considerable army. Manlius thought it would be necessary to harangue his forces on this occasion before they engaged the enemy. His speech was to this purpose.

"I am not in the least surprised," said he, "that the Gauls should have spread terror among nations, whose minds are of so soft and effeminate a cast as the Asiatics. Their tall stature; their flowing hair, which descends to their waists; their unwieldly bucklers and long swords; their songs, blended with cries and howlings, at the first onset; the dreadful clashing of their arms and shields, may, indeed, intimidate men not accustomed to them; but not you, O Romans, whose victorious arms have so often triumphed over that nation. Besides, experience has taught you, that, after the Gauls have spent their first fire, an obstinate resistance blunts the edge of their courage as well as their bodily strength, and that then, quite incapable of supporting the heat of the sun, fatigue,

dust, and thirst, their arms fall from their hands, and they sink down tired and exhausted. Do not imagine that these are the ancient Gauls, inured to fatigues and dangers.— The luxurious plenty of the country they have invaded, the soft temperature of the air they breathe, the effeminacy and delicacy of the people among whom they live, have entirely enervated them. They now are no more than Phrygians in Gallic armour; and the only circumstances of fear is, that you will not reap much honour by the defeat of a rabble of enemies, so unworthy of disputing victory with Romans."

After Manlius had ended his speech, the army discovered, by their shouts, how impatiently they desired to be led against the enemy; and accordingly the consul entered their territories. The Gauls did not imagine that the Romans would invade them, and therefore were not prepared to oppose them. But, notwithstanding this, they made a long and vigorous resistance. They laid wait for Manlius in defiles; disputed the passes with him, and shut themselves up in their strongest fortresses. The consul, however, was not discouraged, but pursued, and forced them wherever he came. He attacked them separately, stormed their cities, and defeated them in several engagements. They were at last obliged to submit, and to confine themselves within the bounds prescribed them.

It was a general opinion, with regard to the ancient Gauls, that a sure way to conquer them was, to let them exhaust their first fire, which was immediately deadened by opposition; and that, when once this edge of their vivacity was blunted, they were incapable of sustaining the slightest fatigues, or of withstanding the sun-beams, when they darted with ever so little violence. As they were more than men in the beginning of an action, they were less than women at the conclusion of it.

CHAP. CXV.

OF APELLES, THE FAMOUS PAINTER.

IT is probable, that the arts of painting and carving began at one time, both being built upon the same principles of drawing and designing. We know that sculpture was practised in the time of Abraham; and it is very natural to suppose, that painting is at least as old. There were no less than six great painters in the time of Alexander the Great, of whom Apelles, Protogenes, and Zeuxis, were the most famous; and, though time has robbed us of the works of these eminent masters, yet we may judge of their performances by the sculptures of the same age, the value of which is well known, and of which we have preserved many to this day. The price at which they sold their pictures may also shew their value; for, Apelles had a hundred talents, which is about twenty thousand pounds, for one picture.

Apelles lived in the four hundred and twenty-second year of Rome, and was called the prince of painters. He excelled all his predecessors in that art, and compiled several books, laying down the true fundamentals of painting. His principal excellence was, the knowing when he had done enough. Few strokes finished his pictures, and he never redoubled them. He used to say, that Protogenes, his co-temporary, spoiled many of his best pictures, by re-touching them too often.

Before he knew the person of Protogenes he saw some of his pieces, and, highly admiring them went to Rhodes to make him a visit. He found him not at home; but, seeing a table prepared for painting on, he took up a pencil, and, with one stroke of it, struck the outline of the face of Alexander, his prince. When Protogenes returned, he knew who must have been there, since none but Apelles could have done so masterly a performance;

but, being obliged to go out again, he took up a pencil with another colour, and struck a line close within Apelles's, as nicely as he had done the first, and every where touching it at the edge. Apelles, calling again, was amazed to see himself outdone, and took up a pencil with a third colour, in which he struck a third line, cutting Protogenes's in two all the way, so that it was impossible to draw another within that. Protogenes, more amazed at this than at the first, sought out the master, and entertained him at his house.

No more was ever done to this piece, yet it was preserved as of more value than all the other paintings then in being, and perished at length by a fire in one of the palaces of the Cæsars. I mention this story for the sake of the history it gives us of the method of the painting of the ancients, that the outline was struck, in a manner, at a stroke, like the flourishing of a pen, and not by the hundred thousand retouches of the pencil, as is now the custom; and to this is owing the masterly simplicity of their pieces.

All the remains we have of antiquity, and all the ancient paintings discovered at Herculaneum, are of this kind, and represent the statues of the Greeks.

Apelles had a nobleness of mind, and the generosity to praise even a rival in his own art. It is well known how highly he was in favour with Alexander; yet, when he had been at Rhodes to see Protogenes, he introduced him to that prince; and, when Alexander asked him what he demanded for all the pictures he had done, and he was about to name a trifling sum, Apelles valued them at fifty talents, near ten thousand pounds, which was paid him for them.

Apelles, however, after the death of Alexander, had well nigh perished by the anger of Ptolemy, king of Egypt. The accident is a very memorable one. He was

shipwrecked on the coast of Egypt, and obliged to go to Alexandria, where Ptolemy then kept his court. Though they knew he was not in favour, the painters of Alexandria dreaded so great a rival, and contrived to dispatch him. They knew Ptolemy's dislike to him, and prevailed upon one of his servants to pretend an invitation for him to supper from the king, not doubting but that the passionate temper of Ptolemy would immediately order to death a person he disliked, who dared to come, uninvited, into his presence. The hour approached, and, the painter appearing, the king, in an angry tone, asked him what business he had there? When Apelles told him that he was invited to sup, his majesty was more enraged than before; and sending for the persons employed to carry messages from him, desired him to point out the person who asked him. Apelles acknowledged he was not there, but told the king he would soon discover him; when, taking a piece of charcoal from the earth, he, with a single stroke, gave the outline of the person's face who invited him. The likeness was so very striking, that the king immediately knew whom it represented On being questioned about the matter, the man said that he did it by the persuasion of the painters; who, by this malicious contrivance, much increased the reputation of Apelles.

Time has deprived the world of all the works of Apelles, as well as those of Zeuxis and Parrhasius, who could, by their pictures, deceive even animals and one another One of them painted a bunch of grapes so naturally, that the birds flew to peck at it; and the other drew a coarse cloth in so masterly a manner, that the other painter bade him take away the cloth that he might see the picture.

CHAP. CXVI.

OF THE RENOWNED SCIPIO.

PUBLIUS Cornelius Scipio, surnamed Africanus, was son of Publius Scipio, who was killed in Spain. He first distinguished himself at the battle of Ticinus, where he saved his father's life by deeds of uncommon valour and boldness. The battle of Cannæ, which proved so fatal to the Roman arms, instead of disheartening Scipio, raised his expectations; and, he no sooner heard that some of his desperate countrymen wished to abandon Italy, and to fly from the insolence of the conqueror, than, with his sword in his hand, and by his firmness and example, he obliged them to swear eternal fidelity to Rome, and to put to immediate death the first man who attempted to retire from his country.

In his twenty-first year, Scipio was made an Edile, an honourable office, which was never given but to such as had reached their twenty seventh year. Some time after, the Romans were alarmed by intelligence, that the commanders of their forces in Spain, Publius and Cneus Scipio, had been slaughtered; and immediately young Scipio was appointed to avenge the death of his father and his uncle, and to vindicate the military honour of the republic. It was soon known how able he was to be at the head of an army; the various nations of Spain were conquered; and in four years the Carthaginians were banished from that part of the continent; the whole province became tributary to Rome: New Carthage submitted in one day; and, in one battle, fifty-four thousand of the enemy were left dead in the field. After these signal victories, Scipio was recalled to Rome, which still trembled at the continual alarms of Hannibal, who was at her gates. The conqueror of the Carthaginians in Spain was looked upon as a proper general to enconnter Hannibal

in Italy; but Scipio opposed the measures which his countrymen wished to pursue; and he declared in the senate, that, if Hannibal was to be conquered, he must be conquered in Africa. These bold measures were immediately adopted, though opposed by the eloquence, age, and experience, of the great Fabius; and Scipio was empowered to conduct the war on the coasts of Africa.

With the dignity of consul he embarked for Carthage. Success attended his arms; his conquests were here as rapid as in Spain; the Carthaginian armies were routed; the camp of the crafty Asdrubal was set on fire during the night, and his troops totally defeated in a drawn battle. These repeated losses alarmed Carthage. Hannibal, who was victorious at the gates of Rome, was instantly recalled to defend the walls of his country; and the two greatest generals of that age met one another in the field. Terms of accommodation were proposed; but, in the parly which the two commanders had together, nothing satisfactory was offered; and, while the one enlarged on the vicissitude of human affairs, the other wished to dictate like a conqueror, and recommended the decision of the controversy to the sword. This celebrated battle was fought near Zama, and both generals displayed their military knowledge in drawing up their armies and in choosing their ground. Their courage and intrepidity was not less conspicuous in charging the enemy; a thousand acts of valour were performed on both sides; and, though the Carthaginians fought in their own defence, and the Romans for fame and glory, yet the conqueror of Italy was conquered. About 20,000 Carthaginians were slain, and the same number made prisoners of war. Only 2,000 of the Romans were killed. This battle was decisive; the Carthaginians sued for peace, which Scipio at last granted on the most severe and humiliating terms. The conqueror, after this, returned to Rome, where he was received with

the most unbounded applause, honoured with a triumph, and dignified with the appellation of Africanus. Here he enjoyed for some time the tranquillity and the honours which his exploits merited; but in him also, as in other great men, fortune shewed herself inconstant.

Scipio offended the populace in wishing to distinguish the senators from the rest of the people at the public exhibitions; and, when he canvassed for the consulship for two of his friends, he had the mortification to see his application slighted, and the honours which he claimed bestowed on a man of no character, and recommended by no quality or meritorious deed. He retired from Rome, no longer to be a spectator of the ingratitude of his countrymen; and, in the capacity of lieutenant, he accompanied his brother against Antiochus, king of Syria. In this expedition his arms were attended with his usual success; and the Asiatic monarch submitted to the conditions which the conquerors offered. At his return to Rome, Africanus found the malevolence of his opposers unabated. Cato, his inveterate enemy, raised seditions against him; and the Petilii, two tribunes of the people, accused the conqueror of Hannibal of extortion in the provinces of Asia, and of living in an indolent and luxurious manner. Scipio condescended to answer to the accusation of his calumniators: the first day was spent in hearing the different charges; but, when he again appeared on the second day of his trial, the accused interrupted his judges, and exclaimed, "Tribunes, and fellow-citizens; on this day, this very day, did I conquer Hannibal and the Carthaginians! Come therefore with me, Romans; let us go to the capitol, and there return our thanks to the immortal gods for the victories which have attended our arms!" These words had the desired effect; the tribes and all the assembly followed Scipio, the court was deserted, and the tribunes were left alone in the seat of judgment.

Yet, when this memorable day was past and forgotten, Africanus was a third time summoned to appear; but he had fled before the impending storm, and retired to his country-house at Liternum. The accusation was therefore stopped, and the accusers silenced; when one of the tribunes, formerly distinguished for his malevolence against Scipio, rose to defend him, and declared in the assembly, that it reflected the highest disgrace on the Roman people, that the conqueror of Hannibal should become the sport of the populace, and be exposed to the malice and envy of disappointed ambition.

Some time after, Scipio died in the place of his retreat, about 182 years before Christ, in the 48th year of his age: and so great an aversion did he express, as he expired, for the depravity of the Romans, and the ingratitude of their senators, that he ordered his bones not to be conveyed to Rome. They were accordingly inhumated at Liternum, where his wife Æmilia, the daughter of Paulus Æmilius, who fell at the battle of Cannæ, raised a mausoleum on his tomb, and placed upon it his statue, with that of the poet Ennius, who had been the companion of his peace and of his retirement.

CHAP. CXVII.

A CHARACTER.

"A DOG," says one of the English poets, "is an honest creature, and I am a friend to dogs." Of all the beasts that graze the lawn, or hunt the forest, a dog is the only animal, that, leaving his fellows, attempts to cultivate the friendship of man. To man he looks, in all his necessities, with a speaking eye, for assistance; exerts for him all the little service in his power with chearfulness and pleasure; for him bears famine and fatigue

with patience and resignation. No injuries can abate his fidelity: no distress induce him to forsake his benefactor. Studious to please, and fearing to offend, he is still an humble, stedfast, dependent; and in him, alone, fawning is not flattery. By him, the midnight robber is kept at a distance, and the insidious thief is often detected. The healthful chace repairs many a broken constitution; and the poor man finds in his dog a willing assistant, eager to lessen his toil, and content with the smallest retribution. —How unkind, then, to torture this faithful creature, who has left the forest to claim the protection of man! How ungrateful a return to the trusty animal for all its services!

CHAP. CXVIII.

AUKWARDNESS IN COMPANY.

WHEN an aukward fellow first comes into a room, he attemps to bow; and his sword, if he wears one, gets between his legs, and nearly throws him down. Confused and ashamed, he stumbles to the upper end of the room, and seats himself in the very place where he should not. He there begins playing with his hat, which he presently drops; and, recovering his hat, he lets fall his cane; and, in picking up his cane, down goes his hat again. Thus, it is a considerable time before he is adjusted.

When his tea or coffee is handed to him, he spreads his handkerchief upon his knee, scalds his mouth, drops either the cup or the saucer, and spills the tea or coffee in his lap. At dinner, he seats himself upon the edge of the chair, at so great a distance from the table, that he frequently drops his meat between his plate and his mouth. He holds his knife, fork, and spoon, differently from other people; eats with his knife, to the manifest danger of his mouth, and picks his teeth with his fork.

If he is to carve, he cannot hit the joint; but in labouring to cut through the bone, splashes the sauce over every body's clothes. He generally daubs himself all over. His elbows are in the next person's plate; and he is up to his knuckles in soup and grease. If he drinks, it is with his mouth full, interrupting the whole company with—"To your good health, sir," and, "my service to you;" perhaps coughs in his glass, and besprinkles the whole table.

He addresses the company by improper titles; mistakes one name for another; begins a story, but, not being able to finish it, breaks off in the middle, with—"I've forgot the rest."

CHAP. CXIX.

HONOUR COMPARED WITH RELIGION.

TRUE honour, though it be a different principle from religion, is that which produces the same effects. The lines of action, though drawn from different parts, terminate in the same point. Religion embraces virtue, as it is enjoined by the laws of God; honour, as it is graceful and ornamental to human nature. The religious man fears, the man of honour scorns to do an ill action. The latter considers vice as something that is beneath him; the former, as something that is offensive to the divine Being: the one, as what is unbecoming; the other, as what is forbidden. Thus Seneca speaks in the natural and genuine language of a man of honour, when he declares, that, were there no God to see or punish vice, he would not commit it, because it is of so mean, so base, and so vile a nature.

CHAP. CXX.

ASTONISHING INSTANCE OF COURAGE.

PORSENNA, the most potent king in Italy, having undertaken to restore the Tarquins to the throne of Rome, from which they had been banished for their cruelty and oppression, sent proposals to the senate for that purpose; but, finding they were rejected with scorn, he advanced towards Rome, in a confident persuasion that he should easily reduce it. When he came to the bridge, and saw the Romans drawn up in order of battle before the river, he was surprised at their resolution; and not doubting but he should overpower them with numbers, prepared to fight. All fled into the city, over the bridge; which, at the same time, would have offered a passage to the enemy, if Rome had not found, in the heroic courage of one of her citizens, a bulwark as strong as the highest walls. Publius Horatius was the man, surnamed Cocles, because he had but one eye, having lost the other in a battle. He was the strongest and most undaunted of all the Romans. He used every method to stop the flying army; but, perceiving that neither entreaties nor exhortations could overcome their fear, he resolved, however badly supported he might be, to defend the entrance of the bridge, till it was demolished behind. On the success of this, depended the preservation of the city. Standing alone against a whole army, he obliged them to retire and save themselves. He even dared to insult his numerous enemies; and cast terrible looks upon the principal Hetrurians. One while he challenged them to a single combat; and then bitterly reproached them all. "Vile slaves!" said he, "not satisfied with being unmindful of your own, ye are come to deprive others of their liberty, who have had the courage to assume it." Covered with his buckler, he sustained a shower of darts; and, at last,

when they were all preparing to rush upon him, the bridge was entirely demolished, and Cocles, throwing himself, with his arms, into the Tyber, safely swam over; having performed an action, says Livy, that will command the admiration more than the faith of posterity. He was received in triumph by the Romans, who erected for him a brazen statue, in armour, in the most conspicuous part of the Forum. As much land was given him as he could surround with a plough in one day; and all the inhabitants, both men and women, contributed to his reward.

CHAP. CXXI.

STORY OF THE BRAVE ACHILLES.

ONE of the greatest heroes of ancient Greece, was the son of Peleus and Thetis. He was a native of Phthia, in Thessaly. His mother, it is said, in order to consume every mortal part of his body, used to lay him every night under live coals, anointing him with ambrosia, which preserved every part from burning but one of his lips, owing to his having licked it. She dipped him also in the river Styx, by which his whole body became invulnerable, except that part of his heel by which she held him. But this opinion is not universal, nor is it a part of his character, as drawn by Homer; for, in the Iliad (B. xxi. 161.) he is actually wounded in the right arm by the lance of Asteropœus, in the battle near the Scamander. Thetis afterwards entrusted him to the care of the centaur Chiron, who, to give him the strength necessary for martial toil, fed him with honey and the marrow of lions and wild boars. To prevent his going to the siege of Troy, she disguised him in female apparel, and hid him

among the maidens at the court of king Lycomedes: but Ulysses discovering him, persuaded him to follow the Greeks. Achilles distinguished himself by a number of heroic actions at the siege. Being disgusted, however, with Agamemnon for the loss of Briseïs, he retired from the camp. But, returning to avenge the death of his friend Patroclus, he slew Hector, fastened his corpse to his chariot, and dragged it round the walls of Troy. At last Paris, the brother of Hector, wounded him in the heel with an arrow, while he was in the temple treating about his marriage with Polyxena, daughter to king Priam. Of this wound he died, and was interred on the promontory of Sigæum; and, after Troy was taken, the Greeks sacrificed Polyxena on his tomb, in obedience to his desire, that he might enjoy her company in the Elysian fields. It is said, that Alexander, seeing his tomb, honoured it by placing a crown upon it; at the same time crying out, that "Achilles was happy in having, during his life, such a friend as Patroclus, and, after his death, a poet like Homer." Achilles is supposed to have died 1183 years before the christian æra.

CHAP. CXXII.

ON THE CREATION.

NOW let the spacious world arise!
 Said the creator Lord:
At once th' obedient earth and skies
 Rose at his sov'reign word.

Dark was the deep, the waters lay
 Confus'd, and drown'd the land:
He call'd the light: the new-born day
 Attends on his command.

He bids the clouds ascend on high:
  The clouds ascend, and bear
A wat'ry treasure to the sky,
  And float on softer air.

The liquid element below
  Was gather'd by his hand;
The rolling seas together flow,
  And leave a solid land.

With herbs and plants (a flow'ry birth)
  The naked globe he crown'd,
Ere there was rain to bless the earth,
  Or sun to warm the ground.

Then he adorn'd the upper skies;
  Behold, the sun appears;
The moon and stars in order rise
  To mark our months and years.

Out of the deep th' almighty King
  Did vital beings frame,
And painted fowls of ev'ry wing,
  And fish of ev'ry name.

He gave the lion and the worm
  At once their wond'rous birth;
And grazing beasts of various form
  Rose from the teeming earth.

Adam was form'd of equal clay,
  The sov'reign of the rest;
Design'd for nobler ends than they,
  With God's own image blest.

Thus glorious in the Maker's eye
  The young creation stood;
He saw the building from on high,
  His word pronounc'd it "good."

CHAP. CXXIII.

ON PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.

IF the soft hand of winning pleasure leads
  By living waters and through flow'ry meads,
When all is smiling, tranquil, and serene,
And vernal beauty paints the flattering scene;
Oh! teach me to elude the latent snare,
And whisper to my sliding heart—beware!
With caution let me hear the Syren's voice,
And, doubtful, with a trembling heart rejoice.

If friendless in a vale of tears I stray,
Where briers wound, and thorns perplex my way;
Still let my steady soul my goodness see,
And with strong confidence lay hold on thee;
With equal eye my various lot receive;
Resign'd to die, or resolute to live;
Prepar'd to kiss the sceptre or the rod,
While God is seen in all, and all in God.

CHAP. CXXIV.

THE CREATOR's PRAISE SET FORTH.

BEGIN the high celestial strain,
  My ravish'd soul and sing
A solmn hymn of grateful praise
  To heaven's almighty King.

Ye curling fountains, as ye roll
  Your silver waves along,
Whisper to all your verdant shores
  The subject of my song.

Retain it long, ye echoing rocks,
  The sacred sound retain,
And from your hollow winding caves
  Return it oft again.

Bear it, ye winds, on all your wings,
  To distant climes away,
And round the wide extended world
  My lofty theme convey.

Take the glad burden of his name,
  Ye clouds as you arise,
Whether to deck the golden morn,
  Or shade the ev'ning skies.

Let harmless thunders roll along
  The smooth ethereal plain,
And answer, from the crystal vault,
  To ev'ry flying strain.

Long let it warble round the spheres,
  And echo through the sky,
Till angels, with immortal skill,
  Improve the harmony.

While I, with sacred rapture fir'd,
The blest Creator sing,
And warble consecrated lays
To heaven's almighty King.

CHAP. CXXV.

ON THE SUPREME BEING.

I READ God's awful name, imprinted high,
With golden letters on the starry sky;
Nor less the striking characters I see
Wrought in each flower, inscrib'd on ev'ry tree;
In ev'ry leaf that trembles to the breeze
I hear the voice of God among the trees,
With thee in shady solitudes I walk,
With thee in busy crowded cities talk;
In every creature own thy forming power,
In each event thy providence adore.

Thy hopes shall animate my drooping soul,
Thy precepts guide me, and thy fear controul:
Thus shall I rest, unmov'd by all alarms,
Secure within the temple of thine arms,
From anxious cares, from gloomy terrors free,
And feel myself omnipotent in thee.

Then, when the last, the closing hour draws nigh,
And earth recedes before my swimming eye;
When, trembling on the doubtful edge of fate,
I stand and stretch my view to either state;
Teach me to quit this transitory scene
With decent triumph and a look serene;
Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,
And having liv'd to thee, in thee to die.

CHAP. CXXVI.

ON SPRING.

YOUTH of the year, delightful spring;
Thy blest return on genial wing
Inspires my languid lays:
No more I sleep in sloth supine,
When all creation at thy shrine
Its annual tribute pays.

Escap'd from winter's freezing power
Each blossom greets thee, and each flower;
And, foremost of the train,
By nature (artless handmaid) drest,
The snowdrop comes in lilly'd vest,
Prophetic of thy reign.

The bright-hair'd sun, with warmth benign,
Bids tree, and shrub, and swelling vine,
Their infánt buds display:
Again the streams refresh the plains,
Which winter bound in icy chains,
And, sparkling, bless his ray.

Life-giving zephyrs breathe around,
And instant glows th' enamell'd ground
With nature's varied hue;
Not so returns our youth decay'd,
Alas, nor air, nor sun, nor shade,
The springs of life renew!

The sun's too quick revolving beam
Apace dissolves the human dream,
And brings the appointed hour;
Too late we catch the parting ray
And mourn the idly-wasted day,
No longer in our power.

Then happiest he, whose lengthen'd sight,
Pursues, by virtue's constant light,
A hope beyond the skies;
Where frowning winter ne'er shall come,
But rosy spring for ever bloom,
And suns eternal rise.

CHAP. CXXVII.

ON WINTER.

SEE hoary-headed Winter comes
In snowy vest array'd,
No tender blossom sweetly blooms
To grace the leafless shade.

At his approach the painted vale
Resigns her bright array;
Nor violet blue, nor primrose pale,
Perfumes the breath of day.

The silver stream forgets to glide,
Nor murmurs through the mead;
No more upon its grassy side
The flocks, delighted, feed.

The shady elm, the lofty oak,
Withdraw their verdant charms;
For, nature feels the withering stroke,
And sinks in Winter's arms.

CHAP. CXXVIII.

POPE's UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

FATHER of all! in ev'ry age,
  In ev'ry clime, ador'd!
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
  Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou first great Cause, least understood,
  Who all my sense confin'd
To know but this, that thou art good,
  And that myself am blind:

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
  To see the good from ill;
And, binding nature fast in fate,
  Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
  Or warns me not to do,
That teach me more than hell to shun,
  This more than heav'n pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives
  Let me not cast away;
For, God is paid when man receives;
  T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
  Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
  When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
  Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
  On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right thy grace impart
  Still in the right to stay:
If I am wrong, O! teach my heart
  To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
  Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
  Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
  To hide the fault I see:
That mercy I to others shew,
  That mercy shew to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
  Since quicken'd by thy breath:
O! lead me wheresoe'er I go,
  Through this day's life or death.

This day be bread and peace my lot:
  All else beneath the sun
Thou know'st, if best bestow'd or not,
  And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,
  Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all beings raise!
  All Nature's incense rise!

CHAP. CXXIX.

THE ART OF HAPPINESS.

ALMOST every object that attracts our notice has its bright and its dark side. He who habituates himself to look at the displeasing side, will sour his disposition, and, consequently, impair his happiness; while he, who constantly beholds it on the bright side, insensibly meliorates his temper, and, in consequence of it, improves his own happiness, and the happiness of all about him.

There is nothing more worthy of attention than the art of happiness. In conversation, as well as life, happiness very often depends upon the slightest incidents. The taking notice of the badness of the weather, a north-east wind, the approach of winter, or any trifling circumstance of the disagreeable kind, shall insensibly rob a whole company of its good humour, and fling every member of it into the vapours. If, therefore, we would be happy in ourselves, and are desirous of communicating that happiness to all about us, these minutiæ of conversation ought carefully to be attended to. The brightness of the sky, the lengthening of the day, the increasing verdure of the spring, the arrival of any little piece of good news, or whatever carries with it the most distant glimpse of joy; shall frequently be the parent of a social and happy conversation. Good manners exact from us this regard to our company. The clown may repine at the sun-shine that ripens the harvest, because his turnips are burnt up by it; but the man of refinement will extract pleasure from the thunder-storm to which he is exposed, by remarking on the plenty and refreshment which may be expected from the succeeding shower.

Thus does politeness, as well as good sense, direct us to look at every object on the bright side, and by thus acting, we cherish and improve both. By this practice it

is, that *Crito* is become one of the wisest and best-bred men living; and, by this practice, may every person arrive at that agreeableness of temper, of which the natural and never failing fruit is, happiness.

CHAP. CXXX.

THE BAD EFFECTS OF INDOLENCE.

NO other disposition or turn of mind so totally unfits a man for all the social offices of life, as indolence. An idle man is a mere blank in the creation: he seems made for no end, and lives to no purpose. He cannot engage himself in any employment or profession, because he will never have diligence enough to follow it: he can succeed in no undertaking, for he will never pursue it: he must be a bad husband, father, and relation, for he will not take the least pains to preserve his wife, children, and family from starving: and he must be a worthless friend, for he would not draw his hand from his bosom, though to prevent the destruction of the universe. If he is born poor, he will remain so all his life, which he will probably end in a ditch, or at the gallows: if he embarks in trade, he will be a bankrupt: and if he is a person of fortune, his stewards will acquire immense estates, and he himself perhaps will die in the Fleet.

Virtue is not to be considered in the light of mere innocence, or abstaining from harm, but as the exertion of our faculties in doing good: as Titus, when he had let a day slip, undistinguished by some act of virtue, cried out, "I have lost a day." If we regard our time in this light, how many days shall we look back upon as irretrievably lost? And to how narrow a compass would such a method of calculation frequently reduce the longest life? If we were to number our days, according as we have

applied them to virtue, it would occasion strange revolutions in the manner of reckoning the ages of men. We should see some few arrived at good old age in the prime of their youth, and meet with several young fellows of fourscore.

Agreeably to this way of thinking, I remember to have met with the epitaph of an aged man four years old; dating his existence from the time of his reformation from evil courses. The inscriptions on most tomb stones commemorate no acts of virtue performed by the persons who lie under them, but only record, that they were born one day, and died another. But I would fain have those people, whose lives have been useless, rendered of some service after their deaths, by affording lessons of instruction and morality to those they leave behind them. Wherefore, I could wish, that, in every parish, several acres were marked out for a new and spacious burying-ground; in which every person, whose remains are there deposited, should have a small stone over them, reckoning their age, according to the manner in which they have improved or abused the time allotted them in their lives. In such circumstances, the plate on a coffin might be the highest panegyric which the deceased could receive; and a little square stone, inscribed with *Obiit Anno Ætatis* 80, would be a nobler eulogium, than all the lapidary adulation of modern epitaphs.

CHAP. CXXXI.

OF INDUSTRY AND APPLICATION.

DILIGENCE, industry, and proper improvement of time, are material duties of the young. To no purpose are they endowed with the best abilities, if they want activity for exerting them. Unavailing, in this case,

will be every direction that can be given them, either for their temporal or spiritual welfare. In youth, the habits of industry are more easily acquired: in youth the incentives to it are strongest, from ambition and from duty, from emulation and from hope, from all the prospects which the beginning of life affords. If, dead to these calls, you already languish in slothful inaction, what will be able to quicken the more sluggish current of advancing years? Industry is not only the instrument of improvement, but the foundation of pleasure. Nothing is so opposite to the true enjoyment of life, as the relaxed and feeble state of an indolent mind. He who is a stranger to industry, may possess, but he cannot enjoy. For it is labour only which gives the relish to pleasure. It is the appointed vehicle of every good man. It is the indispensible condition of our possessing a sound mind in a sound body. Sloth is so inconsistent with both, that it is hard to determine, whether it be a greater foe to virtue, or to health and happiness. Inactive as it is in itself, its effects are fatally powerful. Though it appears a slowly-flowing stream, yet it undermines all that is stable and flourishing. It not only saps the foundation of every virtue, but pours upon you a deluge of crimes and evils. It is like water which putrifies by stagnation, and then sends up noxious vapours, and fills the atmosphere with death. Fly, therefore, from idleness, as the certain parent both of guilt and of ruin. And under idleness I include, not mere inaction only, but all that circle of trifling occupations, in which too many saunter away their youth; perpetually engaged in frivolous society, or public amusements; in the labours of dress, or the ostentation of their persons.—Is this the foundation which you lay for future usefulness and esteem? By such accomplishments, do you hope to recommend yourselves to the thinking part of the world, and to answer the expectation of your friends

and your country?—Amusements youth requires: it were vain, it were cruel, to prohibit them. But, though allowable as the relaxation, they are most culpable as the business of the young. For they then become the gulph of time, and the poison of the mind. They foment bad passions. They weaken the manly powers. They sink the native vigour of youth into contemptible effeminacy.

CHAP. CXXXII.

ON EARLY APPLICATION TO WISDOM.

IT is necessary to habituate our minds, in our younger years, to some employment, which may engage our thoughts, and fill the capacity of the soul at a riper age. For, however we may roam in youth from folly to folly, too volatile for rest, too soft and effeminate for industry, ever ambitious to make a splendid figure; yet the time will come when we shall outgrow the relish of childish amusements; and if we are not provided with a taste for manly satisfactions to succeed in their room, we must of course become miserable, at an age more difficult to be pleased. While men, however unthinking and unemployed, enjoy an inexhaustible flow of vigorous spirits, a constant succession of gay ideas, which flutter and sport in the brain, makes them pleased with themselves, and with every frolic as trifling as themselves. But, when the ferment of their blood abates, and the freshness of their youth, like the morning dew, passes away, their spirits flag for want of entertainments more satisfactory in themselves, and more suited to a manly age; and the soul, from a sprightly impertinence, from quick sensations, and florid desires, subsides into a dead calm, and sinks into a flat stupidity. The fire of a glowing imagination (the property of youth) may make folly look pleasing, and

lend a beauty to objects, which have none inherent in them: just as the sun-beams may paint a cloud, and diversify it with beautiful stains of light, however dark, unsubstantial, and empty in itself. But nothing can shine with undiminished lustre, but religion and knowledge, which are essentially and intrinsically bright. Take it therefore for granted, which you will find by experience, that nothing can be long entertaining, but what is in some measure beneficial; because nothing else will bear a calm and sedate review. You may be fancied for a while, upon the account of good-nature, the inseparable attendant upon a flush of sanguine health, and a fulness of youthful spirits; but you will find, in process of time, that among the wise and good, useless good-nature is the object of pity, ill-nature of hatred; but nature beautified and improved by an assemblage of moral and intellectual endowments is the only object of a solid and lasting esteem.

CHAP. CXXXIII.

ON THE VALUE OF TIME TO YOUTH.

THERE is nothing which I more wish that you should know, and which fewer people do know, than the true use and value of time. It is in every body's mouth; but in few people's practice. Every fool who slatterns away his whole time in trifles, utters, however, some trite common-place sentence, of which there are millions, to prove, at once, the value and the fleetness of time. The sun-dials, likewise, all over Europe, have some ingenious inscription to that effect; so that nobody squanders away his time, without hearing and seeing, daily, how necessary it is to employ it well, and how irrecoverable it is if lost. But all these admonitions are

useless, wherethere is not a fund of good sense and reason to suggest them, rather than receive them. By the manner in which you now tell me that you employ your time, I flatter myself, that you have that fund: that is the fund which will make you rich indeed. I do not, therefore, mean to give you a critical essay upon the use and abuse of time; I will only give you some hints, with regard to the use of one particular period of that long time which, I hope, you have before you; I mean, the next two years. Remember then, that whatever knowledge you do not solidly lay the foundation of before you are eighteen, you will never be master of while you breathe. Knowledge is a comfortable and necessary retreat and shelter for us in an advanced age; and if we do not plant it while young, it will give us no shade when we grow old. I neither require nor expect from you great application to books, after you are once thrown out into the great world. I know it is impossible; and it may even, in some cases, be improper: this, therefore, is your time, and your only time, for unwearied and uninterrupted application. If you should sometimes think it a little laborious, consider, that labour is the unavoidable fatigue of a necessary journey. The more hours a day you travel, the sooner you will be at your journey's end. The sooner you are qualified for your liberty, the sooner you shall have it; and your manumission will entirely depend upon the manner in which you employ the intermediate time. I think I offer you a very good bargain, when I promise you, upon my word, that, if you will do every thing that I would have you do, till you are eighteen, I will do every thing that you would have me do, ever afterwards.

CHAP. CXXXIV.

ON THE NECESSITY OF AN EARLY ACQUISITION OF VIRTUOUS HABITS.

LET not the season of youth be barren of improvements, so essential to your future felicity and honour. Your character is now of your own forming; your fate is, in some measure, put into your own hands. Your nature is as yet pliant and soft. Habits have not established their dominion. Prejudices have not preoccupied your understanding. The world has not had time to contract and debase your affections. All your powers are more vigorous, disembarrassed, and free, than they will be at any future period. Whatever impulse you now give to your desires and passions, the direction is likely to continue. It will form the channel in which your life is to run; nay, it may determine its everlasting issue. Consider then the employment of this important period, as the highest trust which shall ever be committed to you; as, in a great measure, decisive of your happiness, in time and in eternity. As in the succession of the seasons, each, by the invariable laws of nature, affects the productions of what is next in course; so, in human life, every period of our age, according as it is well or ill spent, influences the happiness of that which is to follow. Virtuous youth gradually brings forward accomplished and flourishing manhood: and such manhood passes of itself, without uneasiness, into respectable and tranquil old age. But, when nature is turned out of its regular course, disorder takes place in the moral, just as in the vegetable world. If the spring put forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn no fruit: so, if youth be trifled away without improvement, manhood will be contemptible, and old age miserable.

CHAP. CXXXV.

ON RELIGIOUS PRINCIPLES AND BEHAVIOUR.

RELIGION is rather a matter of sentiment than reasoning. The important and interesting articles of faith are sufficiently plain. Fix your attention on these, and do not meddle with controversy. If you get into that, you plunge into a chaos, from which you will never be able to extricate yourselves. It spoils the temper, and, I suspect, has no good effect on the heart.

Avoid all books, and all conversation, that tend to shake your faith on those great points of religion, which should serve to regulate your conduct, and on which your hopes of future and eternal happiness depend.

Never indulge yourselves in ridicule on religious subjects; nor give countenance to it in others, by seeming diverted with what they say. This, to people of good breeding, will be a sufficient check.

I wish you to go no farther than the scriptures for your religious opinions. Embrace those you find clearly revealed. Never perplex yourselves about such as you do not understand, but treat them with silent and becoming reverence.

I would advise you to read only such religious books as are addressed to the heart, such as inspire pious and devout affections, such as are proper to direct you in your conduct, and not such as tend to entangle you in the endless maze of opinions and systems.

Be punctual in the stated performance of your private devotions, morning and evening. If you have any sensibility or imagination, this will establish such an intercourse between you and the Supreme Being, as will be of infinite consequence to you in life. It will communicate an habitual chearfulness to your tempers, give a firmness and a steadiness to your virtue, and enable you to go

through all the vicissitudes of human life with propriety and dignity.

I wish you to be regular in your attendance on public worship, and in receiving the communion. Allow nothing to interrupt your public or private devotions, except the performance of some active duty in life, to which they should always give place.—In your behaviour at public worship, observe an exemplary attention and gravity.

That extreme strictness which I recommend to you in these duties, will be considered by many of your acquaintance as a superstitious attachment to forms; but, in the advices I give you on this and other subjects, I have an eye to the spirit and manners of the age. There is a levity and dissipation in the present manners, a coldness and listlessness in whatever relates to religion, which cannot fail to infect you, unless you purposely cultivate in your minds a contrary bias, and make the devotional taste habitual.

CHAP. CXXXVI.

ON THE CHOICE OF FRIENDS.

YOU have no need of high encomiums on friendship, to raise it in your estimation. Youth is the favourite soil of this, as of all the other social affections. In men whom age has cooled, and experience cautioned, who have suffered from the worthlessness of many, and from the selfishness of more, the fund of confidence and sensibility, with which they began the world, is too often exhausted. They are little inclined to form new connections; and however they may cherish such as are old, partly through the power of habit, and partly through the remembrance of that smiling season, from whose contemplation, even long after it is past, they now and then

catch a reviving ray, yet the enthusiasm with which they then loved, is felt no more, unless, perhaps, by a very few hearts originally cast in a finer mould. Safety and ease are chiefly sought by declining nature. Necessity succeeds to choice; and the charm of fervent esteem and fond complacence is chilled and shrivelled by the coldness of worldly policy.

But such, alas! is the mixed condition of humanity, as to admit of no advantage without some abatement. At the same time that the young are qualified to enjoy intensely all that is most exquisite in the sweetest of the bosom, there is infinite danger, lest they should be hurried by eagerness, or betrayed by credulity, into extravagant attachments and pernicious intimacies, under the specious semblance of friendship. By expecting more from its gratification than it can give where it is realized, and by seeking that qualification where it cannot be found, endless disappointments are sustained, and fatal mischiefs are incurred.

It is painful to think, that youth have commonly least discretion when they want it most; I mean, when they are contracting regards, and forming unions which may probably determine the colour of their whole existence. Happy, indeed, beyond comparison, are those young men, whom the wise conduct of their parents, or other connexions, or some peculiar favour of providence, operating in what ever manner, has early led into safe and honourable associations, not only in the road of study, or of business, but in that which chiefly engages the heart, and gives the most immediate direction to its principal movements.

CHAP. CXXXVII.

ON SCIENCE.

THE best way to learn any science is to begin with a regular system, or a short and plain scheme of that science, well drawn up into a narrow compass, omitting the deep or more abstruse parts of it, and that also under the conduct and instruction of some skillful teacher. Systems are necessary to give an entire and comprehensive view of the several parts of any science, which may have a mutual influence towards the explication or proof of each other: whereas, if a man deals always and only in essays, and discourses on particular parts of a science, he will never obtain a distinct and just idea of the whole, and perhaps may omit some important parts of it, after seven years' reading of such occasional discourses. For this reason, young students should apply themselves to their systems much more than pamphlets. That man is never fit to judge of particular subjects relating to any science, who has never taken a survey of the whole.

It is the remark of an ingenious writer, should a barbarous Indian, who had never seen a palace or a ship, view their separate and disjointed parts, and observe the pillars, doors, windows, cornices, and turrets of the one, or the prow and stern, the ribs and masts, the ropes and shrowds, the sails, and tackle of the other, he would be able to form but a very lame and dark idea of either of those excellent and useful inventions. In like manner, those who contemplate only the fragments or pieces broken off from any science, dispersed in short unconnected discourses, and do not discern their relation to each other, and how they may be adapted, and by their union procure the delightful symmetry of a regular scheme, can never survey an entire body of truth, but must always view it as deformed and distempered; while their ideas,

which must be ever indistinct and often repugnant, will lie in the brain unsorted, and thrown together without order or coherence ; such is the knowledge of those men who live upon the scraps of science.

CHAP. CXXXVIII.

ON THE ADVANTAGES OF DEVOTION.

THE philosopher contemplates the Deity in all those marks of wisdom and benignity diffused through the various works of nature. The devout man confines his views rather to his own particular connexion with the Deity, the many instances of his goodness he himself has experienced, and the many greater he still hopes for.—This establishes a kind of intercourse, which often interests the heart and passions in the deepest manner.

The devotional spirit is in some measure constitutional, depending on liveliness of imagination and sensibility of heart, and, like these qualities, prevails more in warmer climates than it does in ours. What shews its great dependence on the imagination, is the remarkable attachment it has to poetry and music, which Shakespeare calls the food of love, and which may, with equal truth, be called the food of devotion. Music enters into the future paradise of the devout of every sect and of every country.

The devotional spirit, united to good sense and a chearful temper, gives that steadiness to virtue, which it always wants when produced and supported by good natural dispositions only. It corrects and humanizes those constitutional vices, which it is not able entirely to subdue; and though it too often fails to render men perfectly virtuous, it preserves them from becoming utterly abandoned. It has, besides, the most favourable influence on all the passive virtues; it gives a softness and sensibility to the

heart, and a mildness and gentleness to the manners; but above all, it produces an universal charity and love to mankind, however different in station, country, or religion. There is a sublime yet tender melancholy, almost the universal attendant on genius, which is too apt to degenerate into gloom and disgust with the world. Devotion is admirably calculated to soothe this disposition, by insensibly leading the mind, while it seems to indulge it, to those prospects which calm every murmur of discontent, and diffuse a chearfulness over the darkest hours of human life.

Persons in the pride of high health and spirits, who are keen in the pursuits of pleasure, interest, or ambition, have either no ideas on this subject, or treat it as the enthusiasm of a weak mind. But this really shews great narrowness of understanding; a very little reflection and acquaintance with nature might teach them, on how precarious a foundation their boasted independence on religion is built; the thousand nameless accidents that may destroy it; and that though for some years they should escape these, yet that time must impair the greatest vigour of health and spirits, and deprive them of all those objects, for which, at present, they think life only worth enjoying. It should seem, therefore, very necessary to secure some permanent object, some real support to the mind, to chear the soul when all others shall have lost their influence.

CHAP. CXXXIX.

ON REMEMBERING OUR CREATOR.

WE are exhorted by Solomon to "remember our Creator in the days of our youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when we shall say, we have no pleasure in them."

The stages of human life have generally been divided into four, and have been likened to the four seasons of the year; infancy or childhood, youth, manhood, and old age. In infancy our reason just begins to dawn; but our senses gain the ascendancy, and take the lead; so that we can hardly be said to have any clear and distinct ideas of God or religion. In youth, the tender mind begins to open, to exert its intellectual powers, and to receive impressions and views of things, which are of the utmost consequence. In this stage of life, the greatest care and attention are to be observed, lest the mind receive an evil taint, which no future endeavours shall be able to remove. This is that tender and important season, which the wise man particularly regards in his exhortation: and, no doubt, in this respect, he spoke like a *wise man*, from long and deep experience. "*Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth:*"—Defer it not to the evil days of weak and infirm old age, to those tiresome years, when "all your strength will be but labour and sorrow," and when you will know pleasure no more.

The days of our youth are our best days,—the strength and flower of our days,—the bloom of our life; and therefore most proper to be devoted to God. As we can give him nothing but what we have received from him, let the first fruits, the beauty, and the glory of our time, be consecrated to the service of our Creator:—then, when all the faculties of the soul, and all the powers of the body, are most active, flourishing, and in their prime; when the understanding is most capacious, the memory strongest, and the affections most vigorous and warm, let our Maker, Benefactor, and Lord, be the great object of our consideration, remembrance, and joy.

There are but few who do not resolve to be religious, some time or other. But young people, and even those

of more advanced years, are too apt to look upon death, as at a great distance. They promise to themselves long life and many days, and therefore they put off all serious reflections to some future period. But let us consider the uncertainty of our abode upon earth. Who can descry the bounds that God hath set to his life, or tell the measure of his days? Do not the arrows of death fly thick about us? How do any of us know, but the next may be lodged in his own breast? Do we not see persons of all ages and conditions drop down before us; the young and the strong, as well as the old and infirm? Are the gloomy mansions of the dead only crowded with the worn out and aged? Does not the insatiate devourer of mankind mock at the expectations of youth, and feed on the roses of beauty? How often does the child prove a monitor to the father, and in the *dumb eloquence* of death read him a lecture on his vanity.

Let me, therefore, entreat you, my young friends, to remember your Creator in the days of your youth, and in the bloom of life to "apply your hearts unto wisdom." While your minds are active, lively, and vigorous, study to acquire useful and religious knowledge. Let the sacred scriptures be your delight and counsellors. "*When the worthless and naughty entice you consent not. Walk not in the way with them. Refrain your feet from their path.*" Implore the assistance of the Supreme Being, that he would guide you by his counsel, through this world of trial, to the regions of bliss and immortality.

Think not that religion prescribes a joyless and melancholy course of life, and that its votaries must renounce every pleasure and comfort. No. Religion requires only to be known in order to be loved; and the more ye are acquainted with it, the more ye will love it. It exhilarates the soul with the purest joy, and gives a sweet relish to all our comforts. In every step we take in the

path of virtue, new enjoyments, and new beauties will open to our view. Who hath greater cause to rejoice, than the person who is conscious that God is his friend, that Christ is his Saviour, and that the Holy Spirit is his Conductor?

Look round among your acquaintance. Whom do ye generally observe to be the most chearful, affable, obliging, even tempered, and condescending? Are they not virtuous and religious persons? Who seem to be possessed of most contentment and tranquillity, and to be resigned to the dispensations of providence? Do not they, whose *generous hearts beat high* with universal philanthropy, delight in doing benevolent, kind, and charitable actions; "clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and make the heart of the fatherless and widow to sing for joy?"

On the contrary, those who lead irregular, dissipated, and wicked lives, are always dissatisfied with themselves, and with every thing else. Even "in the midst of laughter their heart is heavy." The reflection upon their vices and follies discomposes their spirits, and banishes all real joy and satisfaction from their minds.

Would you then, my young friends, pass your days in pleasure? Seek it not in the paths of vice; for there you will find nothing, but what is empty, vain, and delusive. But seek it in the paths of virtue, where ye shall find a delight that reaches to the soul; which is lasting and uniform, manly and noble; which alone can support you under every circumstance of life, and inspire you with humble confidence at the hour of death.

At that important and critical period, happy, thrice happy! will those persons be, who from early youth have made religion their choice; who have embraced and entertained the truth, as it is in Jesus. They may look on death without dismay, and seeing, through its dark vale, the dawning of immortal bliss, may welcome its approach

with calmness and serenity of mind. When flesh and heart faint and fail, God will be the strength of their heart, and their portion for ever. And when they are just about to resign their spirits to God who gave them, they can with pleasure recollect those heart-reviving words of our blessed Redeemer: "I am gone before to prepare a place for you; because I live, ye shall live also."

CHAP. CXL.

ON THE HEAVENLY BODIES.—FROM THE NINETEENTH PSALM.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim:
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball!
What tho' nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found!

In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

CHAP. CXLI.

PROCRASTINATION.

BE wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer:
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, 'till wisdom is push'd out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
At thirty, man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty, chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves, and re-resolves, then dies the same.

And why? Because he thinks himself immortal.
All men think all men mortal but themselves:
Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden dread;
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon close; where past the shaft, no trace is found,
As from the wing no scar the sky retains;
The parted wave no furrow from the keel:
So dies in human hearts the thought of death.
Ev'n with the tender tear which nature sheds
O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.

CHAP. CXLII.

REAL BEAUTY.

THE charms which blooming beauty shews
From faces heav'nly fair,
We to the lily and the rose,
With semblance apt, compare:

With semblance apt, for ah! how soon,
How soon they all decay.
The lily droops, the rose is gone,
And beauty fades away.

But when bright virtue shines confess'd,
With sweet discretion join'd;
When mildness calms the peaceful breast,
And wisdom guides the mind:

When charms like these, dear maid, conspire
Thy person to approve,
They kindle generous chaste desire,
And everlasting love.

Beyond the reach of time or fate
These graces shall endure;
Still, like the passion they create,
Eternal, constant, pure.

CHAP. CXLIII.

PROLOGUE TO ADDISON's CATO.

TO wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:

For this the tragic muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream through ev'ry age;
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love:
In pitying love, we but our weakness shew,
And wild ambition well deserves its woe.
Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,
Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws:
He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise,
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
What Plato thought, and god-like Cato was:
No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure heav'n itself surveys,
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state.
While Cato gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
Ev'n when proud Cæsar, 'midst triumphant cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Shew'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state:
As her dread father's rev'rend image past,
The pomp was darken'd and the day o'ercast;
The triumph ceas'd, tears gush'd from every eye;
The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by.
Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Cæsar's less then Cato's sword.
Britons attend: be worth like this approv'd,
And shew you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdu'd.

Our scene precariously subsists too long
On French translation and Italian song.
Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage;
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage:
Such plays alone should please a British ear,
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

CHAP. CXLIV.

AN ELEGY, WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH YARD.

THE Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds;
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bower
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep:

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy house-wife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their harrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er the tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can story'd urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death.

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid,
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire:
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to extasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
  Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
  And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
  The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
  And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-*Hampden*, who with dauntless breast,
  The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious *Milton* here may rest,
  Some *Cromwell*, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
  The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
  And read their history in a nation's eyes;

Their lot forbade: nor circumscrib'd alone
  Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
  And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
  To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame:
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride,
  With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
  Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
  They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their year, spelt by th' unletter'd muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the chearful day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies;
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If, chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate.

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreaths its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling, as in scorn,
  Mutt'ring his wayward fancies, he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
  Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopless love.

One morn I miss'd him on th' accustom'd hill,
  Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree;
Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
  Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:.

The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
  Slow thro' the church-way path we saw him borne;
Approach and read, (for thou canst read) the lay
  Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.

There, scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,
  By hands unseen are show'rs of violets found:
The red-breast loves to build and warble there,
  And little footsteps lightly print the ground."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
  A youth to fortune and to fame unknown:
Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth,
  And melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
  Heav'n did a recompence as largely send;
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear;
  He gain'd from heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek, his merits to disclose,
  Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
  The bosom of his father and his God.

CHAP. CXLV.

POOR MARY, THE MAID OF THE INN.

'WHO is she, the poor maniac, whose wildly fix'd eyes
  Seem a heart overcharg'd to express?
She weeps not, yet often and deeply she sighs,
She never complains, but her silence implies
  The composure of settl'd distress.

'No aid, no compassion the maniac will seek;
  Cold and hunger awake not her care;
Thro' her rags do the winds of the winter blow bleak
On her poor wither'd bosom half bear, and her cheek
  Has the deathy-pale hue of despair.

'Yet chearful and happy, nor distant the land,
  Poor MARY the maniac has been;
The trav'ller remembers who journey'd this way
No damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay
  As MARY the maid of the inn.

'Her chearful address fill'd the guests with delight,
  As she welcom'd them in with a smile;
Her heart was a stranger to childish affright,
And MARY would walk by the abbey at night,
  When the wind whistl'd down the dark aisle.

'She lov'd, and young Richard had settl'd the day,
  And she hop'd to be happy for life:
But RICHARD was idle and worthless, and they
Who knew him would pity poor MARY, and say
  That she was too good for his wife.

''Twas in autumn, and stormy and dark was the night,
  And fast were the windows and door;
Two guests sat enjoying the fire that burnt bright,
And smoaking in silence, with tranquil delight,
  They listened to hear the wind roar.

"'Tis pleasant," cried one, "seated by the fire side,
"To hear the wind whistle without."
"A fine night for the abbey!" his comrade replied,
"Methinks a man's courage would now be well tried
"Who should wander the ruins about.

"I myself, like a school-boy, should tremble to hear
"The hoarse ivy shake over my head;
"And could fancy I saw, half persuaded by fear,
"Some ugly old abbot's white spirit appear,
"For this wind might awaken the dead!"

"I'll wager a dinner," the other one cried,
"That Mary would venture there now."
"Then wager and lose!" with a sneer he replied,
"I'll warrant she'd fancy a ghost by her side,
"And faint if she saw a white cow."

"Will Mary this charge on her courage allow?"
His companion exclaim'd with a smile;
"I shall win, for I know she will venture there now,
"And earn a new bonnet by bringing a bough
"From the alder that grows in the aisle.

"With fearless good humour did Mary comply,
And her way to the abbey she bent!
The night it was dark, and the wind it was high,
And as hollowly howling it swept through the sky
She shiver'd with cold as she went.

'O'er the path so well known still proceeded the maid,
Where the abbey rose dim on the sight,
Thro' the gate-way she enter'd, she felt not afraid,
Yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and their shade
Seem'd to deepen the gloom of the night.

'All around her was silent, save when the rude blast
Howl'd dismally round the old pile;
Over weed-cover'd fragments still fearless she past,
And arrived at the innermost ruin at last
Where the alder-tree grew in the aisle.

'Well pleas'd did she reach it, and quickly drew near,
And hastily gather'd the bough;
When the sound of a voice seem'd to rise on her ear,
She paus'd, and she listen'd, all eager to hear,
And her heart panted fearfully now.

'The wind blew, the hoarse ivy shook over her head,
She listen'd—nought else could she hear.
The wind ceas'd, her heart sunk in her bosom with dread,
For she heard in the ruins distinctly the tread
Of footsteps approaching her near.

'Behind a wide column, half breathless with fear,
She crept to conceal herself there:
That instant the moon o'er a dark cloud shone clear,
And she saw in the moon-light two ruffians appear,
And between them a corpse did they bear.

'Then MARY could feel her heart-blood curdle cold!
Again the rough wind hurry'd by—
It blew off the hat of the one, and behold
'E'en close to the feet of poor MARY it roll'd,—
She felt, and expected to die.'

"Curse the hat!" he exclaims, "nay come on, and first hide
"The dead body," his comrade replies.
'She beheld them in safety pass on by her side,
She seizes the hat, fear her courage supplied,
And fast thro' the abbey she flies,

'She ran with wild speed, she rush'd in at the door,
She gaz'd horribly eager around,
Then her limbs could support their faint burthen no more,
And exhausted and breathless she sunk on the floor,
Unable to utter a sound.

'Ere yet her pale lips could the story impart,
For a moment the hat met her view,
Her eyes from that object convulsively start,
For—oh! God, what cold horror then thrill'd thro' her heart,
When the name of her Richard she knew.

'Where the old abbey stands, on the common hard by,
His gibbet is now to be seen;
Not far from the road it engages the eye,
The trav'ller beholds it, and thinks with a sigh
Of poor Mary the maid of the inn.'

CHAP. CXLVI.

INSCRIPTION ON GARRICK's MONUMENT IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

TO paint fair nature by divine command,
Her magic pencil in his glowing hand,
A Shakespeare rose: then to expand his fame,
Wide o'er this breathing world, a Garrick came.
Tho' sunk in death the forms the poet drew,
The actor's genius bade them breathe anew:
Tho' like the bard himself, in night they lay,
Immortal Garrick call'd them back to day.
And 'till eternity, with pow'r sublime,
Shall mark the mortal hour of hoary time,
Shakespeare and Garrick like twin stars shall shine,
And earth irradiate with a beam divine.

[illegible] CXLVII.

ON A BOWL OF PUNCH.

WHEN e'en a bowl of punch we make,
Four striking opposites we take;
The strong, the [illegible]ll, the sharp, the sweet,
Together mix[illegible]t kindly meet;
And when th[illegible]pily unite,
The bowl "is pregnant with delight."

In conversation thus we find,
That four men differently inclin'd,
With talents each distinct; and each
Mark'd by peculiar powers of speech;
With tempers too, as much the same
As milk and verjuice, frost and flame;
Their parts by properly sustaining,
May all prove highly entertaining.

CHAP. CXLVIII.

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

ALL the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits, and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts;
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in his nurse's arms:
And then the whining school-boy, with satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress's eye brow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,

Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation,
Ev'n in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd;
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws, and modern instances,
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes,
And whistles in the sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

FINIS

Skelton, Printer, High-street, Southampton.